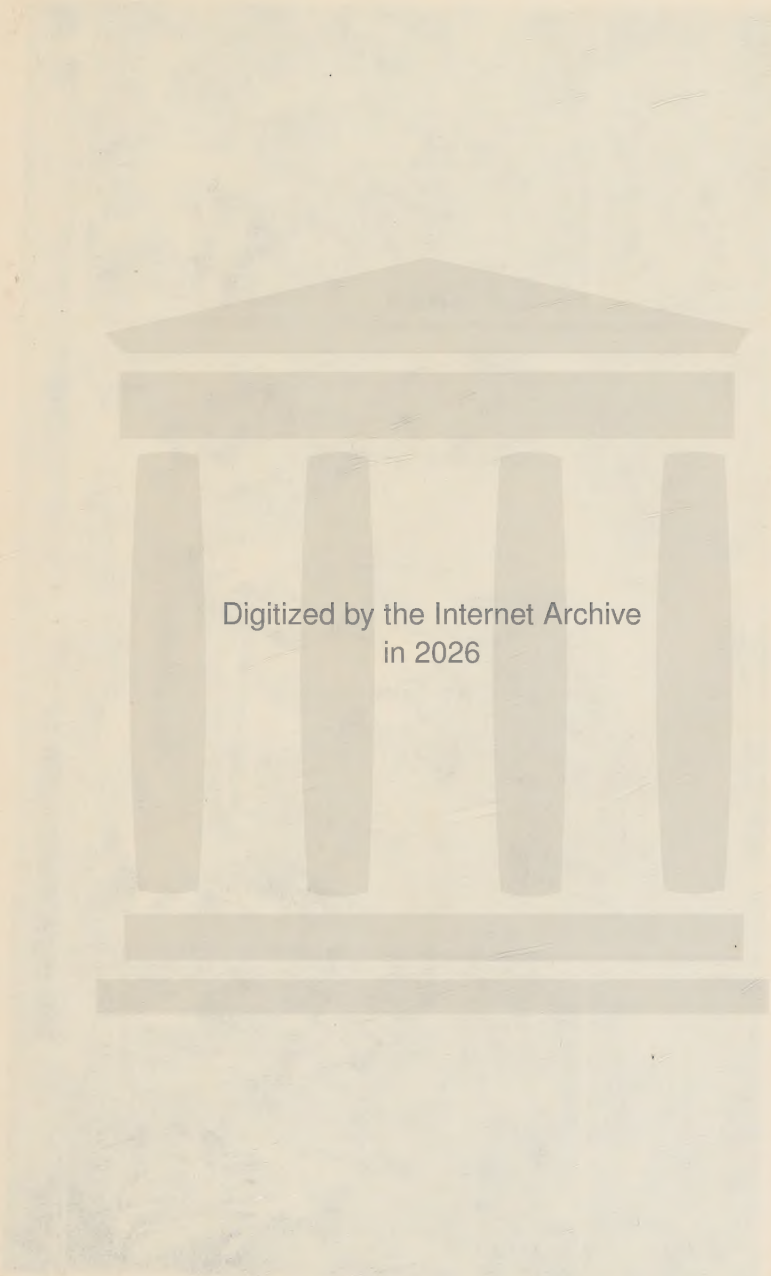
St. Thomas/O'Shaughnessy-Frey Library
3 0516 02050 7017

College of St. Thomas Library
St. Paul 1, Minnesota

WITHDRAWN
UST
Libraries

College of St. Thomas Library
St. Paul 1, Minnesota


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/ridpathlibraryof0013john_t3z1

Le Crime fait la honte
et non pas l'Echafaud

# THE RIDPATH LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

*CHARLOTTE CORDAY.*

Photogravure—From the famous painting by J. C. Clere.
Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

EDITOR · IN · CHIEF

CLASSIC EDITION DE LUXE

*TWENTY FIVE VOLUMES*

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Photogravure—From the famous painting by J. C. Cleve.
Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

# THE RIDPATH LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

EDITOR · IN · CHIEF

CLASSIC
EDITION DE LUXE

*TWENTY FIVE VOLUMES*

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK

# The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature

A Biographical and Bibliographical Summary of the World's Most Eminent Authors, including the Choicest Selections and Masterpieces from their Writings, Comprising the Best Features of Many Celebrated Compilations, Notably

**The Guernsey Collection  The De Puy Collection**
**The Ridpath Collection**

CAREFULLY EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A CORPS OF THE MOST CAPABLE SCHOLARS

EDITOR IN CHIEF

*John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.*

Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc.

WITH REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS BY

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY CLEMENS

Author of "The Life of Roosevelt," "The Life of Mark Twain," "The Life of Kipling." Of the Editorial Staff of the "Encyclopedia Americana," etc.

---

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

---

NEW YORK
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
1910

## KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.

ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ţh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

COPYRIGHT, 1906
BY
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY

*All rights reserved*

R 439

# LIST OF AUTHORS VOL. XIII


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Herbert (hêr' bêrt), Henry William | 7 |
| Herder (her' der), Johann Gottfried von | 13 |
| Heredia (ā rā' dē ä), José Maria de (1) | 23 |
| Heredia, José Maria de (2) | 27 |
| Herodotus (he rod' ō tus) | 29 |
| Herrera (er rā' rä), Fernando de | 41 |
| Herrick (her' ik), Robert | 45 |
| Herrick, Robert Welch | 51 |
| Herschel (hêr' shel), Sir John Frederick William | 53 |
| Herschel, Sir William | 59 |
| Hertz (herts), Henrik | 62 |
| Hervieu (êr vü), Paul Ernest | 72 |
| Herwegh (her' weg), Georg | 75 |
| Hesiod (hē' si ŏd) | 78 |
| Hewlett (hū' let), Maurice Henry | 91 |
| Heyse (hī' ze), Johann Ludwig Paul | 103 |
| Heywood (hā' wůd), Thomas | 107 |
| H. H., *see* Jackson, Helen Hunt | |
| Hichens (hich' enz), Robert Smythe | 112 |
| Hickok (hik' ŏk), Laurens Perseus | 119 |
| Higginson (hig' in sŏn), Thomas Wentworth | 122 |
| Hildreth (hil' dreth), Richard | 127 |
| Hill (hil), Thomas | 133 |
| Hillard (hil' ạrd), George Stillman | 139 |
| Hillhouse (hil' hous), James Abraham | 141 |
| Hillis (hil' is), Newell Dwight | 146 |
| Hinkson (hink' sŏn), Katherine Tynan | 148 |
| Hinsdale (hinz' dāl), Burke Aaron | 152 |
| Hippocrates (hi pok' rạ tēz) | 154 |
| Hirst (hêrst), Henry Beck | 156 |
| Hitchcock (hich' kok), Edward | 161 |
| Hitchcock, Roswell Dwight | 164 |
| Hobart (hō' bạrt), John Henry | 167 |
| Hobbes (hobz), John Oliver, *see* Craigie, Pearl Richards | |

PAGE

Hobbes, Thomas ..... 169
Hocking (hok' ing), Joseph ..... 172
Hocking, Silas Kitto ..... 172
Hoffman (hof' mạn), Charles Fenno ..... 175
Hoffman (hōf' män), August Heinrich ..... 179
Hoffmann (hōf' män), Ernst Theodor ..... 183
Hofland (hof' lạnd), Barbara Wreaks ..... 194
Hogg (hog), James ..... 197
Holbach (hōl' bäch; Fr. ōl bäk), Paul Heinrich von .. 202
Holberg (hōl' berg), Ludwig von ..... 204
Holcroft (hol' kroft), Thomas ..... 209
Holder (hōl' dêr), Charles Frederick ..... 211
Holland (hol' ạnd), Clive ..... 216
Holland, Lord ..... 224
Holland, Josiah Gilbert ..... 233
Holley (hol' i), Marietta ..... 240
Holme Lee (hōm lē), *see* Parr, Harriet .....
Holmes (hōmz), Mary Jane Hawes ..... 244
Holmes, Oliver Wendell ..... 250
Holmes, Sherlock, *see* Doyle, A. Conan .....
Holst (hōlst), Hermann Eduard von ..... 268
Hölty (hêl' ti), Ludwig Heinrich ..... 273
Home (hōm), John ..... 276
Homer (hō' mêr) ..... 282
Hood (hůd), Edwin Paxton ..... 327
Hood, Thomas ..... 328
Hooft (hōft), Pieter Corneliszoon ..... 343
Hook (hůk), Theodore Edward ..... 346
Hooker (hůk' êr or hök' er), Sir Joseph Dalton ..... 352
Hooker, Richard ..... 355
Hooker, Worthington ..... 359
Hope (hōp), Anthony, *see* Hawkins, Anthony Hope.
Hope, Thomas ..... 361
Hopkins (hop' kinz), John Henry ..... 363
Hopkins, Mark ..... 365
Hopkinson (hop' kin sŏn), Francis ..... 367
Hopkinson, Joseph ..... 369
Horace (hôr' ạs) ..... 371
Horne (hôrn), Richard Henry ..... 400
Horne, Thomas Hartwell ..... 403

PAGE

HORNUNG (hôr'nung), ERNEST WILLIAM ..... 405
HOUGH (hou or huf), EMERSON ..... 407
HOUGHTON (hou'tŏn), LORD ..... 413
HOUSMAN (hous'mạn), LAURENCE ..... 414
HOUSSAYE (ö sā), ARSÉNE ..... 418
HOVEY (huv'i), RICHARD ..... 424
HOWARD (hou'ạrd), BLANCHE WILLIS, *see* TEUFFEL, B. W. H. VON .....
HOWARD, BRONSON ..... 430
HOWARD, HENRY, *see* SURREY, EARL OF .....
HOWE (hou), EDGAR WATSON ..... 432
HOWE, HENRY ..... 442
HOWE, JOHN ..... 443
HOWE, JULIA WARD ..... 445
HOWELL (hou'el), ELIZABETH LLOYD ..... 451
HOWELLS (hou'elz), WILLIAM DEAN ..... 452
HOWITT (hou'it), MARY ..... 462
HOWITT, WILLIAM ..... 462
HROSVITHA (hrōs'vē tä) ..... 471
HUBBARD (hub'ạrd), ELBERT ..... 473
HUBER (ü bẽr), FRANÇOIS ..... 479
HUC (ük), EVARISTE RÉGIS ..... 481
HUDSON (hud'sŏn), HENRY NORMAN ..... 484
HUGH CONWAY (hū kon'wā), *see* FARGUS, FREDERICK JOHN .....
HUGHES (hūz), THOMAS ..... 486

# H

HERBERT, Henry William ("Frank Forester"), an Anglo-American novelist; born at London, April 7, 1807; died at New York, May 17, 1858. He was the son of the Dean of Manchester, received his education at Eton and at the University of Cambridge, and in 1831 emigrated to New York. In 1833, conjointly with A. D. Patterson, he began the publication of the *American Monthly Magazine,* of which he was editor for three years. His first work of fiction was *The Brothers: a Tale of the Fronde* (1834). He was the author of several other novels or romances, of several historical works, and of numerous books on field sports, in which sort of writing he excelled. Among his works are: *Oliver Cromwell,* an historical novel (1837); *Marmaduke Wyvil,* and *The Deerstalkers* (1843); *The Roman Traitor* (1848); *Field Sports of North America* (1849); *The Warwick Woodlands,* and *Fish and Fishing in North America* (1850); *Guarica: The Miller of Martigny,* and *Sherwood Forest* (1855); *The Quorndon Hounds; Dermott O'Brien; The Lord of the Manor; Henry VIII. and His Six Wives; Captains of the Greek Republics; Captains of the Roman Republic; The Chevaliers of France*

*from the Crusades to the Maréchales of Louis XIV.*, and *The Royal Marys of Mediæval History.* He also translated into English the *Agamemnon* and the *Prometheus of Æschylus.*

### THE LAST BEAR ON THE WARWICK HILLS.

Tom and I set forth after breakfast, with dog and gun, to beat up a large bevy of quail which he had found on the preceding evening, when it was quite too late to profit by the find, in a great buckwheat stubble, a quarter of a mile hence on the southern slope. After a merry tramp, we flushed them in a hedgerow, drove them up into this swale, and "used them up considerable," as Tom said. The last three birds pitched into the bank: and as we followed them we came across what Tom pronounced upon the instant to be the fresh track of a bear. Leaving the meaner game, we set ourselves to work immediately to trail old Bruin to his lair, if possible; the rather that from the loss of a toe, Tom confidently, and with many oaths, asserted that this was no other than "the damndest etarnal biggest bear that ever had been knowed in Warwick;" one that had been acquainted with the sheep and calves of all the farmers round, for many a year. In less than ten minutes we had traced him to the cave, whereunto the track led visibly, and whence no track returned. The moment we had housed him, Tom left me with directions to sit down close to the den's mouth, and there to smoke my cigar, and talk to myself aloud, until his return from exploring the locality and learning whether our friend had any second exit to his snug winter-quarters. "You needn't be scart now, I tell you," he concluded; "for he is a deal too cute to come out, or even show his nose, while he smells 'bacca and hears voices. I'll be back to-rights."

After some twenty-five or thirty minutes back he came blown and tired, but in extraordinary glee. "There's no help for it; he's got to smell hell anyway! There's not a hole in this hull hillside but this."

"But can we bolt him?" inquired I somewhat dubiously.

"Sartin," replied he scornfully, "sartin; what's there now to hinder us? I'll bide here quietly, whilst you cuts down into the village, and brings all the hands you can raise; and bid them bring lots of blankets and an axe or two and all there is in the house to eat and drink — both; and a heap of straw. Now don't be stoppin' to ask me no questions — shin it, I say, and jest call in and tell my brother what we've done, and start him up here right away; leave me your gun, and all o' them cigars. Now streak it."

Well, away I went, and in less than an hour we had a dozen able-bodied men, with axes, arms, provisions, edible and potable, enough for a week's provision, on the ground, where we found Tom and his brother, both keeping good watch and ward. The first step was to prepare a shanty, as it was evident there was small chance of bolting him before nightfall. This was soon done, and our party was immediately divided into gangs, so that we might be on the alert both day and night. A mighty fire was next kindled over the cabin's mouth in hopes we might smoke him out. After this method had been tried all that day and all night it was found utterly useless — the cavern having so many rifts and rents, as we could see by the fumes which arose from the earth at several points, whereby the smoke escaped without becoming dense enough to force our friend to bolt.

We then tried dogs. Four of the best the country could produce were sent in, and a most demoniacal affray and hubbub followed within the bowels of the earth-fast rock. But in a little while three of our canine friends were glad enough to make their exit, mangled and maimed and bleeding; more fortunate than their companion, whose greater pluck had only earned for him a harder and more mournful fate. We sent for fireworks, and kept up for some hours such a din and such a stench as might have scared the devil from his lair. But Bruin bore it all with truly stoical endurance. Miners were summoned next; and we essayed to blast the granite; but

it was all in vain — the hardness of the stone defied our labors.

Three days had passed away, and we were now no nearer than at first; every means had been tried, and every means found futile. Blank disappointment sat on every face, when Michael Draw, Tom's brother, not merely volunteered, but could not by any means be deterred from going down into the den, and shooting the brute in its very hold. Dissuasion and remonstrance were in vain — he was bent on it; and at length Tom, who had been the most resolved in his opposition, exclaimed, "If he will go, let him!" so that decided the whole matter.

The cave, it seemed, had been explored already, and its localities were known to several of the party, but more particularly to the bold volunteer who had insisted on this perilous enterprise. The well-like aperture, which could alone be seen from without, descended, widening gradually as it got further from the surface, for somewhat more than eight feet. At that depth the fissure turned off at right angles, running nearly horizontally — an arch of about three feet in height and some two yards in length — into a small circular chamber, beyond which there was no passage whether for man or beast, and in which it was certain that the well-known and much-detested bear had taken up its winter-quarters. The plan, then, upon which Michael had resolved was to descend into this cavity, with a rope securely fastened under his arm-pits, provided with a sufficient quantity of lights and a good musket, to worm himself forward, on his back, along the horizontal tunnel, and shoot at the eyes of the fierce monster, which would be clearly visible in the dark den by the reflection of the torches; trusting to the alertness of his comrades from without, who were instructed, instantly on hearing the report of his musket-shot, to haul him out, hand-over-hand.

This mode decided upon, it needed no long space to put it into execution. Two narrow laths of pine-wood were procured, and half a dozen auger-holes bored into each; as many candles were inserted into these temporary candlebra, and duly lighted. The rope was next made

fast about his chest, his musket carefully loaded with good two-ounce bullets, well wadded in greased buckskin; his butcher-knife disposed in readiness to meet his grasp; and in he went, without one fear or doubt on his bold, sun-burnt visage. As he descended, I confess that my heart fairly sank, and a faint sickness came across me when I thought of the dread risk he ran in courting the encounter of so fell a foe, wounded and furious, in that small, narrow hole, where valor, nor activity, nor the high heart of manhood, could be expected to avail anything against the close hug of the shaggy monster.

Tom's ruddy face grew pale, and his huge body quivered with emotion as, bidding him "God speed," he gripped his brother's fist, gave him the trusty piece which his own hand had loaded, and saw him gradually disappear, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the long queen's-arm cocked and ready in a hand that trembled not — the only hand that trembled not of all our party. Inch by inch his stout frame vanished into the narrow fissure; and now his head disappeared, and still he drew the yielding rope along. Now he has stopped; there is no strain upon the rope; there is a pause — a long and fearful pause. The men without stood by to haul — their arms stretched forward to their full extent, their sinewy frames bent to the task, and their rough lineaments expressive of strange agitation. Tom and myself, and some half dozen others, stood on the watch with ready rifles, lest, wounded and infuriate, the brute should follow hard on the invader of its perilous lair.

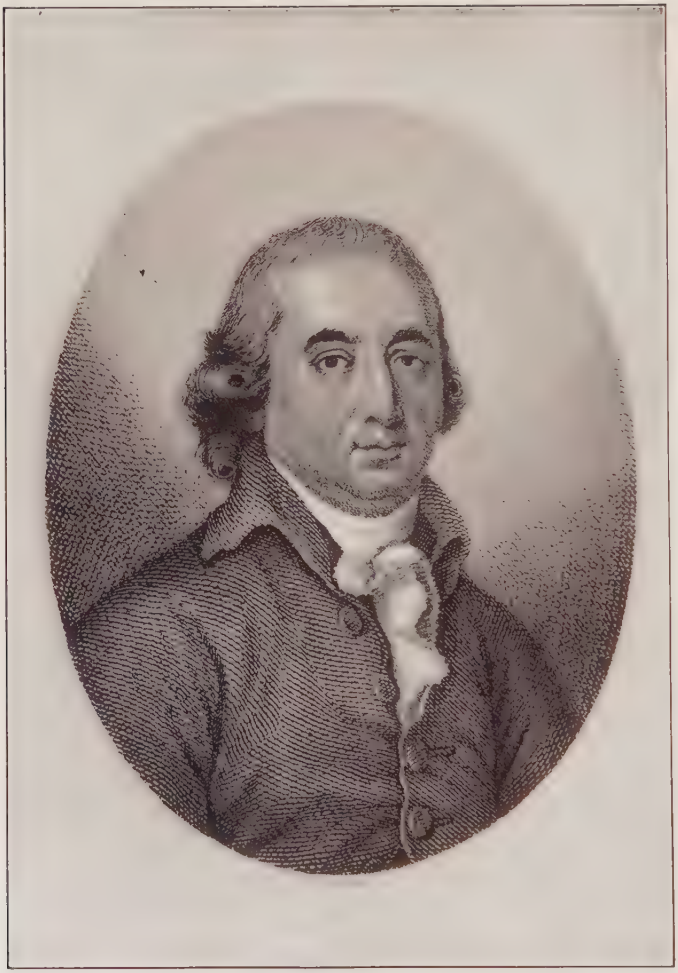
Hark to that dull and stifled growl! The watchers positively shivered, and their teeth chattered with excitement. There! there! that loud and bellowing roar, reverberated by the ten thousand echoes of the confined cavern till it might have been taken for a burst of subterraneous thunder! that wild and fearful howl — half roar of fury — half yell of mortal anguish! With headlong violence they hauled upon the creaking rope, and dragged with terrible impetuosity out of the fearful cavern — his head striking the granite rocks, and his limbs fairly chattering against the rude projections, yet still with gallant hardihood retaining his good weapon —

the sturdy woodman was whirled out into the open air unwounded; while the fierce brute within rushed after him to the very cavern's mouth, raving and roaring till the solid mountain seemed to shake and quiver.

As soon as he had entered the small chamber he had perceived the glaring eyeballs of the monster; had taken his aim steadily between them by the strong light of the burning candles; and, as he said, had lodged his bullet fairly — a statement which was verified by the long-drawn and painful moanings of the beast within. After a while these dread sounds died away, and all was as still as death. Then once again, undaunted by his previous peril, the bold man, though, as he averred, he felt the hot breath of the monster on his face, so nearly had it followed him in his precipitate retreat, prepared to beard the savage in its hold.

Again he vanished from our sight; again his musket-shot roared like the voice of a volcano from the vitals of the rock; again he was dragged into daylight. But this time, maddened with wrath and agony, yelling with rage and pain, streaming with gore, and white with foam, which flew on every side, churned from his gnashing tusks, the bear rushed after him. One mighty bound brought it clear out of the deep chasm — the bruised trunk of the daring hunter, and the confused group of men who had been stationed at the rope, and who were now, between anxiety and terror, floundering to and fro, hindering one another — lay within three, or at most four, paces of the frantic monster; while to increase the peril, a wild and ill-directed volley, fired in haste and fear, was poured in by the watchers, the bullets whistling on every side, but with far greater peril to our friends than to the object of their aim. Tom drew his gun up coolly — pulled — but no spark replied to the unlucky flint. With a loud curse he dashed the useless musket to the ground, unsheathed his butcher-knife, and rushed on to attack the wild beast single-handed.

At the same point of time I saw my sight, as I fetched up my rifle, in clean relief against the dark fur of the head, close to the root of the left ear. My finger was upon the trigger, when, mortally wounded long before,



JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

exhausted by his dying effort, the huge brute pitched headlong without waiting for my shot, and within ten feet of his destined victim, "in one wild uproar expired." He had received all four of Michael's bullets; the first shot had planted one ball in his lower jaw, which it had shattered fearfully, and another in his neck; the second had driven one through the right eye into the very brain, and cut a long deep furrow on the crown with the other. Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh. He was the largest and the last. None of his shaggy brethren have visited since his decease, the woods of Warwick; nor shall I ever more, I trust, witness so dread a peril so needlessly encountered.— *The Warwick Woodlands.*

---

HERDER, JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON, a German critic and poet; born at Mohrungen, East Prussia, August 25, 1744; died at Weimar, December 18, 1803. He was intended for a surgeon, but having fainted during the first operation of which he was a witness, he turned his attention to theology, and studied at Königsberg. Toward the close of 1764 he was appointed teacher and preacher in the Cathedral School at Riga. In 1770 he was appointed Court Preacher at Bückberg. The University of Göttingen offered him the chair of Theology, but his acceptance of it was prevented by a call to Weimar, in 1776, and the Grand Duke appointed him Court Preacher, General Superintendent, and Councillor of the Upper Consistory. In 1781 he became President of the Upper Consistory. His works, sixty volumes in all, relate to literature, art, philosophy, history, and religion. Among them are: *Fragments of Recent German Literature* (1767); *Critical Forests* (1769);

*The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry* (1782); *Ideas Towards a Philosophy* (translated into English under the title, *Outlines of the History of Mankind* (1784–91); *The Cid,* and *Folk-Songs.*

Herder adopted a hostile attitude toward the prevailing spirit of the age in theology, literature, and philosophy. Of a very excitable temperament, he early nursed ambitious dreams; as a minister of the gospel he looked forward to influencing the great and raising the common people. The philosopher Kant admitted him to his lectures, and Herder began to doubt the soundness of the prevailing enlightened philosophy. Hamann, a contemporary writer of mystical stories and a man with a fantastical imagination and a thorough knowledge of Greek writers, gave a turn to Herder's style by his own writings as well as by inducing him to study Shakespeare. He was of a discontented and sensitive nature, and though usually timid, he often attacked his enemies in vicious and forcible language. His literary work was all begun with great ardor, but his zeal soon flagged, and not one of his great works was carried to the completion originally intended. He was a great admirer of Lessing, whom he resembled in many ways.

### MAN A LINK BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

Everything in Nature is connected: one state pushes forward and prepares another. If, then, man be the last and highest link, closing the chain of terrestrial organization, he must begin the chain of a higher order of creatures as its lowest link, and is probably, therefore, the middle ring between the two adjoining systems of the creation. He cannot pass into any other organization upon earth without turning backward and wandering in a circle. That he should stand still is impossible; since

no living power in the dominions of the most active goodness is at rest; thus there must be a step before him, close to him, yet as exalted above him as he is pre-eminent over the brute, to whom he is at the same time nearly allied. This view of things, which is supported by all the laws of nature, alone gives us the key to the wonderful phenomenon of man, and at the same time to the only philosophy of his history. . . .

Far as the life of man here below is from being calculated for entirety; equally far in this incessantly revolving sphere from being a repository of permanent works of art, a garden of never-fading plants, a seat to be eternally inhabited. We come and go: every moment brings thousands into the world, and takes thousands out of it. The Earth is an inn for travelers; a planet, on which birds of passage rest themselves, and from which they hasten away. The brute lives out his life; and, if his years be too few to attain higher ends, his inmost purpose is accomplished: his capacities exist, and he is what he was intended to be. Man alone is in contradiction with himself, and with the Earth: for, being the most perfect of all creatures, his capacities are the farthest from being perfected, even when he attains the longest term of life before he quits the world. But the reason is evident: his state, being the last upon this Earth, is the first in another sphere of existence, with respect to which he appears here as a child making his first essays. Thus he is the representative of two worlds at once; and hence the apparent duplicity of his essence. . . .

If superior creatures look down upon us, they may view us in the same light as we do the *middle species,* with which Nature makes a transition from one element to another. The ostrich flaps his feeble wings to assist himself in running, but they cannot enable him to fly; his heavy body confines him to the ground. Yet the organizing Parent has taken care of him, as well as of every middle creature; for they are all perfect in themselves, and only appear defective to our eyes. It is the same with man here below: his defects are perplexing to an earthly mind; but a superior spirit that inspects the internal structure and sees more links of the chain, may indeed pity,

but cannot despise him. He perceives why man must quit the world in so many different states, young and old, wise and foolish, grown gray in second childhood, or an embryo yet unborn. Omnipotent goodness embraces madness and deformity, and all the degrees of cultivation, and all the errors of man, and wants not balsams to heal the wounds that death alone could mitigate. Since probably the future state springs out of the present, as our organization from inferior ones, its business is no doubt more closely connected with our existence here than we imagine. The garden above blooms only with plants of which the seeds have been sown here, and put forth their first germs from a coarser husk. If, then, as we have seen sociality, friendship, or active participation in the pains and pleasures of others, be the principal end to which humanity is directed, the finest flower of human life must necessarily there attain the vivifying form, the overshadowing height, for which our heart thirsts in vain in any earthly situation. Our brethren above, therefore, assuredly love us with more warmth and purity of affection than we can bear to them: for they see our state more clearly; to them the moment of time is no more, all discrepancies are harmonized, and in us they are probably educating unseen partners of their happiness, and companions of their labors. But one step farther, and the oppressed spirit can breathe more freely, the wounded heart recovers: they see the passenger approach it, and stay his sliding feet with a powerful hand.

Since, therefore, we are of a middle species between two orders, and in some measure partake of both, I cannot conceive that the Future state is so remote from the Present, and so incommunicable with it, as the animal part of man is inclined to suppose, and indeed many steps and events in the history of the human race are to me incomprehensible, without the operation of superior influence. A divine economy has certainly ruled over the human species from its first origin, and conducted him into the course the readiest way. . . .

This much is certain, that there dwells an infinity in each of man's powers, which cannot be developed here, where it is repressed by other powers, by animal senses

and appetites, and lies bound as it were to the state of terrestrial life. Particular instances of memory, of imagination, nay, of prophesy and prehension, have discovered wonders of that hidden treasure which reposes in the human soul; and indeed the senses are not to be excluded from this observation. That diseases and partial defects, have been the principal occasions of indicating this treasure alters not the nature of the case; since this very disproportion was requisite to set one of the weights at liberty, and display its power.

The expression of Leibnitz, that the soul is a mirror of the universe, contains perhaps a more profound truth than has usually been educed from it: for the powers of a universe seem to lie concealed in her, and require only an organization, or a series of organizations, to set them in action. Supreme goodness will not refuse her this organization, but guides her like a child in leading- strings, gradually to prepare her for the fulness of increasing enjoyment, under a persuasion that her powers and senses are self-acquired. Even in her present fetters *space* and *time* are to her empty words: they measure and express relations of the body, but not of her internal capacity, which extends beyond time and space, when it acts in perfect internal quiet. Give thyself no concern for the place and hour of thy future existence: the Sun, that enlightens thy days, is necessary to thee during thy abode and occupation upon earth; and so long it obscures all the celestial stars. When it sets, the universe will appear in greater magnitude; the sacred night, that once enveloped thee, and in which thou wilt be enveloped again, covers thy Earth with shade, and will open to thee the splendid volume of immortality in Heaven. There are habitations, worlds and spaces, that bloom in unfading youth, though ages on ages have rolled over them, and defy the changes of time and season; but everything that appears to our eyes decays, and perishes, and passes away; and all the pride and happiness of Earth are exposed to inevitable destruction.

This earth will be no more, when thou thyself still art, and enjoyest God and His creation in other abodes, and differently organized. On it thou hast enjoyed much

good. On it thou hast attained an organization, in which thou hast learned to look around and above thee as a child of Heaven. Endeavor, therefore, to leave it contentedly, and bless it in the field, where thou hast sported as a child of immortality, and as the school, where thou hast been brought up in joy, and in sorrow, to manhood. Thou hast no farther claim on it; it has no farther claim on thee. As the flower stands erect, and closes the realm of the subterranean inanimate creation, to enjoy the commencement of life, in the region of day; so is man raised above all the creatures that are bowed down to the Earth. With uplifted eye, and outstretched hand, he stands as a son of the family, awaiting his father's call.—*Translation of* T. CHURCHILL.

### OUTLIVING OURSELVES.

What we call outliving ourselves — that is, a kind of death — is, with souls of the better sort, but sleep, which precedes a new waking, a relaxation of the bow which prepares it for new use. So rests the fallow field, in order to produce the more plentifully hereafter. So dies the tree in winter, that it may put forth and blossom anew in the spring. Destiny never forsakes the good man, as long as he does not forsake himself, and ignobly despair of himself. The Genius which seemed to have departed from him, returns to him again, at the right moment, bringing new activity, fortune, and joy. Sometimes the Genius comes in the shape of a friend, sometimes in that of an unexpected change of times. Sacrifice to this Genius even though you see him not! Hope in back-looking, returning Fortune, even when you deem her far off! If the left side is sore, lay yourself on the right; if the storm has bent your sapling one way, bend it the other way, until it attains once more the perpendicular medium. You have wearied your memory Then exercise your understanding. You have striven too diligently after seeming, and it has deceived you? Now seek being. That will not deceive. Unmerited fame has spoiled you? Thank Heaven that you are rid of it, and seek, in your own worth, a fame which cannot be taken away. Nothing

is nobler and more venerable than a man who, in spite of fate, perseveres in his duty, and who, if he is not happy outwardly, at least deserves to be so. He will certainly become so at the right season. The Serpent of time often casts her slough, and brings to the man in his cave, if not the fabled jewel in her head and the rose in her mouth, at least medicinal herbs which procure him oblivion of the past, and restoration of new life.

Philosophy abounds in remedies designed to console us for misfortunes endured, but unquestionably its best remedy is when it strengthens us to bear new misfortunes, and imparts to us a firm reliance on ourselves. The illusion which weakens the faculties of the soul, comes, for the most part, from without. But the objects which environ us are not ourselves. It is sad, indeed, when the situation in which a man is placed is so embittered and made so wretched, that he has no desire to touch one of its grapes or flowers, because they crumble to ashes in his hands, like those fruits of Sodom. Nevertheless, the situation is not himself; let him, like the tortoise, draw in his limbs and be what he can and ought. The more he disregards the consequences of his actions, the more repose he has in action. Thereby the soul grows stronger and revivifies itself, like an over-springing fountain. The fountain does not stop to calculate through what regions of the earth its streams shall flow, what foreign matter it shall take in, and where it shall finally lose itself. It flows from its own fulness, with an irrepressible motion. That which others show us of ourselves is only appearance. It has always some foundation, and is never to be wholly despised; but it is only the reflection of our being in them, mirrored back to us from their own; often a broken and dim form, and not our being itself. Let the little insects creep over and around you, and be at the uttermost pains to make you appear dead; they work in their nature. Work you in yours, and live! In fact, our breast, our character, keeps us always more and longer upright, than all the acumen of the head, than all the cunning of the mind. In the heart we live, and not in the thoughts. The opinions of others may be a favorable or unfavorable wind in our sails. As the ocean its vessels,

so circumstances at one time may hold us fast, at another may powerfully further us; but ship and sail, compass, helm, and oar, are still our own. Never, then, like old Tithonus, grow gray in the conceit that your youth has passed away. Rather, with newly awakened activity, let a new Aurora daily spring from your arms.—*Translation of* F. H. Hedge.

### A SONG OF LIFE.

Time more swift than wind and billows,
  Fleeth. Who can bid it stay?
To enjoy it when 'tis present,
  To arrest it on its way,
This, ye brothers, will the fleeting
  Of the winged days restrain;
Let us strew life's path with roses,
  For its glory soon will wane!

Roses! for the days are merging
  Into winter's misty tide,
Roses! for the bloom and blossom
  Round about on every side.
On each spray there blossom roses,
  On each noble deed of youth;
Happy he who, till its warning,
  E'er hath lived a life of truth.

Days, O be ye like a garland,
  Crowning locks of snowy white,
Blooming with new brightness round them,
  Like a youthful vision bright.
E'en the dark-hued flowers refresh us
  With repose of matchless price,
And refreshing breezes waft us
  Kindly into Paradise.

—*Translation of* Alfred Baskerville.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

Among green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and her child.

There, oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

"And now from highest Heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake the tender mother:
And on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended
'Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
"O beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me!

"I'll find Thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for Thee a crown;
I will get Thee ripe red strawberries
If Thou wilt but come down.

"O, holy, holy Mother,
Put him down from off Thy knee!
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

Thus spake the boy so lovely:
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
But spake to him no word.

That selfsame night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy,
She thought she saw young Jesus
There, playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
A thousandfold to thee.

"For in the fields of Heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill."

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke,
And full of careful musings
His anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished,
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his deathbed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying:
"O mother dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A-coming down to me!

"And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries,—
Dear mother, let me go!"

He died, and that fond mother
Her tears could not restrain;
But she knew he was with Jesus
And she did not weep again.
—*Translation of* MARY HOWITT.

---

HEREDIA, JOSÉ MARIA DE, (1) a Cuban poet, dramatist and historian; born at Santiago de Cuba, December 31, 1803; died at Toluca, Mexico, May 7, 1839. During his early youth he traveled extensively with his parents throughout his native island and the neighboring island of Santo Domingo, and in Mexico, Venezuela, and Florida; and at the age of fourteen he settled down to study in Havana, where he was admitted to the bar in 1823. For taking part in the insurrectional movement of that year he was immediately banished to the United States, where he spent two years. In 1824 he published in New York a volume of poems, *Poesias de José Maria de Heredia,* which made him famous as one of the greatest, if not, as many contend, the greatest, of Spanish-American poets. In 1825, at the request of President Victoria, he went to Mexico, where he was appointed Ministro de la Audiencia, and where he spent the rest of his short life engaged in the practice of law and in the discharge of various important government duties. His dramas include *Sila* (1826); *Tiberio* (1827); and *Los Ultimos Romanoz* (1829). In the following year appeared the first two volumes of his valuable *Lecciones de Historia Universal* (1830–31). He also published, at various times, metrical translations of the *Saul* of Alfieri, the *Ma-*

*homet* of Voltaire, the *Abufar* of Ducis, the *Atreo y Thiestes* of Crébillon, and the *Cayo Graco* of Chenier. Heredia's poems have been often translated and have passed through many editions in Spain and Spanish-America, as well as in England and the United States, and in Portugal, Italy, Germany, and France. Critics of all nations have paid the highest tributes to the lyrical talent of the great Cuban poet; and in his own country a movement has been set on foot for the erection of a monument to his memory. Of the best of his poems, the greatest, in the opinion of critical readers, is the magnificent ode to *Niagara.*

NIAGARA.

My lyre! give me my lyre! my bosom feels
The glow of inspiration. Oh, how long
Have I been left in darkness, since this light
Last visited my brow! Niagara!
Thou with thy rushing waters dost restore
The heavenly gift that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight;
For from my very boyhood have I loved
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
At the herce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy; and when the sea
Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark, and showed
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of destiny. Ah, terribly they rage,—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters; and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumerable
Meet there and madden,— waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach, they leap the barrier,— the abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter near
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

What seeks my restless eye? Why are not here
About the jaws of this abyss, the palms,—
Ah, the delicious palms,— that on the plains
Of my own native Cuba spring and spread
Their thickly foliaged summits to the sun,
And, in the breathing of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted blue!

But no, Niagara,— thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle, and frail rose may grow
In gardens, and give out their fragrance there,
Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine it is
To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to rise
Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake
Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy name.

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;
And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness,
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

Dread torrent, that with wonder and with fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,—
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies,
Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
What power hath ordered, that, when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not and roll to overwhelm the earth?

Never have I so deeply felt as now
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart
Be happy without love? I would that one,
Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined
In love with me, now shared my lonely walk
On this tremendous brink. 'Twere sweet to see
Her dear face touched with paleness, and become
More beautiful from fear, and overspread
With a faint smile while clinging to my side.
Dreams,—dreams! I am an exile, and for me
There is no country, and there is no love.

Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!
Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble verse
Might be, like thee, immortal! I, meanwhile,

Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the echoes of my fame.

---

HEREDIA, José Maria de, (2) a Cuban-French poet; born near Santiago de Cuba, November 22, 1842. At the age of eight he was taken to Paris, and received his earliest education at the College of St. Vincent at Senlis. Nine years later he returned to Cuba, and studied for a year at the University of Havana. In 1860 he settled in France, where he took up the study of law, and studied history at the École des Chartes. His first verses were published in 1862, in the *Revue de Paris* of that period; and in 1866 he contributed to the *Parnasse Cotemporain* with Sully, Prudhomme, Coppée, Verlaine, Mendès, and Mallarmé. The unusual precision of his sonnets began to attract general attention; and "it became a sort of collector's joy to watch the newspapers and reviews for stray sonnets of Heredia." In 1869 his name was prominently connected with the second *Parnasse;* and in the same year he published his now famous and extremely rare little volume of *Sonnets et Eaux-fortes.* His studies in history led to his translating and editing Bernal Diaz del Castillo's great historical work; wherein the profound learning of his annotations led all eager students of the Conquistadors to hope that his labors in that direction might be continued. In 1893 he collected into a volume entitled *Les Trophées* the scattered occasional sonnets which, written on folio sheets of antique paper cut from the

fly leaves of valuable incunabula, he had sent during many years to particular friends, and some of which, at long intervals, had stolen into fugitive print by breach of confidence or by eloquent appeal of some committee of poets; and in 1894 he was elected a member of the French Academy.

"Beyond all question," writes Edmund Gosse in the *Contemporary Review,* "he is a great poetic artist, and probably the most remarkable now alive in Europe. From beginning to end the book rings with melody; each sonnet brings up before the inward eye a luminous picture, in a clear sunlit atmosphere, flashing with color, sharply defined, completely provided with every artifice and accomplishment, taste and craftsmanship."

Heredia's poetry is of that rarest of all rare species of composition, the objective sonnet, and so coldly and unalterably severe of form as to almost defy translation. In his hands the sonnet is of an absolute regularity. The two rhymes of his octette never change their positions; and his sextette is permitted but two arrangements. He allows himself no license of any kind, but takes his frame and fills it with unvarying exactitude. His central characteristic is technical perfection. *Les Trophées,* which is really one poem of many sonnets, opens with *L'Oubli.* Oblivion is the enemy he is to attack. The temple on the Grecian promontory is in ruins; its goddesses of marble and its heroes of bronze lie broken and defaced under the dry and wind-blown grasses; and the sea at the foot of the headland moans and wails for the dead sirens of long ago. Not stone and not metal can defy oblivion; the only true, immortal art, which no caprice of man or time can destroy, is verse. And so, in verse that shall be as like hammered bronze and car-

ven marble as he can make it, this proudest of modern poets will try to save the fleeting world of beauty from decay.

OBLIVION.

On the height of the cliff stands the long-ruined shrine;
  And grim death has inlaid with the mouldering grass
  Marble goddesses mingled with heroes of brass;
And their fame is o'ergrown by the close-clinging vine.

On the boundless blue sky looms, perchance, the dark line
  Of a farmer who bids his tired oxen to pass
  And to drink from the waters divine; — o'er whose glass
A forgotten song rings from the sky and the brine.

Gentle Earth, mother fond of the gods now all dead,
  Makes with each budding spring an attempt, but in vain,
  For the temple's crushed shaft an acanthus to gain.
By the fathers' past dreams man to-day is not led;
  He can listen unmoved to the sea as its mass
  Wails and moans for the sirens — the sirens, alas!

—*Translation of* MISS DOROTHEA SHEPPERSON.

---

HERODOTUS, a Greek traveler and historian; born at Halicarnassus, Asia Minor, about 484 B.C.; died at Thurium, Italy, about 420 B.C. Of his personal history little is authentically recorded. That he was possessed of considerable wealth is evident from the extensive journeys which he undertook; that he was versed in all the literature of his time is shown by his writings throughout; there is, however, no evidence that he was acquainted with any language except Greek. His journey to Egypt probably took

place when he was twenty-four years of age, and he seems to have remained in that country about six years. His other journeyings, the dates of which are uncertain, took him to Babylon, Susa, the Persian capital, Scythia, Thrace, and all over Greece proper, Asia Minor, and some of the Grecian islands. The countries visited by him extend for 1,700 miles from east to west, and more than 1,600 miles from north to south, covering nearly all of the habitable globe as it was known to the Greeks. At the age of about thirty-seven he took up his residence at Athens, having fairly entered upon the composition of his great work, to the elaboration of which the remaining years of his life were mainly devoted. It is divided into nine Books, each bearing the name of one of the nine Muses. In the opening sentence he thus sets forth his purpose:

THE PROEM TO THE HISTORY.

These are the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, which he publishes in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done, and of preventing the great and wonderful actions of the Greeks and the Barbarians from losing their due meed of glory; and withal to put on record what were their grounds of feud.

The leading aim was to narrate the contest between the Persians and Greeks — that is, between Asia and Europe — which was formally begun by Darius Hystaspis in 490 B.C., and closed by the signal defeats of the forces of Xerxes at Platæa and Mycalé seventeen years later. But the history of this war is continually broken in upon by what might properly be styled "Researches and Inquiries of Travel." He is sup-

posed to have written another work upon Assyrian History, but if it was written, no part of it is now extant. The work of Herodotus has been often translated into English, notably by Cary and Beloe. But the earlier translations are superseded by that of George Rawlinson (1858–60; third edition, 1873), assisted by his brother, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Sir James Gardner Wilkinson.

The History of the Græco-Persian War strictly begins with the Fifth Book. Perhaps the most interesting portions of the whole are Book II. (Erato), which describes Egypt, and Book III. (Thalia), which narrates the mad freaks of Cambyses, King of Persia, the son and successor of the great Cyrus, and predecessor of Darius Hystaspis. Our extracts will be wholly from these two books, as translated by Rawlinson.

### AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION.

The Egyptians, before the reign of their King Psammetichus, believed themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. Since Psammetichus, however, made an attempt to discover who were actually the primitive race, they have been of opinion that while they surpass all other nations, the Phrygians surpass them in antiquity. This king, finding it impossible to make out by dint of inquiry what men were the most ancient, contrived the following method of discovery: — He took two children of the common sort, and gave them over to a herdsman to bring up at his folds, strictly charging him to let no one utter a word in their presence, but to keep them in a sequestered cottage, and from time to time to introduce goats to their apartment, see that they got their fill of milk, and in all other respects look after them. His object herein was to know, after the indistinct babblings of infancy were over, what word they would first articulate. It happened as he had anticipated. The herdsman obeyed his orders for two

years, and at the end of that time, on his one day opening the door of their room and going in, the children both ran up to him with outstretched arms, and distinctly said *Békos*. When this first happened the herdsman took no notice, but afterward when he observed, upon coming often to see them, that the word was constantly in their mouths, he informed his master, and by his command brought the children into his presence. Psammetichus then himself heard them say the word, upon which he then proceeded to make inquiry what people there were who called anything *békos;* and hereupon he learnt that *békos* was the Phrygian name for "bread." In consideration of this circumstance the Egyptians yielded their claims, and admitted the greater antiquity of the Phrygians. That these were the real facts I learnt at Memphis from the priests of Vulcan. The Greeks, among other foolish tales, relate that Psammetichus had the children brought up by women whose tongues he had previously cut out; but the priests said their bringing up was such as I have described above.

### THE INUNDATION OF THE NILE.

Perhaps after censuring all the opinions that have been put forward, on this obscure subject, one ought to prove some theory of one's own. I will therefore proceed to explain what I think to be the reason of the Nile's swelling in the summer time. During the winter the sun is driven out of his usual course by the storms, and removes to the upper parts of Libya. This is the whole secret in the fewest possible words; for it stands to reason that the country which the Sun-god approaches the nearest and which he passes most directly over, will be scantest of water, and that there the streams which feed the river will shrink the most.

To explain, however, more at length, the case is this: The sun in his passage across the upper parts of Libya, affects them in the following way: As the air in those regions is constantly clear, and the country warm through the absence of cold winds, the sun in his passage across them acts upon them exactly as he is wont to act else-

where in summer, when his path is in the middle of heaven — that is, he attracts the water. After attracting it, he again repels it into the upper regions, where the winds lay hold of it, scatter it, and reduce it to a vapor, whence it naturally enough comes to pass that winds that blow from this quarter — the south and southwest — are of all winds the most rainy. And my own opinion is that the sun does not get rid of all the water which he draws year by year from the Nile, but retains some about him. When the winter begins to soften, the sun goes back again to his old place in the middle of the heaven, and proceeds to attract water equally from all countries. Till then the other rivers run big from the quantity of rain-water which they bring down from countries where so much moisture falls that all the land is cut into gullies; but in summer, when the showers fail, and the sun attracts their water, they become low. The Nile, on the contrary, not deriving any of its bulk from rains, and being in the winter subject to the attraction of the sun, naturally runs at that season, unlike all other streams, with a less burden of water than in the summer time. For in summer it is exposed to attraction equally with all other rivers, but in winter it suffers alone.

It is the sun, also, in my opinion, which, by heating the space through which it passes, makes the air of Egypt so dry. There is thus perpetual summer in the upper parts of Libya. Were the position of the heavenly bodies reversed, so that the place where now the north wind and the winter have their dwelling became the station of the south wind and of the noonday, while on the other hand the station of the south wind became that of the north, the consequence would be that the sun, driven from the mid-heaven by the winter and the northern gales, would betake himself to the upper parts of Europe, as he now does to those of Libya, and then I believe his passage across Europe would affect the Ister exactly as the Nile is affected at the present day. And with respect to the fact that no breeze blows from the Nile, I am of the opinion that no wind is likely to arise in very hot countries, for breezes love to blow from some cold quarter.

### THE COURSE OF THE NILE.

The course of the Nile is known, not only throughout Egypt, but to the extent of four months' journey either by land or water above the Egyptian boundary; for on calculation it will be found that it takes that length of time to travel from Elephantiné to the country of the "Deserters." There the direction of the river is from west to east. Beyond, no one has any certain knowledge of its course, since the country is uninhabited by reason of the excessive heat.

I did hear, indeed, what I will now relate, from certain natives of Cyrené. Once upon a time, they said, they were on a visit to the oracular shrine of Ammon, when it chanced that in the course of conversation with Etearchus, the Ammonian king, the talk fell upon the Nile, how that its sources were unknown to all men. Etearchus upon this mentioned that some Nasimonians had come over to his court, and when asked if they could give any information concerning the uninhabited parts of Libya, had told the following tale. (The Nasimonians are a Libyan race who occupy the Syrtis and a tract of no great size toward the east.)

They said there had grown up among them some wild young men, the sons of certain chiefs, who, when they came to man's estate, indulged in all manner of extravagances, and among other things drew lots for five of their number to go and explore the desert parts of Libya, and try if they could not penetrate farther than any had done previously. The coast of Libya along the sea which washes it to the north, throughout its entire length from Egypt to Cape Soloris, which is its farthest, is inhabited by Libyans of many distinct tribes, who possess the whole tract except certain portions which belong to the Phœnicians and the Greeks. Above the coast-line and the country inhabited by the maritime tribes, Libya is full of wild beasts; while beyond the wild-beast region there is a tract which is wholly sand, very scant of water, and utterly and entirely a desert.

The young men therefore despatched on this errand

by their comrades, with a plentiful supply of water and provisions, traveled at first through the inhabited region, passing which they came to the wild-beast tract, whence they finally entered upon the desert, which they proceeded to cross in a direction from east to west. After journeying for many days over a wide extent of sands they came at last to a plain where they observed trees growing; approaching them, and seeing fruit on them, they proceeded to gather it. While they were thus engaged, there came upon them some dwarfish men, under the middle height, who seized them and carried them off. The Nasimonians could not understand a word of their language, nor had they any acquaintance with the language of the Nasimonians. They were led across extensive marshes, and finally came to a town where all the men were of the height of their conductors, and black-complexioned. A great river flowed by the town, running from west to east, and containing crocodiles. Here let me dismiss Etearchus the Ammonian, and his story, only adding that (according to the Cyrenæans) he declared that the Nasimonians got safe back to the country, and that the men whose city they had reached were sorcerers.

With respect to the river which ran by their town, Etearchus conjectured it to be the Nile; and reason favors that view. For the Nile certainly flows out of Libya, dividing it down the middle, and as I conceive — judging the unknown from the known — rises at the same distance from its mouth as the Ister. The latter river has its source in the country of the Celts near the city Pyrené, and runs through the middle of Europe, dividing it into two portions. The Celts live beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and border on the Cynesians, who dwell at the extreme west of Europe. Thus the latter flows through the whole of Europe before it finally empties itself into the Euxine at Istria, one of the colonies of the Milesians. Now as this river flows through regions that are inhabited, its course is perfectly well known; but of the sources of the Nile no one can give any account, since Libya, the country through which it passes, is desert and without inhabitants. As far as it was possible to get information by inquiry, I have given a de-

scription of the stream. It enters Egypt from the parts beyond. Egypt lies almost exactly opposite the mountainous region of Cilicia, whence a lightly equipped traveler may reach Sinopé on the Euxine in five days by the direct route. Sinopé lies opposite the place where the Ister falls into the sea. My opinion, therefore, is that the Nile as it traverses the whole of Libya, is of equal length with the Ister. And here I take my leave of this subject.

### THE PHŒNIX.

They have also another sacred bird called the Phœnix, which I myself have never seen except in pictures. Indeed it is a great rarity even in Egypt, only coming there (according to accounts of the people of Heliopolis) once in five hundred years, when the old phœnix dies. Its size and appearance — if it is like the pictures — is as follows: The plumage is partly red, partly golden, while the general make and size are almost exactly that of the eagle. They tell a story of what this bird does, which does not seem to me to be credible: that he comes all the way from Arabia, and brings the parent bird, all plastered with myrrh, to the temple of the sun, and there buries the body. In order to bring him, they say, he first forms a ball of myrrh as big as he finds that he can carry; then he hollows out the ball, and puts his parent inside; after which he covers over the opening with fresh myrrh, and the ball is then of exactly the same weight as at first; so he brings it to Egypt, plastered over as I have said, and deposits it in the temple of the sun. Such is the story they tell of the doings of this bird.

### MODES OF EMBALMING.

There are a set of men in Egypt who practice the art of embalming, and make it their proper business. These persons, when a body is brought to them, show the bearers various models of corpses, made in wood, and painted so as to resemble nature. The most perfect is said to be after the manner of Him whom I do not think

it religious to name in connection with such a matter; the second is inferior to the first, and less costly; the third is the cheapest of all. All this the embalmers explain, and then ask in which way it is wished that the corpse should be prepared. The bearers tell them, and having concluded their bargain, take their departure, while the embalmers, left to themselves, proceed to their task.

The mode of embalming, according to the most perfect process, is the following: They take first a crooked piece of iron, and with it draw out the brain through the nostrils, thus getting rid of a portion, while the skull is cleared of the rest by rinsing with drugs. Next, they make a cut along the flank, with a sharp Ethiopian stone, and take out the whole contents of the abdomen, which they then cleanse, washing it thoroughly with palm-wine, and again frequently with an infusion of pounded aromatics. After this they fill the cavity with the purest bruised myrrh, with cassia, and every sort of spicery, except frankincense, and sew up the opening. Then the body is placed in natrum for seventy days, and covered entirely over. After the expiration of that space of time, which must not be exceeded, the body is washed, and wrapped round from head to foot with bandages of fine linen cloth, smeared over with gum, which is used generally by the Egyptians in the place of glue; and in this state it is given back to the relations, who enclose it in a wooden case which they have made for the purpose, shaped into the figure of a man. Then fastening the case, they place it in a sepulchral chamber, upright against the wall. Such is the most costly way of embalming the dead.

If persons wish to avoid expense, and choose the second process, the following is the method pursued: Syringes are filled with oil made from the cedar-tree, which is then, without any incision or disembowelling, injected into the abdomen. The passage by which it might be likely to return is stopped, and the body laid in natrum the prescribed number of days. At the end of the time the cedar-oil is allowed to make its escape; and such is its power that it brings with it the whole stomach and intestines in a liquid state. The natrum meanwhile

has dissolved the flesh, and so nothing is left of the dead body but the skin and the bones. It is returned in this condition to the relatives, without any further trouble being bestowed upon it.

The third method of embalming, which is practised in the case of the poorer classes, is to clean out the intestines with a clyster, and let the body lie in the natrum the seventy days, after which it is at once given to those who come to fetch it away.

In Egypt Herodotus heard a version of the siege of Troy, differing in some particulars from that narrated in the *Iliad*. According to this Egyptian version, Paris (whom Herodotus calls Alexander) took his departure from Sparta with the frail Helen and the immense treasures which he had stolen from Menelaus. He headed for Ilium, but was driven by contrary winds upon the Egyptian coast. Proteus, the Egyptian king, having been informed of the perfidy of Paris, allowed him to take his departure for his own country, but detained Helen and the stolen treasures to be delivered up to Menelaus, when he should come to claim them, which he did after the destruction of Ilium. Herodotus thus proceeds:

### HELEN AND THE SIEGE OF TROY.

I made inquiry of the priests, whether the story which the Greeks tell about Ilium is a fable or no. In reply they related the following particulars, of which they declared that Menelaus had himself informed them:

After the rape of Helen, a vast army of Greeks, wishing to render help to Menelaus, set sail for the Teucrian territory. On their arrival they disembarked, and formed their camp, after which they sent ambassadors to Ilium, of whom Menelaus was one. The embassy was received within the walls, and demanded the restoration of Helen, with the treasures which Alexander had carried off, and

likewise demanded satisfaction for the wrong done. The Teucrians gave at once the answer in which they persisted ever afterward, backing their assertions sometimes even with oaths, to wit, that neither Helen nor the treasures claimed were in their possession: both the one and the other had remained, they said, in Egypt; and it was not just to come upon them for what Proteus, king of Egypt, was detaining. The Greeks, imagining that the Teucrians were merely laughing at them, laid siege to the town, and never rested until they finally took it.

So Menelaus traveled to Egypt, and on his arrival sailed up the river as far as Memphis, and related all that had happened. He met with the utmost hospitality, received back Helen unharmed, and recovered all his treasures. After this friendly treatment Menelaus, they said, behaved most unjustly toward the Egyptians; for as it happened that at the time when he wanted to take his departure, he was detained by the wind being contrary, and as he found this obstruction continue, he had recourse to a most wicked expedient. He seized, they said, two children of the people of the country, and offered them up in sacrifice. When this became known, the indignation of the people was stirred, and they went in pursuit of Menelaus, who, however, escaped with his ships to Libya, after which the Egyptians could not say whither he went. The rest they knew full well, partly by the inquiries which they had made, and partly from the circumstances having taken place in their own land, and therefore not admitting of doubt.

Such is the account given by the Egyptian priests, and I am inclined to regard as true all that they say of Helen, from the following considerations: If Helen had been at Troy, the inhabitants would, I think, have given her up to the Greeks, whether Alexander consented to it or no. For surely neither Priam nor his family could have been so infatuated as to endanger their own persons, their children and their city, merely that Alexander might possess Helen. At any rate, if they determined to refuse at first, yet afterward, when so many of the Trojans fell on every encounter with the Greeks, and Priam, too, in each battle lost a son, sometimes two or three, and

even more, if we may credit the epic poets, I do not believe that even if Priam himself had been married to her, he would have declined to deliver her up, with the view of bringing the series of calamities to a close. Nor was it as if Alexander had been heir to the crown, in which case he might have had the chief management of affairs, since Priam was already old. Hector, who was his elder brother, and a far braver man, stood before him, and was the heir to the kingdom on the death of their father Priam. And it could not be Hector's interest to uphold his brother in his wrong when it brought such dire calamities upon himself and the other Trojans. But the fact was that they had no Helen to deliver, and so they told the Greeks; but the Greeks would not believe what they said — Divine Providence, as I think, so willing that by their utter destruction it might be made evident to all men that when great wrongs are done, the gods will surely visit them with great punishments. Such, at least, is my view of the matter.

### THE DESCENT OF RHAMPSINITUS TO HADES.

When Proteus died, Rhampsinitus, so the priests informed me, succeeded to the throne. His monuments were the western gateway of the temple of Vulcan, and the two statutes which stand in front of this gateway, called by the Egyptians the one Summer, the other Winter, each twenty-five cubits in height. The statue of Summer, which is the northernmost of the two, is worshipped by the natives, and has offerings made to it; that of Winter, which stands toward the south is treated in precisely the contrary way. King Rhampsinitus was possessed, they said, of great riches in silver; indeed, to such an amount that none of the princes, his successors, surpassed or even equalled his wealth. . . .

This same king, I was also informed by the priests, descended alive into the region which the Greeks call Hades, and there played at dice with Ceres, sometimes winning and sometimes suffering defeat. After a while he returned to earth, and brought with him a golden napkin, the gift of the goddess. From this descent of

Rhampsinitus into Hades, and return to earth again, the Egyptians, I was told, instituted a festival, which they certainly celebrated in my day. On what occasion it was that they instituted it — whether upon this or upon any other — I cannot determine. The following are the ceremonies: On a certain day in the year the priests weave a mantle, and binding the eyes of one of their number with a fillet, they put the mantle upon him, and take him with them into the roadway conducting to the temple of Ceres, when they depart and leave him to himself. Then the priest, thus blindfolded, is led (they say) by two wolves to the temple of Ceres, distant twenty furlongs from the city, where he stays a while, after which he is brought back from the temple by the wolves, and left upon the spot where they first joined him.

---

HERRERA, Fernando de, a Spanish ecclesiastic and poet; born at Seville in 1534; died there in 1597. Little is known of his life; but he was called the Divine, and was praised by Cervantes and Lope de Vega. He published a volume of poems in 1582, and others of his poems appeared after his death. He wrote vigorous prose also. His chief work is the *Relacion de la Guerra de Chipre y Batalla de Lepanto* (1572). Another work, the *History of Spain till the Time of Charles V.,* is not extant. A number of his longer poems are lost, among them *The Battle of the Giants; The Rape of Proserpina; The Amadis;* and *The Loves of Laurino and Caerona.* Herrera realized the inadequacy of the Castilian language to express the finer sentiments of the poet, and he set about improving it by substituting words and phrases from the Latin, Greek, and Italian languages

for the corresponding vulgar and trivial expressions in his own; but his system was theoretical, and while inspired by good intentions was lacking in taste, so that in many instances where he strives to be elevated and correct, he succeeds in being simply formal and affected. He addressed his verses to an Andalusian lady, said to have been the Countess of Gelves, for whom he entertained a Platonic love which lent tenderness and beauty to his poetry.

ODE TO SLEEP.

Sweet Sleep, that through the starry path of night,
With dewy poppies crowned pursu'st thy flight!
Stiller of human woes,
That shedd'st o'er Nature's breast a soft repose
O, to these distant climates of the West
Thy slowly wandering pinions turn;
And with thy influence blest
Bathe these love-burdened eyes, that ever burn
And find no moment's rest,
While my unceasing grief
Refuses all relief!
O, hear my prayer! I ask it by thy love,
Whom Juno gave thee in the realms above
Sweet power that dost impart
Gentle oblivion to the suffering heart,
Beloved Sleep, thou only canst bestow
A solace for my woe!
Thrice happy be the hour
My weary limbs shall feel thy sovereign power!
Why to these eyes alone deny
The calm thou pour'st on Nature's boundless reign
Why let thy votary all neglected die,
Nor yield a respite to a lover's pain?
And must I ask thy balmy aid in vain?
Hear, gentle power, O, hear my humble prayer,
And let my soul thy heavenly banquet share!

In this extreme of grief, I own thy might.
Descend, and shed thy healing dew;
Descend, and put to flight
The intruding Dawn, that with her garish light
My sorrows would renew!
Thou hear'st my sad lament, and in my face
My many griefs may'st trace:
Turn, then, sweet wanderer of the night, and spread
Thy wings around my head!
Haste, for the unwelcome Morn
Is now on her return!
Let the soft rest the hours of night denied
Be by thy lenient hand supplied.
Fresh from my summer bowers,
A crown of soothing flowers,
Such as thou lov'st, the fairest and the best,
I offer thee; won by their odors sweet
The enamored air shall greet
The advent: O, then, let thy hand
Express their essence bland,
And o'er my eyelids pour delicious rest!
Enchanting power, soft as the breath of spring
Be the light gale that stirs thy dewy wing!
Come, ere the sun ascends the purple east —
Come, end my woes! So, crowned with heavenly charms
May fair Pasithea take thee to her arms!

—*Translation of* T. Roscoe.

FROM AN ODE TO DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

When from the vaulted sky,
Struck by the bolt and volleyed fire of Jove,
Enceladus, who proudly strove
To rear to heaven his impious head,
Fell headlong upon Etna's rocky bed;
And she, who long had boldly stood
Against the powers on high,
By thousand deaths undaunted, unsubdued —
Rebellious Earth — her fury spent,
Before the sword of Mars unwilling bent.

In heaven's pure serene,
To his bright lyre, whose strings melodious rung,
Unshorn Apollo sweetly sung,
And spread the joyous numbers round —
His youthful brows with gold and laurel bound —
Listening to the sweet, immortal strain,
Each heavenly power was seen;
And all the lucid spheres, night's wakeful train,
That swift pursue their ceaseless way,
Forgot their course, suspended by his lay.

Hushed was the stormy sea —
At the sweet sound the boisterous waves were laid.
The noise of rushing winds was stayed;
And with the gentle breath of pleasure
The Muses sung, according with his measure.
In wildest strains of rapture lost,
He sung the victory.
The power and glory of the heavenly host,
The horrid mien and warlike mood,
The fatal pride of the Titanian brood:
Of Pallas, Attic maid,
The Gorgon terrors and the fiery spear;
Of him, whose voice the billows fear,
The valor proved in deadly fight;
Of Hercules the strength and vengeful might.
But long he praised thy dauntless heart.
And sweetest prelude made,
Singing, Bistonian Mars, thy force and art;
Thine arm victorious, which o'erthrew
The fiercest of the bold Phlegrean crew.

—*Translation of* HERBERT.

HERRICK, Robert, an English poet; born at London, August 20, 1591; died at Dean Prior, Devonshire, in October, 1674. He studied at Cambridge, and after leaving the university led a jovial life in London for several years. Among his associates was Ben Jonson, to whom — or, rather, to whose departed shade — he addressed the following lines:

TO BEN JONSON.

Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus.
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

At the age of thirty-six Herrick took Holy Orders, and was in 1629 presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. Here he wrote numerous poems, not altogther of a clerical character, but

containing many clever descriptions of rural customs and manners. In 1647 he published the *Noble Numbers,* and the *Hesperides, or Works Human and Divine,* which were dedicated to "the Most Illustrious and Most Hopeful Prince Charles," then a lad of eighteen, afterward King Charles II. In this publication the author drops the clerical designation, and announces himself as "Robert Herrick, Esquire."

His volume had hardly been published when Herrick was ejected from his living by the "Long Parliament." He repaired to London, where he lived as best he could for ten or twelve years. Upon the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, Herrick was reinstated in his vicarage. He was now close upon threescore and ten, well wearied of a life which had been nowise saintly, though apparently not marked by any great excesses. In his old age he wrote the following "Apologia" for some of the writings of his earlier years:

HERRICK'S APOLOGIA.

For these, my unbaptized rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times —
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, O Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not Thine:
But if, 'mongst all, Thou findest one
Worthy Thy benediction,
That one, of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

For nearly a century and a half after the death of Herrick his poems appear to have been almost forgotten. In 1810 a selection from the *Hesperides* was published by Dr. Nott; since then several excellent

editions have appeared in England and America. Herrick's poems include not a few of the daintiest fancies in the English language.

A THANKSGIVING.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell:
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread,
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire.
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent,
And my content,

Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.

'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land:

All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine:
But the acceptance — that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

### TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

### TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you!
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything;
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

### CHERRY RIPE.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones — come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow?— I answer: There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile —
There's the land, or cherry-isle;
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

### LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal
Come to fight a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last has prayed
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When God knows I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass is out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

---

HERRICK, ROBERT WELCH, an American novelist; born at Cambridge, Mass., April 26, 1868. He was graduated from Harvard in 1890, and in 1895 became Assistant Professor of Rhetoric at the University of Chicago. His published works include *The Man Who Wins* (1895); *Literary Love Letters and Other Stories* (1896); *Love's Dilemma* (1898); *Composition and Rhetoric* (1899); *The Webb of Life* (1900); *The Common Lot* (1904), and *Memoirs of an American Citizen* (1905).

In reviewing *The Common Lot,* the New York *Times* dwells particularly upon the fact that it is a Chicago novel of Chicago life. The review is of more than passing interest.

"THE COMMON LOT."

It seems to be the general tendency of the Chicago novelist and the Chicago novel to avoid idealities in order to deal in a startlingly realistic manner with the current and, for the most part, unpleasant, conditions of life in that great city, and *The Common Lot,* by Robert Herrick, is by no means an exception to this rule. This is not the first time that Prof. Herrick has given the public the benefit of his exceptionally keen observation and comprehension of people and things in his own town, but the special phase of commercial crookedness which he here holds up to merciless analysis will perhaps prove more widely interesting than any of his previous work. It is

the human quality in books that is the gauge of their attractiveness, and there is plenty of this in *The Common Lot.* Though all the happenings of this story are ascribed to Chicago, slightly modified, they are as regrettably true of many other cities east and west of it, and the people who take part in them are typical enough of the common run of people the world over to make one's neighbors, if not one's self, easily recognizable on every page.

The story is a vivid and powerful portrayal of the career of a young architect, who, after four years at Cornell, three at a technical school in the East, and another three at the Paris Beaux Arts — all paid for by a rich and eccentric old uncle — found himself cut off with a little more than a shilling — a paltry $10,000 — in the uncle's will and stranded amid the fierce practicalities of Chicago, with his living to earn and his fame to make. The old uncle had been wont to say: "Get all ready before you start; get all ready — then let us have results," and it proved to mean, not that his nephew was getting ready to be his uncle's heir, but to fight the world on his own account just as Powers Jackson had fought it and won. At first the shock of the changed aspect of things was stunning, but the architect had some good stuff in him — enough pride, at any rate, to fire him with determination to succeed somehow in spite of his uncle's unexpected bequests to charity, and enough good sense to begin by marrying Helen Spellman, whose fine perceptions and moral strength proved finally to be the balance wheel of her husband's life.

With his natural love for his profession, his splendid training, and a promising position in the most prominent firm of architects in the city, the outlook for success in Jackson Hart's case was as bright as a young man's could well be, and that success would have surely, if slowly, come to him if he had not been seized with that most dangerous of all modern maladies — the desire to get away from "the common lot," the day-by-day struggle for existence, to gain a place among the seemingly enviable class of mortals who have unlimited leisure for frivolities. In order to become rich and climb quickly

into "society," Mr. Herrick's architect allows himself to be persuaded into unprofessional methods of work that grew from bad to worse with the undeviating certainty that has been observed in connection with evil deeds, since the time of Virgil, until winking at the cheating of contractors, the incompetency of inspectors, and the dishonesty of about all men with favors to ask, very nearly brought the too ambitious young man into the clutches of the criminal law. He escaped, but with the loss of reputation, self-respect, and about everything that really counts in the long run, and considered himself lucky to be able to go back to the ranks and begin over again.—*New York Times.*

---

HERSCHEL, Sir John Frederick William, an English astronomer and chemist, son of Sir William Herschel; born at Slough, near Windsor, March 7, 1792; died at Collingwood, near Hawkhurst, Kent, May 11, 1871. He was educated at Eton and at St. Joseph's College, Cambridge. In 1820 he produced a work on the differential calculus, and other branches of mathematical science. He also contributed two or three memoirs to the Royal Society upon the applications of mathematical analysis. In 1820 he completed, with his father's assistance, a reflecting telescope eighteen inches in diameter and twenty feet in focal length, with which he made his great astronomical observations. Before the end of 1833 he had re-examined all his father's discoveries of double stars and nebulæ, and had added many of his own. In November of the same year he set sail for the Cape of Good Hope, with the resolution of exploring the heavens of the southern hemisphere —"to

attempt the completion of a survey of the whole surface of the heavens;" and in March, 1834, began his labors. At the end of four years he returned to England. His work, *Results of Observations at the Cape of Good Hope,* published in 1847, gives a faint idea of what his labors must have been. Sir John Herschel was an accomplished chemist, and made several important discoveries in photography. He was the author of several books: *On the Study of Natural Philosophy* (1830); *Outlines of Astronomy* (1849); *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects,* a collection of papers contributed to *Good Words.* He contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the articles on *Meteorology, Physical Geography,* and *Telescope.* A volume of his *Collected Addresses* has also been published.

### TENDENCY OF PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine,* by persons, well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow-minded, against the study of natural philosophy — that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt of the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression

of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state.

The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising, fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing them to bear on some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or the future destinies of mankind; while on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character.

The question "*cui bono*" — to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend?— is one which the speculative philosopher who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations which ought to exempt them from such questioning; communicating as they do to his own mind the purest happiness (after the exercises of the benevolent and moral feelings) of which human nature is susceptible, and tending to the injury of no one, he might surely allege *this* as a sufficient and direct reply to those who, having themselves little capacity, and less

relish for intellectual pursuits, are constantly repeating upon him this inquiry.

### A TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office, and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history — with the wisest, the wittiest — with the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations — a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and best-informed have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole term of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet: "*Emollis mores, nes sinit esse feros.*" It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.

HOW DOES AN EARTHQUAKE TRAVEL.

Now I come to consider the manner in which an earthquake is propagated from place to place; how it travels, in short. It runs along the earth precisely in the same manner, and according to the same mechanical laws as a wave along the sea, or rather as the waves of sound run along the air, but quicker. The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon ran out from thence, as from a centre, in all directions, at a rate averaging about twenty miles per minute, as far as could be gathered from a comparison of the times of its occurrence at different places. But there is little doubt that it must have been retarded by having to traverse all sorts of ground; for a blow or shock of any description is conveyed through the substance on which it is delivered with the rapidity of sound in that substance. Perhaps it may be new to many who hear me to be told that sound is conveyed by water, by stone, by iron, and indeed by everything, and at a different rate for each. In air it travels at the rate of about 1,140 feet per second, or about 13 miles in a minute. In water much faster, more than four times as fast (4,700 feet.) In iron ten times as fast (11,400 feet), or about 130 miles in a minute, so that a blow delivered endways at one end of an iron rod 130 miles long, would only reach the other after a lapse of a minute, and a pull at one end of an iron wire of that length, would require a minute before it would be felt at the other. But the substance of the earth through which the shock is conveyed is not only far less elastic than iron, but it does not form a coherent, connected body; it is full of interruptions, cracks, loose materials, and all these tend to deaden and retard the shock; and putting together all the accounts of all the earthquakes that have been exactly observed, their rate of travel may be taken to vary from as low as 12 to 13 miles a minute to 70 or 80.

The way, then, that we may conceive an earthquake to travel is this: I shall take the case which is most common, when the motion of the ground to and fro is horizontal. How far each particular spot on the surface of

the ground is actually pushed from its place there is no way of ascertaining, since all the surrounding objects receive the same impulse almost at the same instant of time, but there are many indications that it is often several yards. In the earthquake of Cutch trees were seen to flog the ground with their branches, which proves that their stems must have been jerked suddenly away for some considerable distance and as suddenly pushed back; and the same conclusion follows from the sudden rise of the water of lakes on the side where the shock reaches them, and its fall on the opposite side; the bed of the lake has been jerked away for a certain distance from under the water, and pulled back.

Now suppose a row of sixty persons, standing a mile apart from each other, in a straight line, in the direction in which the shock travels, at a rate, we will suppose, of sixty miles per minute; and let the ground below the first get a sudden and violent shove, carrying it a yard in the direction of the next. Since this shock will not reach the next till after the lapse of one second of time, it is clear that the space between the two will be shortened by a yard, and the ground — that is to say, not the mere loose soil on the surface, but the whole mass of solid rock below, down to an unknown depth — compressed, or driven into a smaller space. It is this compression that carries the shock forward. The elastic force of the rocky matter, like a coiled spring, acts both ways; it drives back the first man to his old place, and shoves the second a yard nearer to the third; and so on. Instead of men, place a row of tall buildings, or columns, and they will tumble down in succession, the base flying forward, and leaving the tops behind to drop on the soil on the side *from* which the shock came. This is just what was seen to happen in Messina in the great Calabrian earthquake. As the shock ran along the ground, the houses of the Faro were seen to topple down in succession; beginning at one end and running on to the other, as if a succession of mines had been sprung. In the earthquake in Cutch, a sentinel standing at one end of a long straight line of wall, saw the wall bow forward and recover itself; not all at once, but with a swell like

a wave running all along it with immense rapidity. In this case it is evident that the earthquake wave must have had its front oblique to the direction of the wall just as an obliquely held ruler runs along the edge of a page of paper while it advances, like a wave of the sea, perpendicularly to its own length.—*Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects.*

---

HERSCHEL, Sir William, an Anglo-German astronomer; born at Hanover, Prussia, November 15, 1738; died at Slough, near Windsor, England, August 25, 1822. He was the son of a musician of Hanover. His early educational advantages were not great, but he repaired all their deficiencies by his own efforts, and became, not only a skilful musician, but a fine mathematician. About 1758 he went to England. After several years of teaching music he obtained the position of organist in a fashionable church in Bath, in which city he became the leading musical authority. While practicing his profession he devoted his leisure to astronomical research. In 1772 he was joined by his sister Caroline, who became his efficient co-operator both in music and astronomy. Unable to purchase a telescope, Herschel set about constructing one, and in 1774 completed one of six feet focal length. All the leisure of sister and brother was now given to astronomy — the nights to observation, and the days to the toil of grinding and polishing specula.

In 1780 his first paper, an *Inquiry in Regard to the Varying Lustre of Several Stars,* was communicated to the Royal Society. This was followed by other

papers embodying the results of his observations, and culminating in an inquiry whether there was any relation between the recurrence of sun-spots and the variability of seasons on the earth. The appearance of a white spot near each pole of the planet Mars led to investigation which caused him to conclude that the climate of that planet closely resembles ours, and that the white patches were snow, a conclusion since confirmed by other investigators. In 1781 he discovered a planet to which he gave the name of *Georgium Sidus* (the Georgian Star), afterward called Herschel, and now called Uranus. In 1782 Herschel was invited by George III. to Windsor, and was appointed the King's private astronomer, with a salary of £200 a year, and an additional £50 for the assistance of his sister. They established themselves at Slough, where they continued their investigations. From 1784 to 1818 he addressed a series of remarkable papers to the Royal Society, on the stars of the Milky Way and their attendant planets, and on the nebulous masses from the condensation of which he conceived the stellar universe to have been formed. Besides pursuing his investigations, he constructed a grand reflecting telescope, which he completed in August, 1789, through which he could see Saturn with six of its satellites, and through which he soon afterward discovered the seventh. The eighth and the Saturnian ring escaped him.

His sister, Caroline Lucretia Herschel, was born at Hanover, March 16, 1750; died there, January 9, 1848. She resided at Hanover, her birth-place, until her twenty-second year, when she went to England, joining her brother at Bath, to whom she gave great assistance, not only acting as his amanuensis, but

frequently performing the long and complicated calculations involved in his investigations.

### HERSCHEL'S MIRRORS.

My brother applied himself to perfect his mirrors, erecting in his garden a stand for his twenty-foot telescope; many trials were necessary before the required motions for such an unwieldly machine could be contrived. Many attempts were made by way of experiment upon a mirror before an intended thirty-foot telescope could be completed, for which, between whiles (not interrupting the observations with seven, ten, and twenty foot, and writing papers for both the Royal and Bath Philosophical Societies), gauges, shapes, weight, etc., of the mirror were calculated, and trials of the composition of the metal were made. In short, I saw nothing else and heard nothing else talked of but about these things when my brothers were together. Alex was always very alert, assisting when anything new was going forward, but he wanted perseverance, and never liked to confine himself at home for many hours together. And so it happened that my brother William was obliged to make trial of my abilities in copying for him catalogues, tables, etc., and sometimes whole papers which were lent him for his perusal. Among them was one by Mr. Michel and a catalogue of Christian Mayer in Latin, which kept me employed when my brother was at the telescope at night. When I found that a hand was sometimes wanted when any particular measures were to be made with the lamp micrometer, etc., or a fire to be kept up, or a dish of coffee necessary during a long night's watching, I undertook with pleasure what others might have thought a hardship. . . . The mirror for the thirty-foot reflector was never out of his mind, and if a minute could be spared in going from one scholar to another, or giving one the slip, he called at home to see how the men went on with the furnace, which was built in a room below, even with the garden. The mirror was to be cast in a mould of loam prepared from horse-dung,

of which an immense quantity was to be pounded in a mortar and sifted through a fine sieve. It was an endless piece of work, and served me for many an hour's exercise; and Alex frequently took his turn at it, for we were all eager to do something toward the great undertaking. Even Sir William Watson would sometimes take the pestle from me when he found me in the work-room, where he expected to find his friends, in whose concerns he took so much interest that he felt disappointed at not being allowed to pay for the metal. But I do not think my brother ever accepted pecuniary assistance from any one of his friends; and on this occasion he declined the offer by saying it was paid for already.— *From Caroline Herschel's Memoirs.*

---

HERTZ, HENRIK, a Danish dramatist and poet; born of Jewish parents at Copenhagen, August 25, 1798; died there, February 25, 1870. He studied law, but had scarcely passed his examination when he gave himself to literature. His first comedy appeared anonymously, in 1827. He afterward traveled in Germany, Italy, and France. He left in all thirty-six works, among which are *The Moving Day* (1828); *Cupid's Master Strokes* (1830); *The Plumage of the Swan* (1841); comedies, in which the characters are traced with decided ability. He also wrote a didactic poem, *On Nature and Art* (1832), and *Tyrfing*, a poem, in 1840. In 1836 his comedy *The Savings Bank* enjoyed a large share of public favor. The next year he further increased his popularity by the production of *Svend Dyring's House*, a beautiful and original piece, which held an important place on the stage for many years. In fact this

piece and *King René's Daughter* are works which may be regarded as landmarks in Danish literature and stamp their author as a troubadour of the fiery and sensuous school of romance. As a lyric poet he has all the color and passion of Keats, and his style is grace itself. He has little or no local Scandinavian coloring, and succeeds best when he is describing the scenery or emotions of the glowing South. *King René's Daughter,* a lyrical drama, produced in 1845, is regarded as his masterpiece. Its whole action is comprised between noon and sunset of a single day. In the following scene Iolanthe, the King's blind daughter, is represented as sleeping in a garden under the influence of a talisman.

KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER.

[Characters: KING RENÉ; IOLANTHE, his blind daughter; EBN JAHIA, a physician; TRISTAN; ALMERIK, a messenger from the King; MARTHA and BERTRAND, attendants of IOLANTHE.]

*Almerik.*— And so she lacks for naught, and is content
If but some stranger on occasion come?
Of all the wealth the world to us presents,
Of all its glories, she surmiseth naught?
Does she not question you?
*Martha.*— That is a point
On which 'tis not so easy to reply;
It may be she suppresses many a thought.
She knows there is an entrance to this vale,
Hears the bell sound when anyone arrives,
Brightens to hear it, and in silence waits,
With ears intent. Yet doth she never ask
Where is the entrance, whitherward it leads;
For she has heard that there are many things
She must not ask, but leave to years to teach.
So 'tis with children. Speak to them of God,

Of power omnipotent, of another life,
And mark how they will listen, opening wide
Their little eyes in wonder, as some doubt —
A passing shade — is painted on their looks;
And then, at last, with touching faith, accept
For truth the things they may not comprehend.
So now for Iolanthe the whole world
Is one vast mystery, which she oft would pierce,
Then will her father or the abbess say:
"Rest thee content, my child — thou art too young;
Some future time thou'lt comprehend it all."
In this she piously confides; nor dreams
She wants the eyes' clear sight, to compass all
The splendors of this goodly universe. —
May it not be, Sir, while we darkly muse
Upon our life's mysterious destinies,
That we in blindness walk, like Iolanthe,
Unconscious that true vision is not ours?
Yet is that faith our hope's abiding star.

[*Enter* King René, Ebn Jahia, *and* Bertrand.]

*René.*— Martha, I bring thee here
Good Ebn Jahia. As I learn, he hath
Been here to-day once before.
How goes it now?
*Mar.*— Even to a wish, my liege.
*René.*—All that the leech enjoined thou hast fulfilled?
Neglected nothing? Has Iolanthe lain
With eyes close bandaged every night?
*Mar.*— She has.
*René* (*to Ebn Jahia*).— That was a perilous venture.
It is strange
She bears it. Yet the chance is fortunate
That the bee stung her on the temple lately;
This served us for a plausible pretext.
Ah! sure the little bee deceived itself.
In this fair world, that's tended by her care,
Where, like a flower, she grows amidst her flowers,
The insect, dazzled by the fragrant bloom,
Deemed that it nestled in a rose's bud.

Forgive me! It is sinful thus to speak
Of mine own child. But now no more of this.
Thou long'st to see the fruitage of thy skill,
Go, then, to Iolanthe. Bertrand! Martha!
Follow him; perchance he may require you.

[EBN JAHIA, followed by BERTRAND and MARTHA, goes out, and the KING converses with ALMERIK, whom he sends away when EBN JAHIA returns.]

*René.*— My Ebn Jahia, com'st thou like the dove
That bears the olive-branch? Thou lookest grave,
And, as thine art, unfathomable all.
How shall I construe what thy looks import?
*Ebn Jahia.*— I have the strongest hopes, my noble liege.
*René.*—Is't so? Oh, thou'rt an angel sent from heaven!
Thy dusky visage, like that royal Moor's
Who knelt beside our great Redeemer's cradle,
Heralds the star, shall cheer my night of gloom.
Say, Jahia, say, whereon thy hope is based?
What is thy counsel; what thy purpose? Speak!
'Tis written in a book which late I read,
That oftentimes an unsound eye is cured
By application of the surgeon's knife.
This thou wilt never try, my Ebn Jahia;
Thou know'st the eye is a most noble part,
And canst not gain such mastery o'er thyself
As to approach my Iolanthe's eyes
With instruments of steel. Nay, thou must dread
To mar the beauty of their azure depths,
That dark, deep fount, which still, though saddened o'er,
Wells forth such glorious radiance. Oh! her eyes,
How is it possible that night should brood
On two fair orbs of such transcendent sheen?
*Ebn Jahia.*—Nay, be at ease! You need not fear for this.
'Twould aid us little, should I have recourse to instruments.
*René.*— What is thy purpose, then?
*Ebn Jahia.*— Your pardon, good my lord! My treatment is

A mystery, like all my leeches' craft;
It scarce would serve my purpose to divulge it.
'Tis not the fruitage of a moment's growth;
No, but the slow result of wakeful years,
Shaped — step by step conducted to one point,
Whereat, so speed it Heaven! it shall succeed;
Ay, and succeed it must, this very day,
Or fail forever.
*René.*— How! This very day?
*Ebn Jahia.*— Soon as the sun has sunk beneath the hill,
And a soft twilight spreads along the vale,
Such as her eyes, still to the light unused,
May bear with safety, I will test my plan.
*René.*— Ah, Ebn Jahia, prithee, not to-day!
From day to day, from hour to hour, have I,
With restless eagerness, looked forward for
This moment: and alas! now it hath come
My heart grows faint, and wishes it away.—
Think what I peril! When the sun goes down,
My fairest hope, perchance, goes down with it.
Thou'rt wrapt in thought. Art thou content to pause?
*Ebn Jahia.*— I will not wait.
*René.*—Then, tell me, dost thou fear?
Art thou not certain of the issue? Thou
Didst put to question yonder silent stars,
From which thy potent art can wring response.
What was their answer? tell me, Ebn Jahia,
The horoscope — was't happy?
*Ebn Jahia.*— Yes, it was.
I told you so already. Yet the stars
*Inclinant, non necessitant.* They influence
The fortunes of mankind, yet do they not
Rule nature's laws with absolute control.
Rest thee at ease; I have no fear for this.
Another hindrance menaces my skill.
*René.*— A hindrance?
*Ebn Jahia.*— One, my liege, I apprehend,
Which you will find it hard to obviate.
Iolanthe, ere I bend me to my task,
Must comprehend what she till now has lacked,
Must learn this very day that she is blind.

*René.*— No, Ebn Jahia, no; this cannot be!
*Ebn Jahia.*— It must be, or my skill is powerless.
*René.*— No, no! oh, never! never! Thou wilt not
Constrain me to this monstrous cruelty,
And strip her all at once, with sudden wrench,
Of that unconsciousness has been her blessing.
Not slowly, by degrees, but all at once,
Force on her tender soul this fearful truth?
I cannot do it! No, it may not be!
*Ebn Jahia.*— E'en as you will. I only can advise;
And if you will not trust to my advice,
Then I am useless here. So, fare ye well!
Hence to the convent, I! There you will find me,
If your resolve shall alter. Yet, bethink you;
Sink but the sun behind yon mountain tops,
My utmost skill cannot again avail. (*Exit.*)
*René.*— Oh, dreadful strait! And I so dearly bought
A hope, which yet so soon may be undone!
Shall I destroy at once her cheerful mood,
Convert it into comfortless despair,
And see her youth grow pale by slow degrees,
Wither and die in mournful consciousness?
He yet shall yield. I will not rest until
He hears me, and submits to my desire. (*Exit.*)

[TRISTAN, who has been unwillingly betrothed to IOLANTHE, though he has never seen her, and does not know that she is blind, enters the cottage where she is sleeping, accompanied by his preceptor, GEOFFREY. As he turns to go, he takes the talisman from her breast, and she immediately awakes, and follows him into the garden. He loves her at first sight, and asks her to give him a red rose. He then discovers that she cannot distinguish one flower from another, except by form, texture, or perfume.]

*Tristan.*— Have they never told thee, then,
That objects, things, can be distinguished, though
Placed at a distance — with the aid of sight?
*Iolanthe.*— At distance? Yes! I by his twittering know
The little bird that sits upon the roof,

And in like fashion all men by their voice.
The sprightly steed whereon I daily ride,
I know him in the distance by his pace
And by his neigh. Yet with the help of sight?
They told me not of that. An instrument
Fashioned by art, or but a tool, perhaps?
I do not know this sight. Canst teach me, then,
Its use and purpose?

*Tristan* (*aside*).— O almighty Powers!
She does not know or dream that she is blind!

*Iolanthe (after a pause).*— Whence art thou? Thou dost use so many words
I find impossible to understand;
And in thy converse, too, there is so much
For me quite new and strange! Say, is the vale
Which is thy home so very different
From this of ours? Then stay, if stay thou canst,
And teach me all that I am wanting in.

*Tristan.*— I'll come
Again, and soon — to-day I'll come again.
Wilt thou permit me with thy hand to mark
How high I am, that, when we next shall meet,
Thou may'st distinguish me?

*Iolanthe.*— What need of that —
I know that few resemble thee in height.
Thy utterance came to me as from above,
Like all that's high and inconceivable.
And know I not thy tones? Like as thou speakest
None speak beside. No voice, no melody
I've known in nature or in instrument,
Doth own a resonance so lovely, sweet,
So winning, full, and gracious as thy voice.
Trust me, I'll know thee well amidst them all!

*Tristan.*— Then fare thee well, until we meet once more.

*Iolanthe.*— There, take my hand! Farewell! Thou'lt come again —
Again, and soon? — Thou know'st I wait for thee!

[King René, the physician, and the attendants return, and Martha gathers from what the Princess tells her

that she knows her blindness. The King explains to her further what is the sense of sight and bids her go into the cottage with EBN JAHIA, first to sink into a slumber and then to wake seeing, if it be Heaven's will.]

*Iolanthe.*— What ails thee, father? Wherefore shakes thy hand?
My once dear father, joy'st thou not, that now
The hour has come thou'st panted for so long?
Thou fearest it will prove unfortunate.
Yet, even then, shall I not be, as ever,
Thy child, thy own dear child — thy child, who joys
To be so dear — joys in her happy lot! —
Let me go in, then.
*René.*— Oh, my child! my child!
*Iolanthe.*— Nay, do not fear! For what my sage kind master
Has ponder'd well, will prosper, I am sure.
It feels to me as though e'en now I know
The singular power which thou has called the light.
And it hath found its way to me already.
Ah, while that wondrous stranger was beside me.
A feeling quivered through me, which I ne'er
Had known before; and every word he spoke
Resounded like an echo in my soul,
With new and unimagined melodies.
Didst thou not say the power of light is swift,
And gives significance to what it touches?
That it is also closely blent with warmth —
With the heart's warmth? Oh! I know it is.
If what thou call'st the light consist in this,
Then a forewarning tells me it will be
Revealed to me to-day. Yet on one point.
Thou dost mistake. 'Tis not the eye that sees;
Here, close beside the heart, our vision lies;
Here is it seated in remembrance sweet,
A reflex of the light that pierced my soul,
The light I go with bounding hope to meet! *(Exit.)*

[While the king awaits the result of the physician's care, TRISTAN and GEOFFREY return, and TRISTAN learns

that the blind girl whom he loves and the Princess whom he hates are the same person.]

[*Enter* Ebn Jahia, *leading* Iolanthe *by the hand.*]

*Iolanthe.*— Where art thou leading me?
O God; where am I? Support me — oh, support me!
*Ebn Jahia.*— Calm thee, my child!
*Iolanthe.*— Support me — oh, stand still!
I ne'er was here before — what shall I do
In this strange place? Oh, what is that? Support me!
It comes so close on me, it gives me pain.
*Ebn Jahia.*— Iolanthe, calm thee! Look upon the earth!
That still hath been to thee thy truest friend,
And now, too, greets thee with a cordial smile.
This is the garden thou hast ever tended.
*Iolanthe.*— My garden — mine? Alas I know it not.
*Ebn Jahia.*— Cease your fears, my child.
These stately trees are the date-palms, whose leaves
And fruit to thee have long been known.
*Iolanthe.*— Ah, no!
Indeed I know them not! This radiance, too,
That everywhere surrounds me — yon great vault.
That arches there above us — oh, how high! —
What is it? Is it God? Is it His Spirit,
Which, as you said, pervades the universe?
*Ebn Jahia.*—Yon radiance is the radiance of the light,
God is in it, like as He is in all.
Yon blue profound, that fills yon airy vault,
It is the Heaven, where, as we do believe,
God hath set up His glorious dwelling-place.
Kneel down, my child! and raise your hands on high,
To heaven's o'erarching vault — to God — and pray.
*Iolanthe (kneels).*— Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken
When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek Thee
In Thy light's beams, that do illume this world;
Still, in the world, teach me to cling to Thee! —
Yes, He hath heard me. I can feel He hath,
And on me pours the comfort of His peace.

He is the only one that speaks to me,
Invisibly and kindly as before.
*Ebn Jahia.*— Arise! arise, my child, and look around.
*Iolanthe.*— Say, what are these that bear such noble forms?
*Ebn Jahia.*— Thou know'st them all.
*Iolanthe.*— Ah, no; I can know nothing.
*René (approaching Iolanthe).*— Look on me, Iolanthe — me, thy father!
*Iolanthe (embracing him).*—My father! Oh, my God! Thou art my father!
I know thee now — thy voice, thy clasping hand.
Stay here! Be my protector, be my guide!
I am so strange here in this world of light.
They've taken all that I possessed away —
All that in old time was thy daughter's joy.
*René.*— I have call'd out a guide for thee, my child.
*Iolanthe.* —Whom meanest thou?
*René (pointing to Tristan).*— See, he stands expecting thee.
*Iolanthe.*— The stranger yonder? Is he one of those
Bright cherubim thou once didst tell me of?
Is he the angel of the light come down?
*René.*— Thou knowest him — hast spoken with him. Think!
*Iolanthe.*—With him? with him? Father, I understand.
In yonder glorious form must surely dwell
The voice that late I heard — gentle, yet strong:
The one sole voice that lives in Nature's round.
*(To Tristan.)* Oh, but one word of what thou said'st before!
*Tristan.*— Oh, sweet and gracious lady!
*Iolanthe.*— List! oh, list!
With these dear words the light's benignant rays
Found out a way to me; and these sweet words
With my heart's warmth are intimately blent.
*Tristan.*— Iolanthe! Dearest!
*René.*— Blessings on you both
From God, whose wondrous works we all revere!

— *Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

HERVIEU, PAUL ERNEST, a French novelist and dramatist; born at Neuilly, near Paris, in 1857. He was educated for the law and also for a diplomatic career. In 1881 he was appointed secretary to the French legation in the city of the Montezumas. Thereupon preferring, like all Frenchmen, Paris to any other place, and particularly Mexico, he gave up diplomacy together with the Napoleonic Code, and went into fiction. His principal works are *Flirt* and *L'Armature* (1895), and a comedy called *Les Paroles Restent,* which was brought out at the Vaudevilles in 1893. He has also written a play for the Théâtre Français. He has been called the new Zola, for he has all of Zola's intensity and dramatic instinct, without any of the latter's grossness. His *L'Armature,* a powerful picture of the tyranny of the almighty dollar, made the most profound impression of any recent novel in Paris. His talent consists primarily of his powers of observation, and his forcible style. He always conceives the general plan of a book before he commits anything to paper. Then he makes a full outline of the work and afterward carefully goes over the whole, converting the language into forcible French and supplying the details, data, and impressions with which his mind is well stored. He is not a symbolist. He maintains that classifications of literature into schools are merely convenient things with which to cudgel our literary adversaries, and cherish the comfortable notion that "only my friends and I have genius, and even my friends —."

His later works include *Le Petit Duc* (1896); *Amitre* (1900); and the play *La Course de Flambeau*

(1900). He was elected a member of the French Academy in 1901.

### RIRI LOST; RIRI FOUND.

In the open space before the church I came upon a tumultuous crowd. In the midst of it were three persons crying and gesticulating. It was Riri's two grandfathers and his mother, all three of them red and perspiring. As soon as the young woman spied me, "Monsieur! monsieur!" she entreated. "Have you seen him? My little Riri — you know him, do you not?"

She burst into sobs. Two hours ago her little boy had disappeared. She explained this to me in hurried and broken phrases. The nurse had brought Riri back to their villa for his luncheon. For one moment he was left alone in the garden. One moment! And there was no more Riri!

Disturbed by contradictory emotions, I regarded her attentively. With confident eagerness she implored my help. Among the faces of the passers-by she had caught sight of mine, which, of course, was not quite strange to her. In such a calamity that seemed enough to constitute me her friend.

I look at her with more and more attention. The splendor of maternal love shines through the apple-bloom of her cheeks, vibrates in her quivering nostrils, and wide, light eyes. She is transfigured. She is — well, yes, — she is beautiful.

I find myself instantly absorbed into the anxious group of these unknown persons from whom a moment before I had been fleeing, with a heart full of hatred and malice.

Is there anything for me to do but to help? I am dragged along in the disorderly procession of the family. The two grandmothers are added to it. Their alarmed inquiries go from one to the other. I am carried on between them. One of them has no bonnet, the other limps lamentably.

To right and left the astonished people on the streets part to let our procession, of which I am the centre, through. Each one looks back constantly, looks forward

and around, reasons and argues, hesitates, and takes at a venture any accidental direction. Complaints, prayers, advice, suppositions resound on all sides.

A little further on an old peasant woman in a cart was interrogated, and mumbled, in reply:

"No, no, I ain't seen nothing like that, nothing at all. Only thing I've met was a lot of gypsies, and two pretty ugly-looking bears they had, too."

Riri stolen! By mountebanks! How was it they had not thought of this horrible possibility, which was received with as much consternation as if it had been the news of his death.

Nevertheless, the old woman's news was precious. They hasten back to the village. I offer the tilbury which was harnessed up for me. The two grandfathers hoist themselves into it. Riri's father follows them, his stiff, pale face paler than ever. The coachman cracks his whip. They are lost in a cloud of dust. Those that are left seem to scatter unconsciously. When I turn, they are all off on the search.

This drama, so simple in itself, but as yet dignified by the mystery as to its dénouement, had produced in me unaccountable sensations. My whole nervous system, all my muscles, relaxed for so many weeks, recovered their free play and natural expression. It seemed to me that my blood flowed more freely, and filled my veins with waves more pure and abundant, since a powerful pity had dislodged from my heart all my misanthropical emotions and selfish anxieties. With slow footsteps I passed along the shady path that leads to the flowery cemetery of Veules. Situated at the top of the cliffs no monument saddens it with funeral architecture or intercepts the splendid panorama of the open sea. Only small crosses spread over the earth their humble wooden arms. At the entrance, however, an abandoned chapel, without roof or front, raises still its three walls of consecrated stone. In its niches wild flowers have replaced the statues of the saints. I sought there a shelter from the sharp wind blowing in from the sea.

The night was falling, the cool twilight was full of aromas and of mystery. As the sand crushed beneath my

feet, a little cherub's head, all yellow and rose-tinted, glanced through the ruins and vanished among the tombs.

A superstitious shiver ran over me: What an unexpected vision! — at this hour! — in this place!

A second time a fleeting glimpse of a moving silhouette caught my eye. Suddenly, with a revealing instinct, I called imperatively, "Riri!"

I leaned forward, the better to see and hear. Immediately a child ran toward me, threw a great bunch of poppies to me, then turned about and scampered away.

But I soon seized this little body, as slippery as a lizard, and set off at a great pace for the village. Filled with proud exultation at my lucky zeal, I looked here and there for the only arms that had the right to receive from mine their supple and struggling burden.

As I went, holding the soft, warm little body close to mine, as Riri, the terror, tired at last, nestled in my arms, the little yellow head went down on my shoulders, and the mischievous eyes looked up at me with a tender caress — must I confess it? — my sick body and mind felt the healing of the childish touch, and Riri did not miss the tender kisses nor even the silly baby-talk to which he was accustomed.—*From Riri; translation of* ELIZABETH ELLIOT.

---

HERWEGH, GEORG, a German poet; born at Stuttgart, Würtemberg, May 31, 1817; died at Baden-Baden, April 7, 1875. He studied theology at Tübingen, but gave it up for literature. Several of his articles in the *Review Europa* attracted the attention of the King of Würtemberg, who exempted him from military duty, in order that he might cultivate his talents. A quarrel with an officer deprived him of the royal favor, and he fled to Switzerland. In 1841 he published at Zurich a volume of

political poems, *Gedichte eines Lebendigen* (Poems of a Living Man), which produced a great sensation. Herwegh's dream was of a united Fatherland. In 1842 he traveled in Germany, and had an interview with King William IV., whose last words to him were, "Let us be honest enemies." On the same day the King's ministers, who had previously suppressed the *Gedichte,* forbade the sale of a journal of which Herwegh had been appointed editor, but to which he had not yet contributed an article. His letter of remonstrance to the King procured his banishment. He returned to Switzerland, and in 1844 published a second volume of *Gedichte,* decidedly revolutionary. In the same year he went to Paris, and associated with the Radical leaders there. In the revolutionary movement of 1848 he organized a legion of French and German workmen, with whom he entered the Grand Duchy of Baden. The legion was routed by the Würtemberg soldiery at Dossenbach, and he owed his escape to the courage and energy of his wife, who had followed him. He afterward took up his residence in Berlin. Besides his *Gedichte,* he published *Ein-und-zwanzig Bogen aus der Schweiz* (Twenty-one Leaves from Switzerland), *Zwei Preussenlieder,* a translation of Lamartine's works, and translations of several of Shakespeare's plays.

### THE MIDNIGHT WALK.

With Midnight's spirit to and fro I walk
The lengthy streets, where silence reigns supreme —
How wept they here, how did they laugh and talk
One hour ago! — And now again they dream.
Here pleasure, like a flower, liés pale and wan,
The wildest goblet pours no more its stream,

And sorrow with the sun's bright beam is gone,
  The world is weary — let it, let it dream!

To fragments dashed, my hate and rancor cease,
  When storm no more its vengeful arm outspreads,
The moon its reconciling beams of peace
  O'er e'en the faded leaves of roses sheds.
As noiseless as a star, light like a tone,
  My soul within these places hovers round;
It fain would penetrate, e'en as its own,
  Of human dreams the secret depths profound.

Behind me, like a spy, my shadow creeps,
  Now stand I still before a dungeon's grate.
O'er her too faithful son his country weeps,
  He bitterly his love did expiate.
He sleeps — feels he the loss that bowed him down?
  Dreams he perhaps of his oaks? Dreams he anon,
His brow is decked by victory's bright crown?
  O God of freedom, let him still dream on!

How narrow is yon cot beside the stream!
  There innocence and hunger share our bed
The lord leaves to the countryman his dream,
  That it may save him from his waking dread;
With every grain that falls from Morpheus's hands,
  He sees around him golden cornfield beam,
The narrow cottage to a world expands.
  O God of want, O let the poor man dream!

At yon last house, upon the bench of stone,
  I'll beg a blessing, and repose awhile;
I love thee well, my child, but not alone,
  With freedom must thou ever share my smile.
Thou'rt rocked by turtledoves in golden sky,
  I see alone the war-steed's eyeballs gleam;
Thou dream'st of butterflies, of eagles I:
  O God of love, O let my maiden dream!

Thou star, who break'st like Fortune through the clouds!
  Thou night, with thy deep, silent, azure space,

Let not the world, when bursting from Night's shrouds,
Too soon gaze on my grief-distorted face!
The sun's first ray will but a tear reveal,
And Freedom must give way to day's first beam,
Fell tyranny again will whet the steel,
O God of dreams, O let us all still dream!
— *Translation of* ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

---

HESIOD, a Greek poet; born at Ascra, in Bœotia, at the foot of Mt. Helicon. Herodotus supposed that both Hesiod and Homer lived some four centuries before his time, or about 750 B. C. Hesiod, then, must have lived two centuries later than David, and about a century and a half earlier than Isaiah; and about a century before the foundation of Rome. Assuming that Hesiod and Homer were contemporaries, there is nothing to indicate that either of them knew anything of the other or of his works. Of Hesiod personally we know nothing except what may be gathered from almost incidental passages in his works. From these it would appear that his father, who had led a seafaring life, emigrated from Æolia to Bœotia. Hesiod thus says to his brother Perses:

HESIOD TO PERSES.

O witless Perses, thus for honest gain,
Thus did our mutual father plough the main.
Erst from Æolian Kyme's distant shore
Hither in sable ships his course he bore;
Through the wide seas his venturous way he took;
No revenues, nor prosperous ease forsook.
His wandering course from poverty began —
The visitation sent from Heaven to man.

In Ascra's wretched hamlet, at the feet
Of Helicon, he fixed his humble seat:
Ungenial clime — in wintry cold severe,
And summer heat — and joyless through the year.

But the emigrant seems to have prospered in his new home; for he left a competent estate to be shared between his two sons. Perses, the younger, seems to have been a wild scapegrace, who at the outset got more than his proper share of the patrimony, and when he had run through it tried, not unsuccessfully, to get hold of a part of that which had fallen to his elder brother Hesiod, who, notwithstanding, cherished a fondness for his ne'er-do-well brother, and tried to dissuade him from his evil ways, insinuating that these were to be attributed to his having married an extravagant wife. Hesiod himself seems to have led a quiet life on his paternal acres, of the management of which he took good care; but nevertheless devoting himself to what we should now call "literary work." Upon only one occasion did he ever leave his native district and venture across the sea; and that was in order to be present at a musical contest which was to be held at Chalcis, on the island of Eubœa, now Egripo; and he mentions this mainly for the purpose of dissuading Perses from doing anything of this kind.

HESIOD'S ONE SEA-VOYAGE.

If thy rash thoughts on merchandise be placed,
Lest debts ensnare or woful hunger waste,
Learn now the courses of the roaring sea,
Though ships and voyages are strange to me.
Ne'er o'er the sea's broad way my course I bore,
Save once from Aulis to the Eubœan shore:
From Aulis, where the mighty Argive host
The winds awaiting, lingered on the coast,

From sacred Greece assembled to destroy
The guilty walls of beauty-blooming Troy.

This voyage from Aulis to Eubœa could hardly have been an adventurous one; it was certainly a short one, for the distance from the mainland to the island, at their nearest approach, is only about forty yards. Here ends all that we are credibly told of the life of Hesiod; though writers who lived a thousand years or more after him have invented sundry other incidents, among which is a contest between him and Homer for the supreme place in the divine art of song.

The extant poems ascribed to Hesiod are the *Works and Days,* the authenticity of which has never been questioned; the *Theogony,* the authenticity of which has been disputed, but is almost universally admitted; the *Shield of Hercules,* which is probably spurious, although it is not at all unlike Hesiod. Besides these, mention is made by later writers of several other poems attributed to Hesiod, which are no longer extant, or at most only detached quotations from them.

The *Works and Days* is in form an admonitory epistle from Hesiod to his brother Perses. It naturally divides itself into three parts, each containing some three or four hundred lines. The first part sets forth, by the aid of myth, fable, allegory, and proverbial sayings, the superiority of worthy emulation over envying and unworthy strife; of honest labor and economy over idleness and prodigality. The second part consists of practical rules and hints as to husbandry. The third part is a kind of religious calendar of the months of the year, noticing the days of the month which are lucky or unlucky for the occupations of rural life.

GOOD COUNSEL TO PERSES.

Small care be his of wrangling and debate,
For whose ungathered food the garners wait;
Who wants within the summer's plenty stored
Earth's kindly fruits and Ceres's yearly hoard:
With these replenished, at the brawling bar,
For other's wealth go instigate the war.
But this thou may'st no more: let justice guide —
Best boon of heaven — and further strife decide.
Not so we shared the patrimonial land,
When greedy pillage filled thy grasping hand;
The bribe-devouring judges, smoothed by thee,
The sentence willed, and stamped the false decree
O fools and blind! to whose misguided soul
Unknown how far the half exceeds the whole;
Unknown the good that healthful mallows yield
And asphodel — the daintiest of the field.
—*Works and Days.*

PANDORA, THE BEAUTEOUS EVIL.

The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had said — and laughter filled his secret soul.
He bade the crippled god his hest obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay;
With human nerve and human voice invest
The limbs elastic, and the breathing breast;
Fair as the blooming goddesses above —
A virgin's likeness with the looks of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds
A thousand colors in the gliding threads;
He called the magic of love's golden Queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien,
And eager passion's never-sated flame,
And cares of dress that prey upon the frame;
Bade Hermes last endue with craft refined
Of treacherous manners, and a shameless mind;
Adored Persuasion and the Graces young,
Her tapered limbs with golden jewels hung;

Round her fair brow the lovely tressèd Hours
A golden garland twined of Spring's purpureal flowers
The name of Pandora to the maid was given
For all the gods conferred a gifted grace
To crown this mischief of the mortal race.
The Sire commands the wingèd herald bear
The finished nymph — the inextricable snare.
To Epimetheus was the present brought:
Prometheus's warning vanished from his thought,
That he disclaims each offering from the skies,
And straight restore, lest ill to man should rise.
But he received, and conscious knew too late
The invidious gift, and felt the curse of Fate.
The woman's hands an ample casket bear;
She lifts the lid — she scatters ills in air;
Hope sole remained within, nor took her flight
Beneath the casket's verge concealed from sight.
The unbroken cell with closing lid the maid
Sealed, and the Cloud-Assembler's voice obeyed.
Issued the rest, in quick dispersion hurled,
And woes innumerous roamed the breathing world:
With ills the land is rife, with ills the sea;
Diseases haunt our frail humanity;
Self-wandering, through the noon, the night, they glide
Voiceless — a voice the Power all-wise denied.
Know then, this awful truth: It is not given
To elude the wisdom of omniscient Heaven.

—*Works and Days.*

MAN IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

Strangers to ill, they Nature's banquets proved;
Rich in earth's fruits, and of the best beloved,
They sank in death, as opiate slumber stole
Soft o'er the sense, and whelmed the willing soul.
Theirs was each good: the grain-exuberant soul
Poured its full harvest uncompelled by toil;
The virtuous many dwelt in common blest,
And all unenvying shared what all in peace possessed.

— *Works and Days.*

### THE EVER-PRESENT INVISIBLE GODS.

Invisible, the gods are ever nigh,
Pass through the midst, and bend the all-seeing eye.
Who on each other prey, who wrest the right —
Aweless of Heaven's revenge — are open to their sight;
For thrice ten thousand holy dæmons rove
The nurturing earth — the delegates of Jove;
Hovering, they glide to earth's extremest bound;
A cloud aërial veils their forms around:
Guardians of man, their glance alike surveys
The upright judgments and the unrighteous ways.
— *Works and Days.*

### CHOOSING A WIFE.

Let no fair woman, robed in loose array,
That speaks the wanton, tempt thy feet astray;
Who soft demands if thine abode be near,
And blandly lisps and murmurs in thine ear.
Thy slippery trust the charmer shall beguile,
For lo! the thief is ambushed in her smile.
But choose thy wife from those that round thee dwell,
Weighing — lest neighbors jeer — thy choice full well.
Than wife that's good man finds no greater gain,
But feast-frequenting mates are simply bane:
Such, without fire, a stout man's frame consume,
And to crude old age bring his manhood's bloom.
— *Works and Days.*

### WINTRY WEATHER.

Beware the January month; beware,
Those hurtful days, the keenly piercing air
Which flays the steers, while frosts their horrors cast,
Congeal the ground, and sharpen every blast.
From Thracia's courser-teeming region sweeps
The northern wind; and, breathing on the deeps,
Heaves wide the troubled surge: earth echoing roars
From the deep forests and the sea-beat shores.

He from the mountain-top, with shattering stroke,
Rends the broad pine, and many a branching oak
Hurls 'thwart the glen, when sudden, from on high,
With headlong fury rushing down the sky,
The whirlwind stoops to earth; then deepening round
Swells the loud storm, and all the boundless woods resound.
The beasts their cowering tails with trembling fold,
And shrink and shudder at the gusty cold.
Though thick the hairy coat, the shaggy skin,
Yet that all-chilling breath shall pierce within.
Not his rough hide the ox can then avail,
The long-haired goat defenceless feels the gale;
Yet vain the north wind's rushing strength to wound
The flock, with sheltering fleeces fenced around.
And now the horned and unhorned kind,
Whose lair is in the wood, sore famished grind
Their sounding jaws, and frozen and quaking fly,
Where the oaks the mountain dells embranch on high;
They seek to crouch in thickets of the glen,
Or lurk deep-sheltered in the den,
Like aged men who, propped on crutches, tread
Tottering, with broken strength and stooping head —
So move the beasts of earth, and, creeping low,
Shun the white flakes, and dread the drifting snow.
— *Works and Days.*

Interspersed throughout the *Works and Days* are wise maxims, terse aphorisms, and proverbial sayings, which doubtless were household words in Bœotia. Thus:

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Hand work will best uncertain fortune mend.

Famine evermore
Is natural consort to the idle boor.

Little to little added, if oft done,
In small time makes a good possession.

The summer day
Endures not ever: toil ye while ye may.

Ever with loss the putter-off contends.

The morn the third part of thy work doth gain;
The morn makes short thy way, makes short thy pain.

When broached, or at the lees, no care be thine
To save thy cask; but spare the middle wine.

When on your home falls unforeseen distress,
Half-clothed come neighbors; kinsmen stay to dress.

Lo! the best treasure is a frugal tongue;
The lips of moderate speech with grace are hung.

No rumor wholly dies, once bruited wide;
But deathless like a goddess doth abide.

The fool first suffers, and is after wise.

Often the crimes of one destructive fall.
The crimes of one are visited on all.

The *Theogony* (Origin of the Gods), though perhaps a better title would be *Cosmogony* (Origin of the Universe), is a poem of loftier aim than the *Works and Days.* It was for ages the text-book of the Greek cult. Much of it indeed seems trivial or absurd when viewed from the stand-point of our own times; but there are portions of it which rise to the loftiest heights of poetry. Such is the story of Prometheus, who, according to the Hesiodic legend, had twice deceived Zeus — the last time by stealing from Olympus the sacred fire which Zeus had denied to man after the first fraud.

ZEUS AND PROMETHEUS.

Zeus, the first fraud remembering, from that hour
The strength of unexhausted fire denied
To all the dwellers upon earth. But him
Did Prometheus, the friend of man, beguile;
The far-seen splendor in a hollow reed
He stole of inexhaustible flame. And then
Resentment stung the Thunderer's inmost soul,
And his heart chafed with anger when he saw
The fire far-gleaming in the midst of men
Straight for the flame purloined devised he ill. . . .
Prometheus, versed
In various whiles, he bound with fettering chains
Indissoluble, chains of galling weight,
Midway a column. Down he sent from high
The broad-winged eagle: She his liver gorged
Immortal: for it sprang with life, and grew
In the night season, and the waste repaired
Of what by day the bird of spreading wing devoured. .
Know that it is not given thee to deceive
The god, nor yet elude the omniscient mind;
For not Prometheus, void of blame to man,
Could 'scape the burden of oppressive wrath;
And vain his various wisdom — vain to free
From pangs, or burst the inextricable chain.

— *Theogony.*

Another fine passage is that which describes Asteria — the Star-goddess — who gives valor to the soldier, wisdom to the ruler, dexterity to the contestants in the sacred games, and skill to charioteers and mariners.

ASTERIA — THE STAR-GODDESS.

When mailed men arise
To deadly battle, comes the goddess prompt
To whom she wills, bids rapid victory
Await them, and extends the wreath of fame.

She sits upon the sacred judgment-seat
Of venerable rulers. She is found
Propitious when in solemn games the youth
Contending strive: there is the goddess nigh
With succor. He whose hardiment and strength
Victorious prove, with ease the graceful palm
Achieving, joyous o'er his father's age
Sheds a bright beam of glory. She is known
To them propitious who the fiery steed
Rein in the course; and them who laboring cleave
Through the blue waste the untrackable way.
— *Theogony.*

But the grandest passage in the *Theogony* is that which describes the victory of Zeus over the rebel Titans, and the hundred-headed monster Typhœus — half-human, half-serpent. This must have chanted itself in the soul of Milton as he meditated the warfare in Heaven, in *Paradise Lost:*

ZEUS AND THE TITANS.

All on that day roused infinite the war,
Female and male: the Titan deities,
The gods from Kronos sprung, and those from Zeus
From subterranean gloom released to light —
Terrible, strong, of force enormous. Burst
A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge;
From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
O'er limbs of sinewy mould. They then arrayed
Against the Titans in fell combat stood,
And in their nervous arms wielded aloft
Precipitous rocks. On the other side alert
The Titans, phalanx closed. Then hands of strength
Joined prowess, and displayed the works of war.
Tremendous then in the immeasureable sea
Roared; earth resounded, the wide heavens throughout
Groaned shuddering; from its base Olympus vast
Reeled to the violence of the gods; the shock
Of deep concussion rocked the dark abyss

Remote of Tartarus: the shrilling din
Of hollow tramplings and strong battle-strokes.
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they reciprocal their weapons hurled
Groan-scattering; and the shout of either host
Burst in resounding ardor to the stars
Of heaven; with mighty war-cries either host
Encountering closed. No longer then did Zeus
Curb his full power; but instant in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was filled
With his omnipotence. At once he loosed
His whole of might, and put forth all the god.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian flashed
With his continual presence; for he passed
Incessant forth, and scattered fires on fires.
Hurled from his mighty grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendor, and the thunderbolt
Fell. Roared around the nurture-yielding earth
In conflagration; for on either side
The immensity of forests crackling blazed;
Yea, the broad earth burned red, the streams that mix
With ocean, and the deserts of the sea.
Round and round the Titan brood of earth
Rolled the hot vapor of its fiery surge,
The liquid heat air's pure expanse divine
Suffused; the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shot from writhen lightnings, each dim orb —
Strong though they were — intolerable smote,
And scorched their blasted vison. Through the void
Of Erebus the preternatural glare
Spread mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been as if midway the spacious heaven
Shocked hurling with earth, e'en as nether earth
Crashed from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruinous from high. So vast the din
When, gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roared from heaven.

— *Theogony.*

The Titans, overwhelmed, were driven to Tartarus, "as far beneath, under the earth, as heaven is from earth," where they were imprisoned with the hundred-handed giants set over them as keepers, and Day and Night acting as janitors in front of the brazen threshold. But the hundred-headed, fire-breathing, man-serpent, monster Typhœus had yet to be subdued.

ZEUS AND TYPHŒUS.

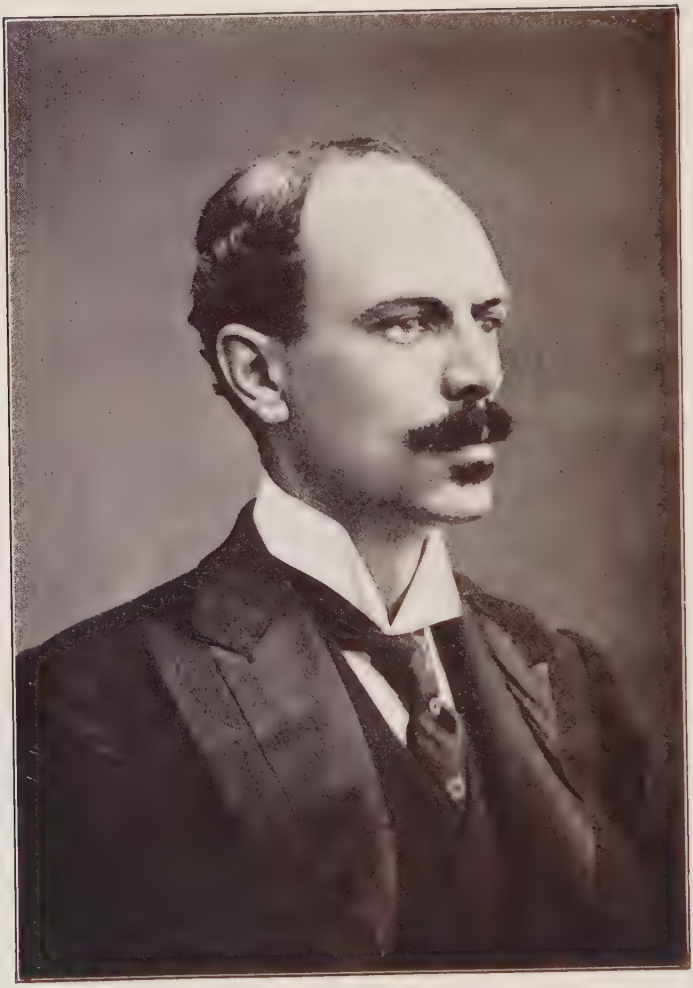
Intuitive and vigilant and strong
Zeus thundered. Instantaneous all around
Earth reeled with horrible crash; the firmament
Roared of high heaven, the ocean streams, and seas,
And uttermost caverns. While the king in wrath
Uprose; beneath his everlasting feet
Trembled Olympus; groaned the steadfast earth.
From either side a burning radiance caught
The darkly rolling ocean, from the flash
Of light, and the monster's darted flame,
Hot thunder-bolts, and blasts of fiery winds.
Glowed earth, air, sea; the billows heaved on high,
Foamed round the shores, and dashed on every side
Beneath the rush of gods. Concussion wild
And unappeasable arose; aghast
The gloomy monarch of the infernal dead
Trembled; the sub-Tartarean Titans heard,
E'en where they stood, and Kronos in the midst —
They heard appalled the unextinguished rage
Of tumult and the din of dreadful war.
Now when the god — the fulness of his might
Gathering at once — had grasped his radiant arms —
The glowing thunder-bolt and bickering flame —
He from the summit of the Olympian mount
Leapt at a bound, and smote him. Hissed at once
The horrible monster's heads enormous, scorched
In one conflagrant blaze. When thus the god
Had quelled him, thunder-smitten, mangled, prone
He fell; beneath his weight earth groaning shook.

Flame from the lightning-stricken prodigy
Flashed 'mid the mountain hollows, rugged, dark,
Where he fell smitten. Broad earth glowed intense,
From that unbounded vapor, and dissolved.
As fusile tin, by art of youths, above
The wide-brimmed vase up-bubbling, foams with heat,
Or iron, hardest of the mine, subdued
By burning flame, amid the mountain dells
Melts in the sacred caves beneath the hands
Of Vulcan — so earth melted in the glare
Of blazing fire. Zeus down wide Hell's abyss
His victims hurled, in bitterness of soul.

— *Theogony.*

If Milton has caught inspiration from these strains of Hesiod, so the translator of the *Theogony* caught the majestic sweep of *Paradise Lost.* It would be hard to say which is the nobler song. Hesiod's celestial combat is in general better managed than Milton's. We have in him no mailed gods and demi-gods fighting with sword, spear, and cannon; no tearing up mountains by the roots and hurling them at each other; they only fling "precipitous rocks." On the other hand, Hesiod makes omnipotent Zeus "loosen his whole of might;" while in Milton the conquering Son puts forth only half his strength. Above all, in Hesiod there is nothing at all comparable to the two supreme lines of Milton:

"Attended by ten thousand thousand saints
He onward came — far off his coming shone."



MAURICE HEWLETT.

HEWLETT, Maurice Henry, an English novelist and essayist; born at London, January 22, 1861. He was educated at the London International College at Islesworth, and was admitted to the bar in 1891. From 1896 to 1900 he was keeper of the land revenue records and emoluments. He first attracted notice in literary circles by his interpretations of the life and thought of the Middle Ages. His published works include *Earthwork Out of Tuscany* (1895); *The Masque of Dead Florentines* (1895); *Songs and Meditations* (1897); *Pan and the Young Shepherd* (1898); *The Forest Lovers* (1898); *Little Novels of Italy* (1899); *Richard Yea-and-Nay* (1900); *New Canterbury Tales* (1901); *The Queen's Quair* (1903); *The Road in Tuscany* (1904); *Four Adventures* (1904), and *The Fool Errant* (1905).

Frederic Harrison, writing of Mr. Hewlett's work in an English review, has this to say: "Mr. Hewlett's style is at any rate his own; it is part of his very skin and bone, as completely a part of his nature as were the styles of Carlyle or Macaulay. There is no trace of trick or imitation about it. It is a style of singular terseness, of bold imagery, of keen stroke. It admits phrases artificial, harsh, obscure; if you please — forced metaphors, obsolete and new-coined words not a few. I cannot deny that this constitutes mannerism; and as I have said, I loathe mannerism as I do the reek of stale tobacco. But that mannerism which is a real part of the man's brain, bred from a laconic temper, a native turn for imagery, and a personal savor in the toothsome phrase — this we have to take as we find it, even as we take the epigrams of

Tacitus, the euphuism of Sir Thomas Browne, or the tropes and nicknames of Carlyle. I do not pretend that Maurice Hewlett has earned the right of these great masters of language to force upon us his linguistic fancies; but I find, even in many of them which I frankly regret, a scholarship, a wealth of diction, and a picturesque personality, which I am forced to admit are extenuating circumstances, even at the bar of an average jury with conventional canons of English prose."

Mr. Hewlett first found success in *The Forest Lovers,* published in 1898, and of this remarkable work, much has been written by the critics and reviewers of two continents. In *The Booklover's Magazine,* T. M. Parrott writes as follows:

THE FOREST LOVERS.

There is no need to recall the instant and enthusiastic reception of the book; its crowning by the London *Academy;* its dramatization by some luckless playwright, who still clung to the dying superstition that a good story must of necessity make a good play. These things are still fresh in the memory, and the book itself is still happily too young for us to have forgotten the causes of its exceptional popularity. Rapid narrative, vivid description, poignant tenderness, the haunting savor of old romance — these are qualities not so common in the fiction of the hour that their united appearance in *The Forest Lovers* could fail of its effect upon the dullest reader. But there is something more than all these in the book. There is, for instance, a power of vigorous characterization. Some foolish coiner of phrases once called *The Forest Lovers* "a piece of ancient arras." Nothing could be more inept. The figures in tapestry are typically lifeless; the characters in *The Forest Lovers* are admirably life-like. Iseult, Prosper, and Dom Galors have good red blood in their veins. And this is true not only of the central three

around whom the brilliant succession of scenes revolves, but quite as much so of the minor characters who play their little parts upon the stage. What does it matter that the time and place of the action are as romantic and impossible as the age of Arthur or the land of Lyonesse, when both are filled with real people? This, I may say in passing, seems to me to be the peculiar and essential characteristic of Mr. Hewlett's genius — this complete and harmonious blending of realism and romance.

A MASQUE OF DEAD FLORENTINES.

Here you see, as in a glass,
*Death* and *Florence* grip and pass.
One was scornful as a maid
In her bravery fresh array'd:
One was brawny, hearted brass —
Which look'd longer, *Death* or lass?

Gentles, you and *Death* and I
Have a friendly fall to try.
He is masterful and plays
Steadily; looks not for praise,
Heeds no blame. Your head is high,
High as mine — but by and bye?

THE MASQUE.

FIRST PART.

The Scene is an open *loggia* giving upon a garden in winter, with leafless trees, and cypresses. The rain stands in pools; over all is the soughing of a great wind. A fitful sunshine comes and goes.

AFTER THE SECOND SOUNDING.

The *Chorus* of twelve poets and twelve ladies, robed alike in sad-colored habits, comes into the garden, and looking towards a terminal statue of *Memory* which is in it, says this:

I.

We have lost what we had won,
Love's reward for love's work done.
Sightless *Memory* receiv'd
No news, if we joy'd or griev'd.
Were we lov'd? She lov'd us not.
Pity-worth? Behov'd us not.
Yet we count us happier
Than are they whose keener star
Shone about them while they stayed
Here with us; and when they strayed
Forbore *Death* their names to hide
We are they who quietly died.

II.

Here begins that crimson line,
Greater none, nor more divine.
By the grimness of achieving,
By the scope of thy conceiving,
*God*-creative, *Heaven*-cleaving,
*Alighieri!* lift thy head
From among the sheeted dead.
*Buonarroti! God* is just;
Come thou too to close the trust:
Tell the story
How the glory
Of thy burgh was pash'd in dust.

*Dante.*—

The first to speak in *Florence, Florence* spurn'd
My song and service. From home to outland turn'd,
I sensed *God's* secrets, eating salted bread.
*God* woke my love by death: they crown'd me, dead.

*Chorus.*—

Woe, the dead poet! Woe, the alien tomb,
And brooding brow shadow'd by all *Hell's* gloom!
How was that City proud and confident

That past him by. Alas! all's woe upon her!
Say, wouldst thou know his heart? His heart was riven:
To *God* one half, to *Beatrice* half was given.
But since *God* saw *Heav'n* bare without her soul,
He took her; and the cloven heart was whole.

*Beatrice.*—

My spirit, like a sigh, just flutter'd o'er
Our homestead city; melted then to soar
As altar-smoke. But one who'd mourn'd me wed,
Follow'd me from that Feast. I liv'd, being dead.

*Chorus.*—

I.

*God* saw her beautiful, and lov'd, and took her!
How dark the city sate
(That joyed of late)
When she, that youngest angel-shape, forsook her.

II.

This is that man who thought it well
Alone to tread the gulfs of *Hell,*
Who look'd on naked sin beneath
The mask of life, and call'd it death.

Nor lost he there his latest breath,
Nor all the pity he had shed;
But it was heap'd on him, and led
Him outward from the cavern's teeth.

And that great utterance he said
Liveth, and he who saw the dead
Cannot taste death; for *Death's* hand shook
To feel the burden of his Book.

And this is She at whose death-moan
The wasted City sat alone;
And She whose giving up of life
Forewarn'd him take her soul to wife.

III.

From the nuptial of Spirit and Spirit,
From the girdle that bound her young heart,
Unloosed by the tongue of his art,
Sprang the burning miraculous Child
All soothsay that was to inherit,
To nourish and foster and spread,
Till all kindreds should leap when he smiled,
Or panting run whither he led
At the spell of his treacherous merit.

O *Song,* with the throat of a bird
And loins and core of a youth;
O *Song,* crystal harbour of truth,
That sprang from Love mated with Power!
O *Song,* when thy harping was blurr'd,
Thoughtest thou, O *Song,* in thy ruth,
What blood had water'd thy flower
Ere yet one tendril had stirr'd?
What paling of virginal bosoms,
What prayerful, and tearful, and sooth
Upgiving of strength, that thy blossoms
Should bud in that clamorous hour?

But *Song* set his delicate feet
In the way of the *World* and the mire;
*Song* tasted the fruit of desire,
And laugh'd at the clouding of eyes
(For he knew love's filming was sweet).
So *Song* held revel, and loud
Sang he with passionate cries:
And his raiment was golden and proud.
Thus the cup of his wrath was complete.

IV.

*Song* as a child was full of peace
Laid in the bosom of *Beatrice.*
O sweet lady, O griev'd heart,
How fared *Song* and his brother *Art?*

*Laura.*—

I gave my love to him who lov'd my face,
I did him wifely service with good grace;
Nor lean'd aside to what my Poet said:
But I may thank him now that I am dead.

*Petrarch.*—

My voice was as the swan's that dirgeth death;
My joys were frail things, lighter than a breath.
But, like the night, I froze them to a brede—
They wove me crowns thereof, and wrapt me dead.

*Chorus.*—

"Merci," she laugh'd him once; a glove discarded,
A parting, and a meeting:
With these his poet's hunger was rewarded;
But in her greeting,
Or when the light of her died down and flutter'd
As stars at dawning,
Or at her coming various song-birds utter'd
The rosy birth of morning;
Or when he knelt and took her hand's warm sheathing,
His heart on fire
Shot golden words unto his lips, which breathing
Did lift him higher
Than ever long assuagement of desire.

*Boccace.*—

Heavy the blossoms, sultry-sweet the wine,
And all the air gold-dusted with sun-shine.
I found a girl's warm bosom for my head,
And — *God* was good! I lov'd till I was dead.

*Fiammetta.*—

I brought my burning wealth up from the South,
I kiss'd him with the kisses of my mouth:

The low slow laugh when Southern love is fed
Was longer mine: I cloyed him, he is dead.

*Chorus.*—

Yes, thou art dead, *Boccace!*
  Thy garden-plot, a hundred starry flowers,
Yet springs, is fragrant yet of soft light loves,
  Love languid, love askance, love under bowers
Of myrtle trees, love eager, love that proves
  How love may ache, alas!
And she, thy confident fair
  That set her gleaming teeth
To the rind of thy fruits, laid bare
Her white throat soft as death
  To warm to thy amorous breath.
She let down the pride of her hair,
  A flood and tangle of gold,
And sat embower'd there
  Like pale Queen *Helen* of old:
  Scarlet her lips, but the white of her globed breasts is untold!

The three Ladies dance a stately solemn measure, to this versing:

*Beatrice,* the white Lady,
Lead our mystic pageantry;

*Laura,* slim and carcanetted,
Shy as violets dew-wetted;

*Fiammetta,* lissom, young,
Golden as the arum's tongue,

Follow in the antic round,
Eyes demurely cast to ground.

High-born, stately, queens, we pass
Treading daintily the grass.

*Beatrice.*—

I was nine when I was wooed,
Never word my poet could.

*Laura.*—

Wedded wife was I, my poet
Won my looks but could not know it.

*Fiammetta.*—

Great King's daughter though I were,
I chose my poet debonnair.

*The Three Ladies.*—

Twine white arms, tread the measure:
Ours the grace and theirs the treasure.

Let the ghostly ladies pass
Like the mist on springing grass.

*Beatrice.*—

I was wedded ere my years
Number'd twelve: I shed no tears.

*Laura.*—

Children bore I to my lord
As thy years; I sighed no word.

*Fiammetta.*—

Wedded I, but love is free:
Not my husband pleasured me.

*The Three Ladies.*—

All the years and all the blisses
Come and go like children's kisses.

We are dead, and now, alas!
Shadows of us haunt the grass.

The three Ladies pass away; but the *Chorus,* looking still upon their poets, says this:

I.

Lo! now, the mighty tried of old *Florence*
Mewed like strong eagles in *Death's* pale abhorrence.
The first set patient at his prison-bars,
Look'd up and saw his lady with the stars;
The next, slow-pacing, holding him apart,
Pierc'd his own breast to *Laura* in his heart;
And last the Reveller, flushing high, did pass,
Look'd down on *Fiammetta* couch'd in grass.
O strength, that scann'd all Heaven, and Man, and Earth!
O glory, that could give such seeing birth.

II.

They built a shrine anon to speak those three,
Soaring aloft, dome-shadow'd like a world,
Deep-founded as the good brown Earth their fee,
And set about with massy, rich-empearl'd
Smooth marble (like the soul of Poetry),
And winding leafage of vine and olive curl'd,
Down drooping o'er the column'd tracery.
How goodly shone the vasty fabric hurl'd
Tow'rd *Heaven* up, yet cleaving sturdily
To *Earth's* broad bosom and the grey street's track,
Barr'd like a great moth's wing with rose and black,
Knew all men best when (breath'd by *God*) its flower
Spear'd up of his desire, the lily-tower.

III.

Break off, break off, my heart, here are new comers,
Perpetual youth and age perpetual;
One with the bashful bloom of early summers,

The other gnaw'd on like the years that fall.
Who is this dreamer with his dreams at call,
And happy morning face, and wholesome breath?
Who this lean vagrant, choking down his gall
As he should grudge to void it upon *Death?*

*Giotto.*—

The hills that call each other thro' the night,
The stars that sing of silence, the trees of light,
I knew! I knew! "Thy brethren they," He saith.
There came a sister soon, meek Sister *Death.*

*Corso.*—

I had the fire-streak'd blood no pomp could hold
Of Gothic blazon or *Cerchi's* dirty gold.
A ban-dog hounding sheep, I fought and bled
That, living, *Florence* fear'd me: I hush her, dead.

*Chorus.*—

One doth make what one doth mar;
One brings peace, another war.

See what *Florence'* children are—
One bit her, one did kiss the scar.

A company of four Shades comes next.

*Farinata.*—

The fire that rages in me outburns *Hell;*
I am the pride of *Florence!*

*Buondelmonte.*—

I rang a knell
That day they drain'd me whiter than my vest:
After 'twas *Florence* bled.

*Guido.*—

My way was best.
From lip to lip I past, from grove to grove:
I am like *Florence;* they call me Light o' Love.

*Piccarda.*—

Reared in a goshawk's nest, I flew to peace;
Plighted to sin, I wedded the white *Christ:*
His arm upheld me when they marr'd our ease,
For I was stricken whiter than the mist.

In a sudden ray of light a single Shade comes to close the tale.

*Fra Beato.*—

The mystic flame-enwrapt *Jerusalem*
Was set before me like a clouded gem.
I trod the ways of *Florence:* steep the tread,
But leading swiftly to the blessed dead.

*Chorus.*—

Thou shalt be called the Son of Peace
And Star of *Bethlehem:*
In the ardent striver
Found placid requiem;
In thee, the still contriver,
In thee, the honest liver,
Dreaming thy soaring ecstasies
Within the hum of men.
Like to the soothing of doves,
Like to the plashing of rain,
So as the cloud-shadow moves
To sober the Sun's beating pain,
Thy music, thy chrism, thy prayers,
Bade *Hope* lift again:
*Hope* of wings fretty with fire,
Of eyes looking out to the deep
Heart of the azure, and higher—

JOHANN LUDWIG PAUL HEYSE.

Yearning to creep
Into the folds of the mantle of *God,*
Haply to sleep.

The light endures for a space, and then goes out as the *Frate's* shade passes. The rain descends and veils the scene. The end of the first part.—*A Masque of Dead Florentines.*

---

HEYSE, JOHANN LUDWIG PAUL, a German poet and novelist; born at Berlin, March 15, 1830. His father was Karl Wilhelm Ludwig Heyse, a philologist of distinction. He was educated at Berlin and at Bonn. In 1852 he took his degree. He then traveled in Switzerland and Italy, for the purpose of studying the Romance tongues from manuscripts in the public libraries. In 1854 he was called to Munich by King Maximilian of Bavaria. Here he married the daughter of the historian Kugler, and devoted himself entirely to literary work. Among his dramatic works are *Francisca von Rimini* (1850); *Meleager* (1854); *The Sabine Women* (1859); *Ehrenschulden* (Debts of Honor); *Lady Lucretia,* and *Die Hochzeit auf dem Aventine* (The Marriage on the Aventine) (1886). Among his poems, *The Brothers* (1852); *Thekla* (1858), and *Novellen in Versen* (Tales in Verse) (1863). The *Buch der Freundschaft* (Book of Friendship) (1854); *Sammlungen Novellen* (1855–59), and *Moralische Novellen* (1870) are collections of prose sketches. Among his novels are *The Children of the World* (1873); *The Romance of the Canoness; In Paradise,* and *The Witch of the*

*Coast.* Collections of his shorter tales have been translated into English under the titles *Barbarossa and Other Tales* and *The Dead Lake and Other Tales.* Heyse has also written on Spanish, French, and Italian literature, and has published the *Italienisches Liederbuch* (1860); and *Spanisches Liederbuch* (1852); *Antologia dei Moderni Poeti Italiani* (1868); *Das Skizzenbuch* (1877); *Der Salamander, Ein Tagebuch in Terzinen* (1879); *Verse aus Italien* (1880).

"He is one of the few modern German writers," says Gostwick-Harrison, "who artistically keep the novel within its own proper limits"; and Schönbach ascribes to him "the greatest form-talent, perfect in the employment of all artistic means in his verse and in his prose."

### CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

I.

No tree with tapers lit, no Christmas joy,
We sit alone in silence, side by side.
And wherefore? Each one knows, yet each will hide;
Three little graves afar our thoughts employ.
This feast for us is silent; childish toy,
Nor Christmas bells, nor mirth with us abide,
For ever round our hearth there seems to glide
The pale sad semblance of each darling boy.
Ah well! Although we oft must quail and shrink,
And quaff in haste the bitter cup of pain,
One bitterer still might yet be ours to drink,
And this our very life-blood's fount would drain,
And life itself would ebb if 'tween us twain,
True hearts fast-bound, once broken were the link.

II.

I'd many talents in the olden days,
Could cut out tinsel stars and tapers light,

And when the Christmas-tree was sparkling bright
Would ring the eager watchers in to gaze.
The well-built fortress I could boldly raze,
With leaden soldiers marching, after fight
Store of sweet ammunition bring to sight
From bomb-proof bastions, spreading glad amaze.
I had a comrade then, I loved him well,
As were he part of me, how great a part!
In many wars we fought, my gallant boy;
He'll never hear again the Christmas bell,
Nor rush to me with full and merry heart
Clapping his little hands with childish joy.

III.

Yet we to Christmas feast, we, too, were bid,
Not the green Northern fir decked out with light,
An avenue of cypress, black as night,
Below the silent Cestius pyramid.
Slowly we wandered there the tombs amid,
And read the long-forgotten names; in fight
They, too, were wounded, and have passed from sight,
And the kind mother-earth their wounds has hid.
Far, far above the misty blue appears
The Capitol's calm giant head, grown gray
Watching the generations rise and fall.
You plucked two violets from a grave, and tears
Burst from your eyes, list'ning, while loud
The birds were singing on the garden wall.

—*Translation of* B. L. Tollemache.

RETURNING FROM WAR.

At the head of his regiment, which has left nearly half its number on the cold ground at Bazeilles and Orleans, and for that reason has to accept a double tribute of flowers from the windows on the right and left, rides Captain von Schuetz, his lank figure seated bolt upright in the saddle, his breast blazing with orders, and his whole person covered from head to foot with the bouquets which, aimed at the rider, have fallen off and been handed

up to him by the boys that run along at his side. He has decorated his sword with them, and his helmet, and his pistols, and his horse's trappings, although usually he is no great admirer of flowers. Nor does he do this now for his own glorification or pleasure. But he knows that, at a window in the first story of that stately house over yonder, there sits a woman prematurely old, but whose cheeks, usually so pale, wear a joyous flush to-day, and whose eyes, grown faded through long suffering, beam once more with something of the brightness and hopefulness of youth. It is to this woman that he wants to show himself in his covering of flowers. Heretofore, she has worn a crown of thorns; now he wants to show her the promising future he has won for himself and her. But she sees him from a distance only. When the good, honest, yellow-leather-colored face, with its black imperial, rides by, close to the house, her eyes are so bedimmed by tears that she only sees, as if through a veil, how he lowers his sword to her in salute, and bows slightly with his garlanded helmet. The wreath which she had held ready for him falls from her trembling hand over the railing upon the heads of the densely packed crowd below. But they seem to know for whom it is intended. In a second twenty hands have helped to pass it along to him, and now it is handed up to the rider, who lets all the others slide off his sword so that this one alone shall be wound about it.

Not far behind this brave soldier rides another, upon whom, likewise, the eyes of the women and girls in the windows gaze with pleasure, though he is a stranger to them all, and, for his part, very rarely lets his dark eyes rest on any of these blooming faces. For who is there here whom he cares to seek? And whose face would he be glad to see unexpectedly? It was only with great reluctance and in order not to offend Schuetz, who asked it of him as a particular proof of friendship, that he finally consented to take part in the entrance of the troops, and to visit once more the city which had so many bitter associations for him. These last two years — what a different man they had made of him! And yet — although he was firmly convinced that the source of every joy was

dried up in his innermost heart, and that henceforth nothing was left to him but a barren satisfaction at duties conscientiously fulfilled — even he could not altogether escape the festal mood of this marvellous hour. His handsome face, made bolder and keener by the hardships of war, lost the sad, hard expression which had never been absent from it during the whole year; a bright determination, a quiet earnestness, beamed from his eyes. As he rode through the triumphal avenue strewn with flowers, amid the chime of bells and the wildest shouts of joy, he lost the consciousness of his own hopeless lot, and became merged, as it were, in the great, pervading spirit of a unique and sublime festival, which would never come again; and to take part in which, with the Iron Cross on his breast, and honorable, scarcely healed wounds underneath, was a privilege which might well be thought to compensate for all the lost bliss of a young life.—*In Paradise.*

---

HEYWOOD, THOMAS, an English actor, dramatist and poet; born in Lincolnshire about 1580; died about 1650. Of his personal history little is known beyond what may be gathered from casual notices in his own works. He says that he had "an entire hand, or at least a main finger," in 220 plays, of which only 23 have been preserved. He also wrote several prose works. He gives an account of the multifarious sources from which he has gathered the material for his dramas:

HIS WIDE READING.

To give content to this most curious age
The gods themselves we've brought down to the stage.
And figured them in planets; made even Hell

Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muse's rapture; further we
Have trafficked by their help; no history
We have left unrifled; our pens have been dipped
As well in opening each hid manuscript
As tracks more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic or more foreign tongue.
Of fairies, elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns, the groves, no number can be scanned
Which we have not given feet to.

The first complete collection of Heywood's extant dramatic works, in six volumes, was made in 1874. The best of his plays are *A Woman Killed with Kindness; The Four London 'Prentices;* and *Love's Mistress.* From the last of these we take the description of Psyche. The interlocutors are Admetus, and Astioche and Petrea, sisters of Psyche.

PSYCHE IN ELYSIUM.

*Adm.*—Welcome to both in one! Oh, can you tell
What fate your sister hath?
*Ast.* and *Pet.*— Psyche is well.
*Adm.*—So among mortals it is often said
Children and friends are well when they are dead.
*Ast.*— But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy:
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosial fare;
Winds, and the light-winged creatures of the air.
Clear-channelled rivers, springs, and flowery meads,
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams,
When Psyche on their rich embroidery treads,
When Psyche gilds them crystal with her beams.
We have but seen our sister, and behold!
She sends us with our laps full-brimmed with gold.

Among Heywood's later poems is *The Hierarchy*

*of Angels,* in which the famous dramatists of the age are thus mentioned:

NICK-NAMES OF THE POETS.

Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose melodious quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but *Will;*
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipped in Castaly, is still but *Ben.*
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, were but *Jack;*
Dekker but *Tom,* nor May nor Middleton;
And he's but now *Jack* Ford that once was John.

SONG: PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY.

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft, mount lark aloft.
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow.
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!
And from each bill let music thrill
Give my fair love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow!
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Scattered through Heywood's dramas are many exquisite songs, and sometimes, as in the poem *Search After God,* he rises to a lofty pitch:

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I sought Thee round about. O Thou, my God!
In Thine abode:
I said unto the earth, "Speak, art thou He?"
She answered me,
"I am not." I inquired of creatures all,
In general
Contained therein. They with one voice proclaim
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below,
My God to know;
I asked the reptiles and whatever is
In the abyss;
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
Inquiry ran:
But in those deserts which no line can sound
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air if that were He; but lo!
It told me "No!"
I, from the towering eagle to the wren
Demanded then,
If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such,
But they all — much
Offended, with my question — in full choir,
"To find thy God thou must look higher."
Answered, "To find thy God thou must look higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon and stars: but they
Said, "We obey
The God thou seekest." I asked what eye or ear
Could see or hear;
What in the world I might descry or know,
Above, below;
With a unanimous voice all these things said,
"We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass
If that God was;
Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
As stupefied,
"I am not He, O man! for know that I
By Him on high
Was fashioned first of nothing; thus instated
And swayed by Him by whom I was created."

I sought the Court; but smooth-tongued flattery there
Deceived each ear;
In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
Swearing and lying;
In the country, craft in simpleness arrayed:
And then I said,
"Vain is my search, although my pains be great;
Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself then
Even thus began:
"O man, what art thou?" What more could I say
Than, "Dust and clay,
Frail mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast
That cannot last;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,
Formed from that earth to which I must return."

I asked myself what this great God might be that fashioned me;
I answered — "The All-potent, Sole, Immense,
Surpassing sense,
Unspeakable, Inscrutable, Eternal
Lord over all;
The only Terrible, Just, Strong, and True,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

"He is the well of life; for He doth give
To all that live
Both breath and being; He is the creator
Both of the water,

Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
He hath the list;
Of all the Heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by Thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face,
(So far forth as it may discovered be),
Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite,
To human sight,
Thou in Thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest
In which, to our weak sense, Thou comest nearest.

Oh, make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God most kind!
Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
Thou God most just!
Remit all our offences, we entreat,
Most good! most great!
Grant that our willing though unworthy quest
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

---

HICHENS, ROBERT SMYTHE, an English journalist and novelist; born at Speldhurst, Kent, November 14, 1864. He was educated at Clifton College and the Royal College of Music, and after a brief career as a musician, turned his talents to journalism. While on a visit to Egypt in 1893 he conceived the idea which materialized in his novel, *An Imaginative Man* (1895), although in 1894 he had attracted public notice through his first novel *The Green Carnation.* It was epigrammatic and keenly satirical in tone. His subsequent novels include

*After To-morrow* (1895); *New Love* (1896); *The Folly of Eustace, and Other Stories* (1896); *The Londoners* (1897); *Byeways* (1897); *Flames: a London Phantasy* (1899); *The Prophet of Berkeley Square* (1900); *Felix* (1901); *The Woman with the Fan* (1902); *Tongues of Conscience* (1903); *The Garden of Allah* (1904), and *The Black Spaniel* (1905).

*Felix* is a study of youth on the threshold of manhood, ignorant and inquisitive, egotistical, self-opinionated, and timid by times. The book deals minutely with a certain drug vice which is at the moment very prevalent in the modern world, but it depends for its main interest upon the relations existing between a simply sincere and transparently good mother and a subtle, complicated, and naturally reserved son.

A critic in the New York *Times* says of Mr. Hichens' work: "In observation, in a true feeling for the beauty of inanimate nature, in a quick perception of human failings and foibles, in a keen sense of humor, in the gift of apt and felicitous expression, (which he sometimes permits himself to abuse,) he is now the equal of any living novelist."

### MELODIES AT NIGHT.

Have you listened to far-off and mingling melodies at night? melodies of things opposed and differing, yet drawn together, in strange places far from your home? Have you heard a woman wailing over some abominable sorrow in a dark house, and an organ — before which filthy children dance fantastically — playing a merry Neapolitan tune in front of it, while the mutter of scowling men comes from the blazing corner where the gin-palace faces the night? There you have sorrow, sunshine, crime, singing together in a great city. Or have you

stood in a land not your own, and gleaned the whisper of an ancient river, the sough of a desert wind, the hoarse and tuneless song of a black man at a water-wheel, the soprano ballad of a warbling hotel English lady, and the remote and throbbing roar of a savage Soudanese hymn and beaten drums from the golden eastern night? There you have nature, toil, shrill civilization and war claiming you with one effort in a sad and sweet country. Or have you, in a bright and dewy morning, heard the "murmur of folk at their prayers," the drone of a church organ, and, beyond the hedgerow, two graceless lovers quarreling, and an atheist, leaning over the church gate, sneering to his fellow at the devotion of deluded Sabbath-keepers? There you have love of the hidden and faith, love of the visible and distrust, hatred of hidden love and faithlessness, making a symphony for you. Such mingled music is strange — strange as life.— *Flames.*

### THE SACRIFICE OF GENIUS.

She was an actress, famous, rich, and fair,
With laughing eyes to draw men's hearts away;
The glint of gold was in her shining hair,
Her talent brought the world beneath her sway.
Men called it genius; said she was "divine,"
And sang her praises where they went to dine.

One night she played as *Juliet* — "looked like a dream,"
The ladies said, and "dressed the part so well."
The men, enraptured, watched her fine eyes gleam,
And envied *Romeo* till the curtain fell;
Then called her forward once and yet again,
And showered her with roses thick as rain.

The lights were out, the people gone away;
Beside the dark stage door a girl there stood,
Thin, poorly dressed, scarce pretty, some might say,
With shining eyes, and cheeks flushed red as blood.
"At last!" she murmured, as the door, flung wide
Showed her the famous actress pale with pride.

As she came out, wrapped warmly from the air,
She saw the girl, and paused, she scarce knew why.
"What is it child? 'tis late to linger there."
"Yes, yes, I know, but I have seen you die,
And I would really die to once act so:
I wanted just to tell you. Now I'll go."

"Stay, you look ill. The night is dark and cold.
I'll drive you home. Jump in! Now tell me where
You live — don't argue, do just what you are told.
My horse goes fast, and we shall soon be there.
And so you liked my acting! P'raps some day
You'll be an actress too, and die in play."

"Oh, if I could!" "Why not? You've got a face
Good for the stage. A soul too, I believe,
Shines in your eyes, and you can move with grace.
You say you're poor, and earn your bread? Don't grieve
For that; I work hard too, though people say
That toil can't be connected with a play.

"Down this dark street you live? So here we are.
Good-bye. Don't thank me." The young girl stepped out,
And reached the door; but when she got so far
The actress called her, and she turned about.
"Here's my address. Come there some early day.
I like your face.— Home!" And she drove away.

She soon forgot the girl, whose childish praise
Had pleased her vanity, as weeks went by,
And so, one day, she stood in half amaze
To see her at the door, blushing and shy.
The actress brought her in, and gave her tea,
Then said, "Now read this poem out to me.

"Think I'm a crowded audience. Make me cry
And laugh at your sweet will, or hold my breath,
And strain to catch your whisper and your sigh,
E'en hanging on your silence still as death.

Begin!" The girl with trembling lips obeyed,
At first with faltering voice, as half afraid.

But soon forgetting all save what she read,
She threw her heart into the task, and made
The words now ice, now fire. She raised her head:
She spoke aloud (genius was not afraid).
The actress sat entranced, as one might seem
Who is lulled from life in some sweet, glorious dream.

"And you are poor, half starved?" at last she cried.
"You toil a seamstress? You shall toil no more
In wretchedness. The world of art is wide:
I'll guide you through the breakers to the shore.
Henceforth, my child, I'll never let you go;
You are a genius, whom the world shall know."

And with that word she wrecked her happiness,
Yet knew it not till many a month was gone.
She taught the girl the secret of success,
And how to mount to a dramatic throne.
She clothed her, filled her cup even to the brim,
And loved her dearly, chiefly from a whim.

And in return the girl became her slave,
Worshipped her as a goddess, did her 'hest,
The prodigal treasure of a great heart gave
Into her keeping, loving her the best
Of all things in the earth, the sea, the sky,
Forever, till she laid her down to die.

"Amy," the actress said at last, "no more
I'll keep you from success. I long to show
The world my pupil, and to hear the roar
Of men applauding you. So you must go
To try your fortune on the stage. We'll see
If you can't be next favorite after me."

The evening came. The house was full and gay.
In a stage box the actress sat alone

To watch her pupil act. But as the play
Drew near its close, and Amy's lightest tone
Was listened to with rapture, gradually
The actress grew more grave, moved restlessly.

Her heart beat loud. Her mouth was grim and set.
She seemed on fire, and as the curtain fell,
And the house shook with cheers, her cheeks were wet
With scalding tears. She heard her fame's death knell.
And when men said, "It's genius! It's the sun!"
Her hoarse lips sobbed, "My God! what have I done?"

One night — a taste of hell to her deep pride —
She played to empty benches. Down the street,
Close by, Amy as *Juliet* lived and died,
And turned crowds white with grief, and made hearts beat
With love, or hate, or pity, at her will,
Drinking of triumph's nectar sweet her fill.

The actress reached home trembling. Pale with rage
She waited Amy's coming. 'Twas midnight
Ere the girl entered glowing from the stage
Where she had won such glory. In the light
These two stood facing — one all flushed with pride,
The other grey with wrath unsatisfied.

"Amy," the actress said — and on the air
Her voice smote all discordant — "oft you say
You love me. Is it true?" "As heaven!" "Take care,
You've never proved it." "Show me but the way.
I'd die for you." "May be; but would you give
Your very breath of life for me, yet live?"

"What can you mean? I owe you all." "Yes, all.
I made you what you are. I made you known.
I taught you, loved you, even bade you call
Me sister, worked and slaved for you alone.
What's your return? What's my reward for this? —
Don't touch me, child; there's poison in your kiss!"

Amy grew white. "I know not what you mean.
Ask me to prove my love by sacrifice.
But for your trust in me I still had been
Poor, friendless, wretched — out of Paradise."
She knelt beside the actress, took her hand —
"Dear, 'tis my joy to do your least command.

"For love like mine no pain would be too great
To suffer, and no bliss too dear to give
Up, and you know it." "None too dear? Ah! wait,
Wait till I ask." "Ask now, for while I live
I'll keep back nothing. Listen — from my heart
I'd give up all for you, even my art."

"Give that!" "What?" "Do you hear — I'm choked
with shame —
Give up your art, it cankers all my life.
Those who applauded me now cry your name;
Contempt, neglect cut through me like a knife.
You have snatched off my crown, usurped my throne
Give me them back — you can, and you alone.

"Give me them back, and let me rule once more.
Show, show your love! Give me my joy again
You've killed it. Amy, see, I kneel, implore."
She was rent with sobs, her wild tears fell like rain,
And Amy listened, white as death, and knew,
Deep in her heart, that each fierce word was true.

A silence fell, a silence deep as death,
But living, thrilling, full of strife and pain.
The actress hid her face, and held her breath,
Wrapped in the fires of scorching self-disdain,
Yet listening tensely, trembling for reply —
Cold lips touched hers. A voice just breathed "Good-
bye."

The actress reigns once more. Men soon forget,
And Amy is forgotten save by one.
She sees a palid spectre ever set
Between her staring eyeballs and the sun —

A shadow deeper, darker, day by day,
That dims her joy, and drives her peace away.

The music plays, the brilliant footlights glare,
And fame returns, but withered is the bay.
Through the bright gleam she sees the spectre there
Steal nearer, nearer, each returning day;
And when the people shout, she only hears
"Good-bye!" forever echoing in her ears.

---

HICKOK, Laurens Perseus, an American educator and metaphysician; born at Bethel, Conn., December 29, 1798; died at Amherst, Mass., May 7, 1888. He was educated at Union College. In 1822 he became pastor of a church in Newtown, Conn., and afterward succeeded Dr. Lyman Beecher in Litchfield. In 1836 he became Professor of Theology in the Western Reserve College, Ohio; in 1844 in the Auburn Theological Seminary; and in 1852 Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Union College, Schenectady, of which he was appointed president in 1866. Before his election he had charge of the college for several years. In 1868 he resigned the presidency of the college, and went to reside at Amherst, Mass. He wrote *Rational Psychology, or the Subjective Idea and Objective Laws of all Intelligence* (1848); *Systems of Moral Science* (1853); *Empirical Psychology, or the Human Mind as Given in Consciousness* (1854); *Rational Cosmology, or the Eternal Principles and the Necessary Laws of the Universe* (1858); *Creator and Creation, or the Knowledge in the Reason of God and His Works*

(1872); *Humanity Immortal, or Man Tried, Fallen, and Redeemed* (1872), and *Rational Logic, or True Logic Must Strike Root in Reason* (1875). His *Collected Works* appeared in 1875.

### THOUGHTS AND THINGS.

Both science of Thought and science of Thing, are alike complete comprehension in reason, and thus both are true knowledge. But a prime difference between them is in this, that the science of Thought is of that which is wholly within and esentially subjective, while the science of Thing is of that which is overt, and essentially objective. One may have in thought a mathematical triangle or circle, and while the figure may condition other figures in subjective place and period, it cannot resist and react upon other figures themselves. It can put two equal triangles or circles to coincide in thought with each other, and the one will then be wholly lost in the other. All the energy is in the thinking, and no energy goes over into the thought to give to it any rigidity or stable consistency. And, in the same way, one may have in mental conception any color or sound, which may have its conditioning relationships of place and period with other conceptions, but the mere conceptions may be modified in any way among themselves with no mutual resistance and interferences. The conception has in itself no hard consistency, and all the energy is in the subjective thinking process, with none put over and persisting in the stated thought.

But when one has the plan of a house, or other complicated structure, in subjective thought, and he essays to put the plan in execution as a fixed thing, there is an energy other than the thinking demanded, even an energizing which moves muscle, and applies hard instrumentalities in shaping and placing materials together; and only in overcoming the resistance in the material elements can the thought-out plan become an existing thing. The subjective thinking energy which made the plan has been supplemented by an executive will, whose

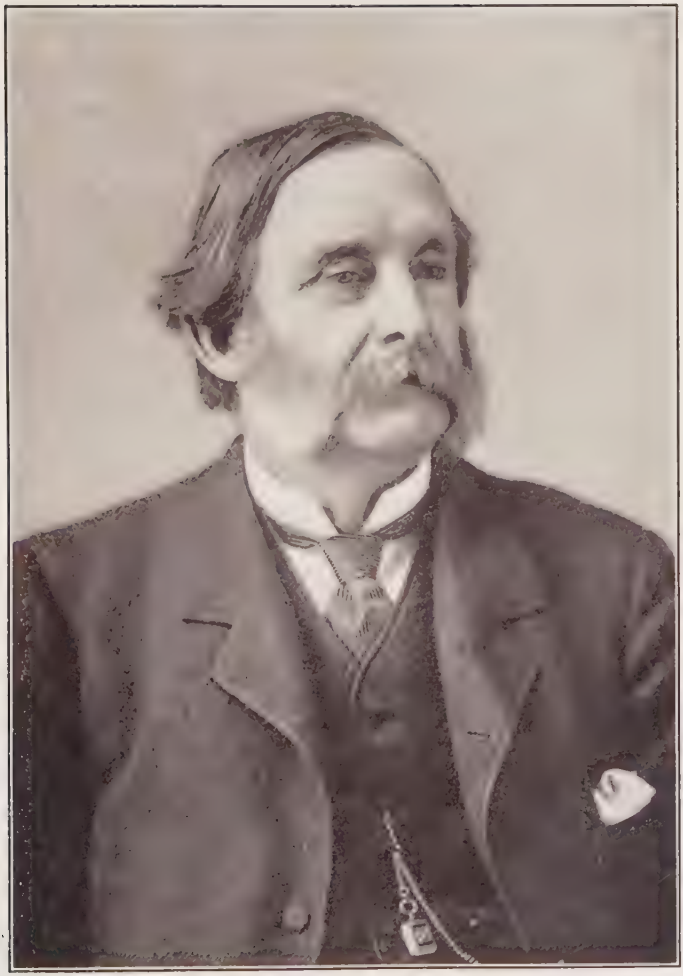
energy has gone over into a controlling arrangement of resisting elements, and made them overtly to express the plan as now an existing thing. Subjective thinking-energy, supplemented by subjective willing-energy, has been put into essentially objective materials, and the product is an objective existence in common for all intelligences. But still further one may trace the growth of a grain of wheat from its first germinating to its perfect maturing, and while the insight of reason will detect a thought diffused through the organism of the plant, yet has not the subjective thinking put the idea into the plant, nor has the subjective will supplemented the thinking, and forced the component elements to their outward expression of the hidden idea which the seed originally contained.

Here, then, are three different processes of thought, and all have the complete comprehension of their manifold parts in one, and are each thus a true knowing. The first has no other energy than the subjective thinking, and is *pure thought* only. The second has the energy of the subjective thinking; but another subjective energy than thinking, even an executive willing, must overcome the resisting energy already in the elements, and arrange them according to the thought, and the product is an *artificial thing*. The third has the ideal thought as seen already in the object, and which has been put there by a power in nature itself that has built up the outer object by the inner working of its own forces, and is thus a *natural thing*. But while all these have true science, whether of thought or thing, inasmuch as all have the many comprehended in a single, yet can these objects be known as *created* only in a qualified sense, except in the last case, which is a true creation. The pure thought is a creation only as we say a creation of the imagination, or the creation of genius; the artificial thing is a creation only as a construction from created materials; but the natural thing, though in its generations a propagated thing, is truly a created thing, and all its energies of elemental material, and organizing instinct according to original type, are product of absolute thought and will first springing into

being from the one All-Creating Source.—*Creator and Creation.*

---

HIGGINSON, Thomas Wentworth, an American biographer and historian; born at Cambridge, Mass., December 22, 1823. He was educated at Harvard University and Divinity School, and in 1847 became pastor of a Congregational church at Newburyport. He retained this pastorate for three years. From 1852 to 1858 he had charge of a free church in Worcester. He then devoted himself to literature. He was from the first an active participant in the Anti-Slavery agitation, aided in organizing parties of Free-State settlers in Kansas, and served as brigadier-general in the Free-State forces. During the Civil War he served in a Massachusetts regiment, and as colonel of the 33d United States colored troops, the first regiment of slaves mustered into the United States service. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1880–81, and from 1881 to 1883 a member of the State Board of Education. Among his works, some of which are collections from his papers in periodicals, are *Out-Door Papers* (1863); *Malbone: an Oldport Romance* (1869); *Army Life in a Black Regiment* (1870); *Atlantic Essays* (1871); *Oldport Days* (1873); *Young Folks' History of the United States* (1875); *History of Education in Rhode Island* (1876); *Young Folks' Book of American Explorers* (1877); *Short Studies of American Authors* (1879); *Common Sense About Women* (1881); *Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli* (1884); *Larger History of*



THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

*the United States* (1885); *The Monarch of Dreams* (1886); *Hints on Writing and Speech-making* (1886); *Women and Men* (1887). He has translated the *Complete Works of Epictetus* (1865), and has edited *The Harvard Memorial Biographies* (1866), and *Brief Biographies of European Statesmen* (1875–77).

Mr. Higginson was appointed State Military and Naval Historian in 1889. His later works include *Travelers and Outlaws* (1889); *The Afternoon Landscape* (1890); *The New World and the New Book* (1891); *Concerning All of Us* (1892); *English History for American Readers* (1893); *Such as They Are: Poems* (1893); *Cheerful Yesterdays* (1898); *Old Cambridge* (1899); *Contemporaries* (1900); *Life of Longfellow* (1902); and *Life of Whittier* (1903).

### A PURITAN SUNDAY MORNING.

It is nine o'clock upon a summer Sunday morning, in the year sixteen hundred and something. The sun looks down brightly on a little forest settlement, around whose expanding fields the great American wilderness recedes each day, withdrawing its bears and wolves and Indians into an ever remoter distance — not yet so far removed but that a stout wooden gate at each end of the village street indicates that there is danger outside. It would look very busy and thriving in this little place, to-day, but for the Sabbath stillness which broods over everything with almost an excess of calm. Even the smoke ascends more faintly than usual from the chimneys of these numerous log-huts and these few framed houses, and since three o'clock yesterday afternoon not a stroke of this world's work has been done. Last night a Preparatory Lecture was held, and now comes the consummation of the whole week's life, in the solemn act of worship. In which settlement of the Massachusetts Colony is the great ceremonial to pass before our eyes? If it be Cambridge

village, the warning drum is beating its peaceful summons to the congregation. If it be Salem village, a bell is sounding its more ecclesiastic peal, and a red flag is simultaneously hung forth from the meeting-house, like the auction-flag of later periods. If it be Haverhill village, then Abraham Tyler has been blowing his horn assiduously for half an hour — a service for which Abraham, each year, receives a half-pound of pork from every family in town.

Be it drum, bell, or horn that gives the summons, we will draw near to this important building, the centre of the village, the one public edifice — meeting-house, town-house, school-house, watch-house, all in one. So important is it, that no one can legally dwell more than half a mile from it. And yet the people ride to "meeting," short though the distance be, for at yonder oaken block a wife dismounts from behind her husband; — and has it not, moreover, been found needful to impose a fine of forty shillings on fast trotting to and fro? All sins are not modern ones, young gentlemen.

We approach nearer still, and come among the civic institutions. This is the pillory, yonder are the stocks, and there is a large wooden cage, a terror to evil-doers, but let us hope empty now. Round the meeting-house is a high wooden paling, to which the law permits citizens to tie their horses, provided it be not done too near the passage-way. For at that opening stands a sentry, clothed in a suit of armor which is painted black, and cost the town twenty-four shillings by the bill. He bears also a heavy matchlock musket; his rest, or iron fork, is stuck in the ground, ready to support the weapon; and he is girded with his bandolier, or broad leather belt, which sustains a sword and a dozen tin cartridge-boxes.

The meeting-house is the second to which the town has treated itself, the first having been "a timber fort, both strong and comely, with flat roof and battlements," — a cannon on top, and the cannonade of the gospel down below. But this one cost the town sixty-three pounds — hard-earned pounds, and carefully expended. It is built of brick, smeared outside with clay, and finished with clapboards, larger than our clapboards, out-

side of all. It is about twenty-five feet square, with a chimney half the width of the building, and projecting four feet above the thatched roof. The steeple is in the centre, and the bell-rope, if there be one, hangs in the middle of the broad aisle. There are six windows, two on each side and one at each end, some being covered with oiled paper only, others glazed in numerous small panes. And between the windows, on the outside, hang the heads of all the wolves that have been killed in the township within the year. . . .

The people are assembling. The Governor has passed by with his four vergers bearing halberds before him. The French Popish ambassadors, who have just arrived from Canada, are told the customs of the place, and left to stay quietly in the Governor's house, with sweetmeats, wines, and the liberty of a private walk in the garden. The sexton has just called for the minister, as is his duty twice every Sunday, and, removing his cocked hat, he walks before his superior officer. The minister enters, and passes up the aisle, dressed in Geneva cloak, black skull-cap, and black gloves, open at thumb and finger for the better handling of his manuscript. He looks round upon his congregation, a few hundred, recently "seated" anew for the year, according to rank and age. There are the old men in the pews beneath the pulpit. There are the young men in the gallery, or near the door, wearing ruffs, showy belts, gold and silver buttons, "points" at the knees, and great boots. There are the young women, with "silk or tiffany hoods or scarfs," "embroidered or needle-worked caps," "immoderate great sleeves," "cut-works"— a mystery; "slash apparel"— another mystery; "immoderate great vayles, long wings," etc.— mystery on mystery, but all recorded in the statutes, which forbid these splendors to persons of mean estate. There are the wives of the magistrates in prominent seats, and the grammar-school master's wife next them: and in each pew, close to the mother's elbow, is the little wooden cage for the youngest child, still too young to sit alone. All boys are deemed too young to sit alone also; for though the emigrants left in Holland the aged deaconesses who then presided, birch in

hand, to control the rising generation in Sunday meetings, yet the urchins are still herded on the pulpit and gallery-stairs, with four constables to guard them from the allurements of sin. And there sits Sin itself embodied in the shrinking form of some humiliated man or woman; placed on a high stool in the principal aisle, bearing the name of some dark crime written on paper and pinned to the garments, or perhaps a Scarlet Letter on the breast.

Oh, the silence of this place of worship, after the solemn service sets in! "People do not sneeze or cough here in public assemblies," says one writer triumphantly, "so much as in England." The warning caution, "Be Short," which the minister has inscribed above his study-door, claims no authority over his pulpit. He may pray his hour, unpausing, and no one thinks it long; for indeed, at prayer-meetings four persons will sometimes pray an hour each — one with confession, one with private petitions, a third with petitions for Church and Kingdom, and a fourth with thanksgiving — each theme being conscientiously treated by itself. Then he may preach his hour, and, turning his hour-glass, may say — but that he cannot foresee the levity to be born in a later century with Mather Byles — "Now my hearers, we will take another glass." . . .

The sermon is over. The more demoralized among the little boys, whose sleepy eyes have been more than once admonished by the hare's-foot wand of the constables — the sharp paw is used for the boys, the soft fur is kept for the smooth foreheads of drowsy maidens — look up thoroughly awakened now. Bright eyes glance from beneath silk or tiffany hoods, for a little interlude is coming. Many things may happen in this pause after the sermon. Questions may be asked of the elders now, which the elders may answer, if they can. Some lay brother may "exercise" on a text of Scripture — rather severe exercise it sometimes turns out. Candidates for the church may be proposed. A baptism may take place. If it be the proper month the laws against profaning the Sabbath may be read. The last town regulations may be read; or — far more exciting — a new marriage

may be published. Or a darker scene may follow, and some offending magistrate may be required to stand upon a bench, in his worst garments, with a foul linen cap drawn close to his eyes, and acknowledge his sins before the pious people, who reverenced him so lately.

These things done, a deacon says impressively, "Brethren, now there is time for contribution; wherefore, as God hath prospered you, so freely offer." Then the people in the galleries come down and march two abreast, "up one ile and down the other," passing before the desk where in a long "pue" sit the elders and deacons. One of these holds a money-box, into which the worshippers put their offerings, usually varying from one to five shillings, according to their ability and good-will. Some give paper pledges instead, and others give other valuables, such as "a fair gift cup, with a cover," for the communion-service. Then comes a psalm, read, line after line, out of the "Bay Psalm-Book," and sung by the people. Then come the words, "Blessed are they who hear the word of the Lord and keep it," and then the benediction.

And then the reverend divine descends from his desk, and walks down the aisle, bowing gravely right and left to his people, then the assembly disperses, unless it be some who come from a distance, and stay to eat their cold pork and pease in the meeting-house.— *Atlantic Essays.*

---

HILDRETH, RICHARD, an American journalist and historian; born at Deerfield, Mass., June 22, 1807; died at Florence, Italy, July 11, 1865. He was graduated from Harvard in 1826; studied law, and practiced at the bar in Newburyport and Boston from 1830 to 1832, when he became one of the editors of the Boston *Atlas.* In 1840 he went to Demerara, British Guiana, where he edited the

*Guiana Chronicle,* and published a compilation of the *Colonial Laws of British Guiana,* with an *Historical Introduction.* Subsequently, for several years, he was editorially connected with the New York *Tribune.* In 1861 he was appointed United States Consul at Trieste, which post he retained until ill health compelled him to relinquish it. Besides contributions to journals he wrote *Archy Moore, or the White Slave,* an anti-slavery novel (1836); *Theory of Legislation,* a translation of Bentham's work (1840); *History of Banks* (1841); *Theory of Morals* (1844); *Theory of Politics* (1853); *Despotism in America* (1854); *Japan, as it Was and Is* (1855), and *Atrocious Judges,* based on Lord Campbell's *Lives of Chief Justices.* His most important work is *The History of the United States* (6 vols., 1849–56), treating of the history of the country from its first settlement down to the close of President Monroe's first administration in 1821. At the close of the last volume he thus gives his reason for concluding the *History* at this point:

THE UNITED STATES AT THE CLOSE OF MONROE'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION.

With the re-annexation of Florida to the Anglo-American dominion, the recognized extension of our western limit to the shores of the Pacific, and the partition of those new acquisitions between slavery and freedom, closed Monroe's first term of office; and with it a marked era in our history. All the old landmarks of party, uprooted as they had been — first by the embargo and the war with England, and then by peace in Europe — had since, by the bank question, the internal improvement question, and the tariff question, been completely superseded and almost wholly swept away. At the Ithuriel touch of the Missouri discussion, the slave interest, hitherto hardly recognized as a distinct

element in our system, had started up, portentous and dilated, disavowing the very fundamental principles of modern democracy, and again threatening, as in the Federal Convention, the dissolution of the Union. It is from this point — already beginning indeed to fade away in the distance — that our politics of to-day [1856] take their departure.— *History of the United States, Vol. VI.*

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

The dying embers of the Continental Congress — barely kept alive for some months by the occasional attendance of one or two delegates — as the day [March 4, 1789] approached for the new system to be organized, quietly went out, without note or observation. History knows few bodies so remarkable. The Long Parliament of Charles I. and the French National Assembly are alone to be compared with it. Coming together, in the first instance, a mere collection of consulting delegates, the Continental Congress had boldly seized the reins of power, assumed the leadership of the insurgent States, issued bills of credit, raised armies, declared independence, negotiated foreign treaties, carried the nation through an eight years' war; finally had extorted from the powerful mother-country an acknowledgment of the sovereign authority so daringly assumed and so indomitably maintained.

But this brilliant career had been as short as it was glorious, the decline had commenced even in the midst of the war. Exhausted by such extraordinary efforts, smitten with the curse of poverty, their paper money first depreciating and then repudiated — overwhelmed with debts which they could not pay — pensioners on the bounty of France — insulted by mutineers — scouted at by the public creditors — unable to fulfil the treaties they had made — bearded and encroached upon by the State authorities — issuing fruitless requisitions which they had no power to enforce — vainly begging for additional authority which the States refused to grant — thrown more and more into the shade by the very con-

trast of former power — the Continental Congress sank fast into decrepitude and contempt. Feeble is the sentiment of political gratitude! Debts of that sort are commonly left for posterity to pay. While all eyes were turned — some with doubt and some with apprehension, but the greater part with hope and confidence — toward the ample authority vested in the new government now about to be organized, not one respectful word seems to have been uttered, not a single reverential regret to have been dropped over the fallen greatness of the exhausted and expiring Continental Congress.— *History, Vol. III.*

### THE DUEL BETWEEN HAMILTON AND BURR.

It was not at all in the spirit of a professed duellist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted the extraordinary challenge of Burr, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character, bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen — as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments — as a husband, loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family — as a debtor honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death — he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in the character of a public man; it was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations — a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken — that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful," — such was his own statement of his motives — "whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public

affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With a candor toward his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished — but of which so very seldom indeed did he ever experience any return — he disavowed in this paper — the last which he ever wrote — any disposition to affix odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling toward Burr any personal ill-will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and, which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. These animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconstruction or misinformation; yet his censures had not proceeded on light ground, nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect. . . .

The grounds of Weehawken, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of public feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The bargemen, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses.

The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces; loaded the pistols; made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal Burr took deliberate aim and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side; his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr

approached him, apparently somewhat moved; but, on the suggestion of his second — the surgeon and the bargemen already approaching — he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella.

The surgeon found Hamilton half-lying, half-sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound;" and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he immediately fainted. As he was carried across the river, the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-possession to the last.— *History, Vol. V.*

### CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian — if less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched — in fact, not to be approached in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great — now angels, and now toads and serpents — there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth!— *History, Vol. V.*

### CHARACTER OF JAMES MADISON.

The political character of Madison sprang, naturally enough, from his intellectual temperament and personal and party relations. Phlegmatic in his constitution, moderate in all his feelings and passions, he possessed

remarkable acuteness, and ingenuity sufficient to invest with the most persuasive plausibility whatever side of a question he espoused. But he wanted the decision, the energy, the commanding firmness, necessary in a leader. More a rhetorician than a ruler, he was made only for second places, and therefore never was but second, even when he seemed to be first. A Federalist from natural largeness of views, he became a Jeffersonian Republican because that became the predominating policy of Virginia. A peace man in his heart and judgment, he became a war man to secure his re-election to the Presidency, and because that seemed to be the prevailing bias of the Republican party. Having been, in the course of a long political career, on both sides of almost every political question, he made friends among all parties, anxious to avail themselves, whenever they could, of his able support; escaping thereby much of that searching criticism so freely applied, with the unmitigated severity of party hatred, to his more decided and consistent compatriots and rivals. Let us, however, do Madison the justice to add, that, as he was among the first, so he was, all things considered, by far the ablest and most amiable of that large class of our national statesmen, who, instead of devotion to the carrying out of any favorite idea or measures of their own, put up their talents like mercenary lawyers, to be sold to the highest bidder; espousing on every question that side which, for the moment, seems to offer the surest road to applause and promotion.—*History, Vol. VI.*

---

HILL, THOMAS, an American clergyman, mathematician and poet; born at New Brunswick, N. J., January 7, 1818; died at Waltham, Mass., November 2, 1892. Left an orphan at an early age, he was apprenticed to a printer, and subsequently to an apothecary. He afterward entered Harvard Col-

lege, where he was graduated in 1843, and at the Divinity School in 1845, when he became minister of a Unitarian congregation at Waltham, Mass., where he remained until 1859, when he succeeded Horace Mann as President of Antioch College, Ohio. In 1862 he was made President of Harvard College, retaining this position until 1868, when he resigned on account of impaired health. In 1871 he accompanied Agassiz on his scientific expedition to Brazil. Among his numerous works are a series of *Addresses on Liberal Education* (1858); *Opportunities of Life at Antioch* (1860); *Christmas, and Poems on Slavery* (1863); *Geometry and Faith* (1869); *First Lessons in Geometry* (1874); *Second Book in Geometry* (1875); *Jesus, the Interpreter of Nature* (1879); *Practical Arithmetic* (1881), and *In the Woods and Elsewhere,* a collection of poetry (1888).

THE BOBOLINK.

Bobolink! that in the meadow
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
Keepest up a constant rattle
Joyous as my children's prattle —
Welcome to the North again!
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
Welcome to mine eye the sight
Of thy buff, thy black and white.
Brighter plumes may greet the sun
By the banks of Amazon;
Sweeter tones may weave the spell
Of enchanting Philomel:
But the tropic bird would fail,
And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thine endless, gushing mirth.
When the Ides of May are past —
June and Summer nearing fast —

While from depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power —
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire —
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes: —
Then, amid the sunlight clear,
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude; but the strain
Gives us no such tone again;
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the Spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;
For thee a tempest never blows;
But when our Northern Summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore,
The wild-rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread;
And when the Winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taint of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken

Care for every living thing,
In Summer, Winter, Fall, and Spring.

There are certain classic metres to which our language does not readily adapt itself. Among these is the "Choriambic," in which the "foot" consists of four syllables, the first and last *long* (which in English prosody is equivalent to accented), the two others *short*. The subjoined poem, *The Winter is Past,* is a good reproduction of the classic Choriambic measure. The succeeding poem, *Antiopa,* was written in the Straits of Magellan, in the spring of 1872, while the author was a member of the Agassiz expedition. The butterfly there spoken of is that known as the *Vanessa Antiopa,* which in our latitude makes its appearance in the month of April.

THE WINTER IS PAST.

Soft on this April morning
Breathe from the South delicate odors.
Vaguely defined, giving the breezes
Spring-like, delicious zest;—

Breezes from Southern forests,
Bringing us glad tidings of Summer's
Promised return; waking from slumber
Each of the earliest plants.

Lo! in the night the elm-tree
Opened its buds; catkins of hazel
Tasselled the hedge, maple and alder
Welcomed with bloom the Spring.

Faintly the warbling bluebird
Utters his note; song-sparrows boldly
Fling to the wind joyous assurance,
"Summer is coming North!"

None can express the longing,
Mingled with joy, mingled with sadness,
Swelling my heart ever, when April,
Brings us the bird and flower.

Tender and sweet remembrance
Filling my soul, gives me assurance,
"Death is but frost; lo! the eternal
Spring-time of heaven shall come."

ANTIOPA.

At dead of night a southwest breeze
Came silently stealing along;
The bluebird followed at break of day,
Singing his low sweet song.

The breeze crept through the old stone wall,
And wakened the butterfly there,
And she came out, as morning broke,
To float through the sunlit air.

Within this stony rifted heart
The softening influence stole,
Filling with melodies divine,
The chambers of my soul.

With gentle words of hope and faith,
By lips now sainted spoken;
With vows of tenderest love toward me,
Which never once were broken.

At morn my soul awoke to life,
And glowed with faith anew;
The buds that perish swelled without,
Within the immortal grew.

### LUX MUNDI.

*(Christmas, 1887)*

The moonless sky was studded thick with stars,
  And shepherd swains were watching by the fold,
When suddenly a glorious light appears
  For heavenly glories are to them unrolled.
A shining seraph from the courts above
  Glad tidings brings, a joy-inspiring word;
God bears toward guilty man such wondrous love,
  That he hath sent a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

A heavenly choir joins in the swelling songs;
  Glory to God, they sing; and peace on earth;
The echoing rocks and hills the notes prolong,
  And earth rejoices at the Saviour's birth.
No sooner did this choir their song begin,
  Than near those fields, within a lowly cave,
Used as a stable for a village inn,
  Birth to her first-born humble Mary gave.

Faint were the scattered stars which gemmed the sky
  Of human hope, when thus that child was born.
All nations seemed in deepest night to lie;
  No herald promised them a coming morn.
The ancient valor now was brutal force;
  No hospitality a stranger found;
Honor and faith were dead; the vital source
  Of every virtue in pollution drowned.

Yet darker grows the night, so dark before,
  The scattered stars withdraw their feeble light,
While beasts of prey amidst the horrors roar,
  And every heart is trembling with affright,
But soon that child displays His power divine;
  Brighter His glories than seraphic fire,
Around His holy head they clearer shine,
  Worthy the praises of the heavenly choir.

First, like the morning star, a silver thread
Of piercing light he sends amid the gloom;
Then pours a wider dawn among the dead —
Men, dead in sins, shut in a living tomb.
Death is but sleep, and sleepers ever dream:
What awful dreams disturbed that living death!
But as the silver thread became a stream,
The sleepers waked, and drew in living breath.

Down through the ages still that stream has flowed;
Brighter and clearer ever grows its ray,
Chasing the lingering shadows from the road,
And making plain the straight and narrow way.
Against that holy light we would not close
Our slumbering eyes; but walking by its light,
Rise toward the heavenly realms, as Jesus rose,
To tread the paths with endless glories bright.

---

HILLARD, GEORGE STILLMAN, an American lawyer, biographer and historian; born at Machias, Me., September 22, 1808; died at Boston, Mass., January 21, 1879. He was graduated from Harvard, and was admitted to the bar at Boston in 1833. He visited Europe in 1846, and upon his return delivered a course of twelve lectures upon Italy before the Lowell Institute in Boston. From 1867 to 1870 he was United States District-Attorney for Massachusetts. He wrote the *Life of Captain John Smith* in "Sparks's American Biography;" *Six Months in Italy* (1853); *Life and Campaigns of George B. McClellan* (1864); *Political Duties of the Educated Classes* and *Dangers and Duties of the Mercantile Profession* (1867). He translated Guyot's *Character and Influence of Washington* (1840); edited an edi-

tion of *Spenser's Poems* and a *Selection from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor;* prepared a series of *School Readers,* and delivered many addresses before literary societies.

### ON BOOKS.

For the knowledge that comes from books I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being, on the other. "The Tree of Knowledge is not the Tree of Life." I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with great vices, and not unfrequently with contemptible wickedness; and that a community at once cultivated and corrupt is no impossible monster. But it is no over-statement to say that — other things being equal — the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations; if for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul, and the train of idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook.

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime — for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching

scene of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the Middle Ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book, and candle; you will want but two of these agents — the book and the candle.— *Address before the Mercantile Library Association, 1850.*

---

HILLHOUSE, James Abraham, an American poet; born at New Haven, Conn., September 26, 1789; died there, January 4, 1841. He was graduated from Yale in 1808, and in 1812 delivered a poem, *The Judgment, a Vision,* before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the college. In 1819 he visited England, where he published *Percy's Masque,* a drama. In 1822 he took up his residence at his country-seat near New Haven. His drama *Hadad* was published in 1825, and in 1839 appeared a collection of his writings under the title *Dramas, Discourses, and Other Poems.*

The most important of his works is *Hadad,* the scene of which is laid in Jerusalem in the time of King David. Hadad is a Syrian Prince who has fallen in

love with Tamar, daughter of Davíd and sister of Absalom, who insists upon his renouncing idolatry and becoming a worshipper of Jehovah.

TAMAR AND HADAD.

*Tam.* (*solus*).— How aromatic evening grows! The flowers
And spicy shrubs exale like onycha;
Spikenard and henna emulate its sweets.
Blessed hour! which he who fashioned it so fair,
So softly glowing, so contemplative,
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.
And lo! the smoke of evening sacrifice
Ascends from out the tabernacle.— Heaven
Accept the expiation, and forgive
This day's offences. Ha! the wonted strain,
Precursor of his coming! Whence came this?
It seems to flow from some unearthly land.
[*Enter Hadad.*]

*Had.*— Does beauteous Tamar view in this clear fount
Herself or heaven?

*Tam.*— Now, Hadad, tell me whence
These sad, mysterious sounds?

*Had.*— What sounds, dear princess?

*Tam.*— Surely, thou knowest; and now I almost think
Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

*Had.*— I heard no sounds but such as evening sends
Up from the city to these quiet shades —
A blended murmur, sweetly harmonizing
With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,
And voices from the hills.

*Tam.*— The sounds I mean
Floated like mournful music round my head
From unseen fingers.

*Had.*— When?

*Tam.*— Now, as thou camest.

*Had.*—'Tis but thy fancy, wrought
To ecstacy; or else thy grandsire's harp
Resounding from his tower at eventide.

I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones
Till the broad moon that rose o'er Olivet
Stood listening in the zenith; yea, have deemed
Viols and heavenly voices answer him.
*Tam.*— But these —
*Had.*— Were we in Syria, I might say
The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet Nymph,
The goddess of these shades rejoiced in thee,
And gave thee salutations; but I fear
Judah would call me infidel to Moses.
*Tam.*— How like my fancy! When these strains precede
Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think
Some gentle being who delights in us
Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming;
But they are dirge-like.
*Had.*— Youthful fantasy.
Attuned by sadness, makes them seem so, lady,
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever
As signs of rest and peace; — the watchman's call,
The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump,
Announcing the returning moon, the pipe
Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing bell,
Send melancholy to a drooping soul.
*Tam.*— But how delicious are the pensive dreams
That steal upon the fancy at their call!
*Had.*— Delicious to behold the world at rest!
Meek labor wipes his brow, and intermits
The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot;
Herdsmen and shepherds fold their flocks — and, hark!
What merry strains they send from Olivet!
The jar of life is still; the city speaks
In gentle murmurs; voices chime with lutes,
Waked in the streets and gardens: loving pairs
Eye the red west, in one another's arms;
And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields
A glimpse of happiness, which He, who formed
Earth and the stars had power to make eternal.
*Tam.*— Ah, Hadad, meanest thou to reproach the Friend
Who gave so much, because he gave not all?
*Had.*— Perfect benevolence, methinks, had willed

Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy;
Filled the whole universe of human hearts
With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.
*Tam.*— Our Prophet teaches so till man rebelled.
*Had.*— Mighty rebellion! Had he leaguered heaven
With beings powerful, numberless, and dreadful,
Strong as the enginery that rocks the world
When all its pillars tremble; mixed the fires
Of onset with annihilating bolts
Defensive volleyed from the throne; this, this
Had been rebellion worthy of the name,
Worthy of punishment. But what did man?
Tasted an apple! and the fragile scene,
Eden, and innocence, and human bliss,
The nectar-flowing streams, life-giving fruits,
Celestial shades, and amaranthine flowers,
Vanish; and sorrow, toil, and pain, and death,
Cleave to him by an everlasting curse.
*Tam.*— Ah! talk not thus.
*Had.*— Is this benevolence?
Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me,
For I was tutored in a brighter faith.
Our Syrians deem each lucid fount, and stream,
Forest, and mountain, glade and bosky dell,
Peopled with kind divinities, the friends
Of man — a spiritual race, allied
To him by many sympathies, who seek
His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts,
Cool with their waves, and fan him with their airs.
O'er them the Spirit of the Universe,
Or soul of Nature, circumfuses all
With mild, benevolent, and sunlike radiance;
Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,
As spirit does the body, till green herbs,
And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars rise;
And shooting stellar influence through her caves,
Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.
*Tam.*— Dreams, Hadad, empty dreams.
*Had.*— These deities
They invocate with cheerful, gentle rites,
Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines

With Nature's bounties — fruits and fragrant flowers.
Not like yon gory mount that ever reeks.
*Tam.*— Cast not reproach upon the holy altar.
*Had.*— Nay, sweet.— Having enjoyed all pleasures here,
That Nature prompts — but chiefly blissful love —
At death the happy Syrian maiden deems
Her immaterial flies into the fields,
Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,
And dwells, a Deity, with those she worshipped,
Till Time or Fate return her in its course
To quaff once more the cup of human joy.
*Tam.*— But thou believest not this?
*Had.*— I almost wish
Thou didst; for I have feared, my gentle Tamar,
Thy spirit is too tender for a law
Announced in terror, coupled with the threats
Of an inflexible and dreadful Being.
*Tam.*— Witness, ye heavens! Eternal Father, witness!
Blest God of Jacob! Maker! Preserver!
That with my heart, my undivided soul,
I love, adore, and praise Thy glorious Name,
Confess Thee Lord of all, believe Thy laws
Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.
O Hadad! Hadad! you misconstrue much
The sadness that usurps me. 'Tis for thee
I grieve — for hopes that fade — for your lost soul,
And my lost happiness.
*Had.*— Oh, say not so,
Beloved princess. Why distrust my faith?
*Tam.*— Thou knowest, alas! my weakness; but remember,
I never, never will be thine, although
The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,
Though Absalom and David called me bride,
Till sure thou ownest, with truth and love sincere,
The Lord Jehovah.

HADAD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF ZION.

'Tis so; — the hoary harper sings aright;
How beautiful is Zion! Like a queen

Armed with a helm, in virgin loveliness,
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements,
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
Soft gleaming through the verdure of the woods
Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
Wave their dark beauty round the tower of David.
Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
The embrasures of alabaster shine;
Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.
But not for thou art fair and turret-crowned,
Wet with the choicest dew of Heaven, and blest
With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,
Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern law
Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,
And where the Glory hovers, here I war.

---

HILLIS, NEWELL DWIGHT, an American clergyman; born at Magnolia, Iowa, September 2, 1858. He was educated at Iowa College and Lake Forest University, studied theology at the McCormick Theological Seminary, and then entered the ministry of the Presbyterian church. In 1899 he became pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. His published works include: *The Investment of Influence; A Man's Value to Society; How the Inner Light Failed; Foretokens of Immortality; Great Books as Life Teachers;* and *The Influence of Christ in Modern Life.*

SOCIAL PROGRESS THROUGH CONFLICT.

It stirs our wonder that in the very hours when the outlook has been darkest for the race and the hopes of mankind have seemed about to topple down in ruins, that in the collision and conflict and reaction therefrom man has achieved his greatest victories for liberty, culture and religion. The revival of art in Italy did not begin with some school of painting, and, moving forward steadily, gather volume and beauty, as the dawn moves forward into the full glory of the day. The great art epoch began at a time when life was full of ugliness, when manners were repulsive, when all cities were sodden in unseemliness, and in the reaction therefrom art achieved its greatest triumphs. Man's tools and industries also are the gifts of sorrow and adversity. The time was when the miners of England hoisted the coal out of the deep pits with ropes, or made themselves dwarfs by carrying the heavy baskets up on ladders. It was a piteous tragedy. Children entered the mines to be starved, crushed and beaten. Through drudgery, women also became little better than beasts. In that hour the iron entered into Watt's very soul, and the bitter cry of the poor drove sleep from his eyes and slumber from his eyelids. But sorrow and sympathy lent a heat and glow to the inventive faculty of Watt that luxury would have made impossible, and at last his hand overtook his thought, and the man perfected his engine. It was in the very age also when weavers were starving and ate crusts, were naked and wore rags, that the greatest looms the world has seen were invented. Also as the hour when the tyranny of Charles was the blackest and his despotism the most defiant, the liberty and heroism of the Puritans flamed forth with the clearest, whitest light.

Ours is a world in which man's secret strength has its full revelation only through the fierce conflict with adversity and opposing circumstance. For the youth knows not, he cannot know, where lies his strength or where lurks his weakness, until temptation builds its ambush and hurls its weapon against the unsuspecting pilgrim.

The scientists tell us that water is liquid, yet when subjected to extreme cold, water changes its nature and stands forth a solid. Scholars also tell us that iron is a solid; yet, when subjected to fire, iron becomes a liquid. And men there are who live strange, sheltered lives, upon whom the fierce winds of temptation never blow, over whom the great billows have never swept, who wake not at night to cry "Would that it were morning!" At noon exclaim not, "I would that it were night!" These sheltered, unstormed and buttressed souls seem men of oak and granite. Yet were the fierce flames of temptation to kindle upon them, they would become as water. Not until man has passed into the direst extremity of temptation does he know what are his secret resources of strength, or where are his hidden dangers. Very gentle should be man's judgment of his fellows! Granted the ship may come in from the voyage all blackened and battered with storms, with sails torn to tatters and with tackle ruined; the captain has erred, the good ship rode out to storm only because of Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand; the pilot is blameworthy, but how blameworthy you can only know by asking, with Carlyle, whether the ship's voyage has been round the globe, seeking, however, fruitlessly, to carry comfort and help to pilgrims of many a lonely isle, or whether the voyage has been a holiday jaunt to Boston or Philadelphia.— *Sermons.*

---

HINKSON, KATHERINE TYNAN, an Irish novelist, poet and essayist; born at Dublin, February 3, 1861. She was educated in a convent at Drogheda, and in 1893, after her marriage to H. A. Hinkson, took up her residence at Ealing, a suburb of London. She is a voluminous writer of prose and verse and her books are well known in the

United States. Among her books are *Shamrocks,* verse (1887); *The Way of a Maid* (1895); *Oh! What a Plague Is Love* (1896); *Three Fair Maids* (1900); *That Sweet Enemy* (1901); *Red, Red Rose* (1903).

### A FRENCH FISHING VILLAGE.

To be sure it was a great enterprise for us to take a cottage in a French fishing village, we having little French, and to import an English cook who had no French at all. Our French speaking friends raised their hands at our daring. "You will be frightfully cheated," they assured us. "How on earth are you going to do your marketing? Why, you don't even know the value of French money?"

That was true, of course. We had to begin by letting the venders help themselves to their payments, but that was for a day or two only. Our friends underrated our intelligence, but we found the decimal coinage easy of understanding, and were puzzled only when some of the more unsophisticated skipped from centimes to sous with a startling rapidity.

Even here there is a season, which begins about the last week in July. We arrived in the third week, and were perturbed to find that a week later prices suddenly jumped up. That was because the big hotel was filling with English. Apparently the French visitors have no influence on the season, for the chalets were full of French people when we came; but of course Madame knows the full value of what she buys, and it would be quite useless to name an extortionate price with her. Indeed, we noticed at first that when Madame came to purchase at the carts at the same time as we were purchasing prices were mentioned in a whisper. However, that was before we learned to do without rather than to pay overmuch. When we had come to that point we began to be treated with respect. But before we arrived there Zélie, the fishwoman, had made a tremendous haul out of us. We had paid her five francs for six small

fish, the result of stupefaction rather than of anything else. Since then we have ceased to deal with Zélie.

Fish there is in abundance, and fresh out of the sea, very often "All alive, O!" We generally dismiss two or three fish sellers before breakfast. The early hours are a disadvantage. We are on the ground floor, and the hall door, with its screen of pierced ironwork, is at our bed-head. It is disquieting when a cry of "Des moules, madame, s'ly vous plait," pierces one's ear at six o'clock in the morning. You may buy seven basinfuls of mussels for threepence, as our cook did yesterday, but even so, one is not prepared for the marketing at so early an hour.

After bathing you may buy eels on the sands and carry them home, writhing, in whatever happens to be handy. Also, as you sit at meals it is no uncommon thing to have a crab or a lobster thrust through the open window, each quite ready to show fight. After we have bought them they promenade round the kitchen to the amusement of our cook, whom we suspect of a French descent. We also buy a flat, thick, white fish, which is very sweet and delicate, of a variety unknown to us. Then there is a glittering silver fish very like a salmon, which they call "bar," and for which they charge salmon prices. It eats rather like a milder kind of salmon. Can it be barbel?

Mademoiselle who sells us our fruit and vegetables comes out from Boulogne market. She has a little ass and cart and a stout dog to assist "l'ânesse" up the hills and down. She has beautiful peaches and melons and plums and tomatoes, and all manner of vegetables. As she sits on her cart, with her handsome dark face, she is the centre of a most pleasing picture. We like her the better that "l'ânesse" is well fed and accustomed to sugar, and that the dog turns up his nose at mere bread. Still, she has picked over the peaches for us, giving us the least mature, while the French mesdames selected the ripest and roundest. How impossible it is to remonstrate when one has little French! Then there comes a day when she can speak only in a whisper, and has her throat swathed up with bandages. We present her with some

tabloids of chlorate of potash. The next time she comes she thanks us volubly — at least we take it to be thanks — and we notice that she lays aside our selection of a caterpillar-ridden lettuce for a better one. At Tuesday's market she takes charge of us. We see her watching over us from afar. Not any longer does she pick for us the hardest and greenest peaches.

There is a delightful little old woman who comes from Cape Grisnez with a donkey cart full of butter and eggs. The butter, swathed in cabbage leaves under a white cloth, is delicious, past the "best Devon" of London shops. The eggs are brown and new laid. Sometimes a child comes to the door with three or four warm eggs on a platter, asking a few sous.

Again, there are those who appear at the door with a shrieking and miserable pullet, or duck, with its legs tied together. Or the baker, like a conjurer, will produce a rabbit from amid his long, brown loaves. Or, again, there is the woman with gateaux, her little brown face in its wide frilled white cap as brown, golden brown, as her wares.

Once there is a misunderstanding. The boy of the knife grinder has been hanging enraptured over the oyster man as he opens the oysters for his customers. Presently the boy appears in our open door. "Combien pour une douzaine?" we say in our halting French. "Un franc quarante," he replies. "Very cheap," we say to each other approvingly, and straightway order two dozen. "We have not got them," he says, shaking his bewildered head. We produce a long dish and thrust it under his nose. His bewilderment but increases. Pantomine fails. He leaves us at last, still shaking his head. Those mad English! he says to himself, doubtless. It is only when we see him trudging by the knife grinder's cart that we realize our mistake.

We have favorites among those itinerant merchants, those whom it is hard to turn away, so that we sometimes rather load ourselves up with eels or eggs and butter because we cannot say "No" to the little mahogany faced old women.

Occasionally we get other things than provisions. Yes-

terday it was a couple of plausible fellows, gypsy faced children of the sun with a long cart full of chairs, the new varnish all gleaming in the sun. They leap on the chairs to prove that they are "très solide," and an excellent test it is, for they are great and brawny, even by those sons of Anak, our fishermen.

Or it is a tied up bundle of silk bedspreads and embroidered table centres, costly and beautiful. We have to see to the bottom of the bundle, although we know full well that we shall not buy. Madame seems to find it a pleasure to make the display. When at last we convey our apologies she answers cheerfully that it is all in the way of business. "Merci bien, madame," she says, going out. Certainly they sweeten life, those excellent manners of our French neighbors.— *The Pall Mall Gazette.*

---

HINSDALE, BURKE AARON, an American educator; born at Wadsworth, Ohio, March 31, 1837. He was a pupil of James A. Garfield at Hiram College, and was Professor of History and English Literature at his *Alma Mater* until 1870, when he became its president. In 1882 he became Superintendent of Public Schools in Cleveland. He had previously published *Genuineness and Authenticity of the Gospels; The Jewish Christian Church; Ecclesiastical Traditions; Republican Text-Book,* and *Garfield and Education;* and while here he wrote *Schools and Studies* (1884); and a *Life of Garfield* (1885). In 1886 he became Professor of the Science and Art of Teaching in the University of Michigan. His later works include *The Old Northwest* (1888); *Pedagogical Chairs in Colleges and Universities* (1889); *Amer-*

*can Government* (1893); *How to Study and Teach History* (1894).

OLD CONNECTICUT CONSERVATISM.

The position of Connecticut in history is a most honorable one, quite disproportionate to her territorial area, or to the numbers of her population. But the Connecticut of 1796 was dominated by class influences and ideas; a heavy mask of political and religious dogma rested upon society; an inveterate conservatism fettered both the actions and the thoughts of men. The church and the town were but different sides of the same thing. The town was a close corporation; and the man who did not belong to it, either by birth or formal naturalization, could be a resident of it only on sufferance. The yearly inauguration of the governor is said to have been "an occasion of solemn import and unusual magnificence." Connecticut Federalism was the most iron-clad variety anywhere to be found, unless in Delaware. In 1804 the General Court impeached several justices of the peace who had the temerity to attend a Jefferson convention in New Haven. Mechanics were accounted "vulgar;" farming was the "respectable" calling; "leading men" had an extraordinary influence; and "old families" were the pride and the weakness of their respective localities. The militia captain and the deacon were local magnates and Congregationalism was an established religion. For years the General Assembly refused to charter Episcopalian and Methodist colleges. President Quincy paints this picture of a Sabbath morning in Andover, Mass.:

"The whole space before the meeting-house was filled with a waiting, respectful, and expecting multitude. At the moment of service, the pastor issued from his mansion, with Bible and manuscript sermon under his arm, with his wife leaning on one arm, flanked by his negro man on his side, as his wife was by her negro woman, the little negroes being distributed, according to their sex, by the side of their respective parents. Then followed every other member of the family according to

age and rank, making often, with family visitants, somewhat of a formidable procession. As soon as it appeared, the congregation, as if led by one spirit, began to move toward the door of the church, and before the procession reached it all were in their places. As soon as the pastor entered, the whole congregation rose and stood until he was in the pulpit and his family were seated. At the close of the service, the congregation stood until he and his family had left the church. Forenoon and afternoon the same course of proceeding was had."

Of course such magnificence as this was unusual; but the passage well marks the awful consequence with which the New England mind, in that period, invested the parson.— *The Old Northwest.*

---

HIPPOCRATES, a Greek physician, known as the "Father of Medicine;" born in Kos, an island of the Ægean Sea, about 460 B.C.; died at Larissa, Thessaly, about 377 B.C. He traveled much in the countries around the northern Ægean and elsewhere; and "trained himself for a large knowledge of his special pursuit by a familiarity with the metaphysics of the day." The so-called *Hippocratic Collection* consists of eighty-seven treatises, of which the principal are *Ancient Medicine, Prognosis, Epidemics, Treatment of Acute Diseases,* and several tracts on surgery.

The life of Hippocrates is shrouded in strange mystery, considering the celebrity of the man and the importance of his work. This is doubtless due to the fact that many of his descendants as well as the practitioners of his school were called after him. There

are two undoubted references to the great physician of Kos in Plato, and one in Aristophanes, which establish the period of his life as given above.

Like many other characters in Greek history, Hippocrates is credited with direct descent from a deity. Soranus, of Kos, is said to have made special researches in the archives of the Asclepiad Guild, and to have discovered that Hippocrates was the seventeenth in descent from the god Asclepios, and was born on the 26th of the month Agrianus in the year 460 B.C.

### THE OATH.

I swear by Apollo the physician, and Æsculapius, and Health, and All-heal, and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this Oath and this stipulation — to reckon him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this art, if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation; and that by precept, lecture, and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons, and those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath according to the law of medicine, but to none others. I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such counsel; and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my Art. I will not cut persons laboring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of

the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and further, from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves. Whatever, in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it, I see or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this Oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the Art, respected by all men, in all times! But should I trespass and violate this Oath, may the reverse be my lot.—*From the Genuine Works of Hippocrates; translation of* FRANCIS ADAMS.

---

HIRST, HENRY BECK, an American poet; born in Philadelphia, August 23, 1813; died there, March 30, 1874. He began the study of law, but mercantile pursuits interfered with the prosecution of his plans, and it was not until 1843, when he was thirty years of age, that he was admitted to practice. About this time, also, his first poems appeared in *Graham's Magazine;* and in 1845 he published *The Coming of the Mammoth,* and *The Funeral of Time, and Other Poems.* He issued two other volumes of poetry; *Endymion, a Tale of Grecce* (1848); and *The Penace of Roland, a Romance of the Peine Forte et Dure, and Other Poems* (1849); and was also the author of a work entitled *A Poetical Dictionary, or, Popular Terms Illustrated in Rhyme,* which was published at Lenox, Mass.

Hirst's longer narratives are wrought into poems of much spirit and beauty; while his shorter poems, descriptive and reflective, "are eloquent in tone,

though with occasional traces of imitation." Duyckinck said of the poems, that they "displayed vigor and feeling," and that his sonnets were "well written.

THE COMING OF DIAN.

Through a deep dell with mossy hemlocks girded —
A dell by many a sylvan Dryad prest —
Which Latmos' lofty crest
Flung half in shadow — where the red deer herded —
While mellow murmurs shook the forest gray —
Endymion took his way.

Like clustering sunlight fell his yellow tresses,
With purple fillet, scarce confining, bound,
Winding their flow around
A snowy throat that thrilled to their caresses,
And trembling on a breast as lucid white
As sea-foam in the night.

His girdle held his pipes — those pipes that clearly
Through Carian meadows mocked the nightingale
When Hesper lit the vale:
And now the youth was faint, though stepping cheerly
Supported by his shepherd's crook, he strode
Toward his remote abode.

Mount Latmos lay before him. Gently gleaming,
A roseate halo from the twilight dim
Hung round its crowd. To him
The rough ascent was light; for, far off, beaming,
Orion rose — and Sirius, like a shield,
Shone on the azure field. . . .

And from the south — the yellow south, all glowing
With blandest beauty — came a gentle breeze,
Murmuring o'er sleeping seas,
Which, bearing dewy lamps, and lightly flowing
Athwart his brow, cooled his hot brain, and stole
Like nectar to his soul.

Endymion blessed the wind; his bosom swelling
As his parched lips drank in the luscious draught,
His eyes, even while he quaffed,
Brightening; his stagnant blood again upwelling
From his warm heart; and freshened, as with sleep,
He trod the rocky steep.

At last he gained the top, and, crowned with splendor,
The moon, arising from the Latmian sea,
Stepped o'er the heavenly lea,
Flinging her misty glances, meek and tender
As a young virgin's o'er his marbled brow
That glistened with their glow. . .

Endymion watched her rise, his bosom burning
With princely thoughts, for though a shepherd's son
He felt that Fame is won
By high aspirings; and a lofty yearning,
From the bright blossoming of his boyish days,
Made his deeds those of praise.

Like hers, his track was tranquil; he had gathered
By slow degrees the glorious, golden lore,
Hallowing his native shore;
And when at silent eve his flock was tethered,
He read the stars, and drank, as from a stream,
Great knowledge from their gleam.

And so he grew a dreamer — one who, panting
For shadowy objects, languished like a bird
That, striving to be heard
Above its fellows, fails, the struggle haunting
Its memory ever, forever the strife pursuing
To its own dark undoing.

And still the moon arose, and now the water
Gleamed like a golden galaxy, star on star;
And down, deep down, afar
In the lazulian lake, Latonia's daughter
Imaged, reclining, breathing forth light, that rose
Like mist at evening close.

— *Endymion.*

### THE ROBIN.

The woods are almost bare; the mossy trees
  Moan as their mottled leaves are hurried by,
Like sand before the simoom, over the leas,
    Yellowing in Autumn's eye.

And very cold the bleak November wind
  Shrills from the black Nor'-West, as fitfully blow
The gusts, like fancies through a maniac mind
    Eddying to and fro.

Borne, like those leaves, with piercing cries on high
  The Robins come, their wild autumnal wail
From where they pass, dotting the angry sky,
    Sounding above the gale.

Down, scattered by the blast, along the glen,
  Over the browning plains, the flocks alight,
Crowding the gum in highland or in fen,
    Tired with their southern flight.

Away, away, flocking they pass, with snow
  And hail and sleet behind them, where the South
Shakes its green locks, and delicate odors flow
    As from some fairy mouth.

Silently pass the wintry hours; no song,
  No note, save a shrill querulous cry
When the boy sportsman, cat-like, creeps along
    The fence, and then — they fly,

Companioned by the cautious lark, from field
  To field they journey, till the winter wanes,
When to some wondrous instinct each one yields,
    And seeks our northern plains.

March and its storms: no matter how the gale
  May whistle round them, on, through snow, and sleet,
And driving hail, they pass, nor ever quail
    With tireless wings and feet.

Perched here and there on some tall tree, as breaks
The misty dawn, loud, clarionet-like, rings
Their matin hymn, while Nature also wakes
From her long sleep, and sings.

Gradually the flocks grow less, for, two by two,
The Robins pass away,— each with his mate;
And from the orchard, moist with April dew,
We hear their pretty prate.

And from the apple's snowy blossoms come
Gushes of song, while round and round them crowd
The busy, buzzing bees, and, over them, hum
The humming-birds aloud.

The sparrow from the fence; the oriole
From the now budding sycamore; the wren
From the old hat; the bluebird from his hole
Hard by the haunts of men;

The red-start from the woodside; from the meadow,
The black-cheek, and the martin in the air;
The mournful wood-thrush from the forest shadow
With all of fair and rare.

Among those blossoms of the atmosphere —
The birds — our only sylphids — with one voice,
From mountain side and meadow, far and near,
Like them, at spring rejoice.

May, and in happy pairs the Robins sit
Hatching their young — the female glancing down
From her brown nest. No one will trouble it,
Lest heaven itself should frown

On the rude act; far from the smouldering embers
On memory's hearth flashes the fire of thought,
And each one by its flickering light remembers
How flocks of Robins brought

In the old time, leaves; and sang the while they covered
The innocent babes forsaken. So they rear
Their fledglings undisturbed. Often has hovered
While I have stood anear

A Robin's nest, o'er me that simple story,
Gently and dove-like, and I passed away
Proudly, and feeling it as much a glory
As 'twas in Cæsar's day

To win a triumph, to have left that nest
Untouched; and many and many a school-boy time,
When my sure gun was to my shoulder prest
The thought of that old rhyme

Came o'er me, and I let the Robin go.—
At last the young are out, and to the woods
All have departed: Summer's sultry glow
Finds them beside the floods.

Then Autumn comes, and feaful of its rage
They flit again. So runs the Robin's life;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter sees its page
Unstained with care or strife.

---

HITCHCOCK, EDWARD, an American geologist and chemist; born at Deerfield, Mass., May 24, 1793; died at Amherst, Mass., February 27, 1864. He intended to enter Harvard College, but illness and impaired vision prevented. In 1815 he became Principal of the Academy at Deerfield. Three years later he entered the Yale Theological Seminary, and in 1821 became pastor of a Congregational church at Conway, Mass. In 1825 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Natural History at Amherst

College, of which, twenty years later, he became President and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. In 1854 he resigned the presidency, but he retained the professorship during life. While at Conway he made a survey of the western counties of Massachusetts, and in 1830 was appointed State Geologist. Between this year and 1844 he completed the survey of the entire State. In 1836 he was appointed Geologist of New York, and in 1857 of Vermont. He soon resigned the former position, but he retained his position in Vermont until 1861, publishing several annual reports and a *Report on the Geology of Vermont, Descriptive, Theoretical, Economical, and Scenographical* (1861). He was a member of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and a commissioner in 1850 to examine the agricultural schools of Europe. Among his works are a *Report on the Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology of Massachusetts* (1833); *Re-Examination of the Economical Geology of Massachusetts* (1838); *Elementary Geology* (1840); *Religious Lectures on Peculiar Phenomena of the Four Seasons* (1850); *Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences* (1851); *The Power of Christian Benevolence Illustrated in the Life and Labors of Mary Lyon* (1852); *Religious Truth Illustrated from Science* (1857); *Ichnology of New England* (1858); and *Reminiscences of Amherst College* (1863).

### THE PERMANENCE OF SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

The mind delights in the prospect of again turning its attention to those branches of knowledge which have engrossed and interested it on earth, and of doing this under circumstances far more favorable to their investigation. And such an anticipation he may reasonably indulge who devotes himself on earth to any branch

of knowledge not dependent on arrangements and organizations peculiar to this world. He may be confident that he is investigating those principles which will form a part of the science of heaven. Should he ever reach that pure world, he knows that the clogs which now weigh down his mind will drop off, and the clouds that obscure his vision will clear away, and that a brighter sun will pour its radiance upon his path. He is filling his mind with principles that are immortal. He is engaged in pursuits to which glorified and angelic minds are devoting their lofty powers. Other branches of knowledge, highly esteemed among men, shall pass away with the destruction of this world. The baseless hypotheses of science, falsely so called, whether moral, intellectual, or physical, and the airy phantoms of a light and fictitious literature shall all pass into the limbo of forgetfulness. But the principles of true science, constituting as they do the pillars of the universe, shall bear up that universe forever.

How many questions of deep interest, respecting his favorite science, must the philosopher in this world leave unanswered, how many points unsettled! But when he stands upon the vantage-ground of another world, all these points shall be seen in the bright transparencies of heaven. In this world, the votaries of science may be compared with the aborigines who dwell around some of the principal sources of the River Amazon. They have been able, perhaps, to trace one of two, or it may be a dozen of its tributaries, from their commencement in some mountain spring, and to follow them onward as they enlarge by uniting, so as to bear along the frail canoes, in which, perhaps, they pass a few hundred miles toward the ocean. On the right and on the left, a multitude of other tributaries swell the stream which carries them onward, until it seems to them a mighty river. But they are ignorant of the hundred other tributaries which drain the vast eastern slope of the Andes, and sweep over the wide plains, till their united waters have formed the majestic Amazon. Of that river in its full glory, and especially of the immense ocean that lies beyond, the natives have no conception; unless, perhaps,

some individual more daring than the rest, has floated onward till his astonished eye could scarcely discern the shore on either hand, and before him he saw the illimitable Atlantic, whitened by the mariner's sail and the crested waves; and he may have gone back to tell his unbelieving countrymen the marvellous story. Just so is it with men of science. They are able to trace with clearness a few rills of truth from the mountain head, and to follow them onward till they unite in a great principle, which at first men fancy is the chief law of the universe. But as they venture still farther onward, they find new tributary truths coming in on either side to form a principle or law still more broad and comprehensive. Yet it is only a few gifted and adventurous minds that are able, from some advanced mountain-top, to catch a glimpse of the entire stream of truth, formed by the harmonious union of all principles, and flowing on majestically into the boundless ocean of all knowledge, the Infinite Mind. To trace out the shores of that shoreless sea, to measure its measureless extent, and to fathom its unfathomable depths, will be the noble and joyous work of eternal ages. And yet eternal ages may pass by, and see the work only begun.— *The Religion of Geology.*

---

HITCHCOCK, Roswell Dwight, an American clergyman and educator; born at East Machias, Me., August 15, 1817; died at Somerset, Mass., June 16, 1887. He was educated at Amherst and at Andover Theological Seminary, and in 1845 became pastor of a Congregational church in Exeter, N. H. While connected with this church he studied for a year in the German Universities of Halle and Berlin. In 1852 he was made Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion at Bowdoin College, and in 1855 of Church History in the Union Theological

Seminary of New York City. Of this seminary he became President in 1880. He was made President of the American Palestine Association in 1871, and in 1880 Vice-President of the American Geographical Society. He published a *Life of Edward Robinson* (1863); *Complete Analysis of the Bible* (1869), and *Socialism* (1879). In conjunction with Drs. Schaff and Eddy he compiled *Hymns and Songs for Social and Sabbath Worship* (1875), and with Drs. Eddy and Mudge, *Carmine Sacra* (1885). With Dr. Francis Brown he translated and edited *The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* (1884). He was also one of the editors of *Johnson's Cyclopædia.*

### COMMUNISM.

I have said that Communism is in the air. What is Communism? There is no mystery about it. It is simply the absorption of the individual in the community, the citizen in the State. The individual as such has no rights; the community has absorbed them all. What the community ordains, must be done, or endured. Not relations only, but employments, everything must be determined by the State. Not only must everybody work, but everybody must do just the kind and just the amount of work the community shall set him to do. In short, the State undertakes to do everything, or almost everything, which individuals and corporations now do. The State owns all the lands and all the houses. All the railways, factories, and banks, and all the vessels. There is no more any private property or private business. No one shall even braid for himself a palm-leaf hat, or cobble his own shoes. If it be answered, that no one will wish to do any such thing for himself, having no occasion to do it, it follows that the present motives to industry and economy will have ceased to operate. The inability to better one's condition will have extinguished the desire to do it. The right to do it will

be no longer debatable. All freedom has perished. The citizen is nothing, the State is all; and, in a Republic, that all may be barely a majority of one, and that one carried drunk to the polls. One drunken voter may thus be master of us all. It is a monstrous doctrine. But we have got something more to do than howl it down. It is a philsopohy, and has got to be argued down.

First of all, we should make it clear to ourselves, and so be prepared to make it plain to others, that the State is for the citizen, not the citizen for the State; society for the individual, not the individual for society. The greatest of teachers has said, that even God's Sabbath was made for man; not merely to serve him as he is, but to make him still more of a man. Institutions are mortal; men immortal. The historical, temporal judgment is of institutions and organisms. The final judgment is of individuals, each one of us all giving account of *himself* to God. Personality is august. Consciously responsible to moral law, we must have perfect freedom, in order to be up to the responsibility. And so the humblest of us has rights, which all the rest of us, banded together, may not dare to touch. I have a right to my life; and society, without my consent, shall not take it away, till it has been forfeited by crime. I have a right to my liberty; and society shall not enslave me. I have a right to my property, whether earned or inherited; and society shall not use it against my wishes, without appraisal, and indemnity. The final end of society is not itself but the individual. What will Germany be good for, when a plain, godly peasant like Hans Luther of Eisleben is no longer possible? Society, of course, has its sphere, its prerogatives, its authority. Society is under bonds to defend us all, in defending itself; and I am a party to the contract. Society may build its roads and bridges; but when it crosses my meadow, or hurts my business, it must settle with me for the damage. These rights that I have named, rights of person and of property, are not inalienable only, but awfully sacred; and somehow or other, sometime or other, the infringement of them is avenged. . . .

But rights imply duties; and duties rights. Society, in absorbing the individual, becomes responsible for his support; while the individual, in being absorbed, becomes entitled to support. This was the doctrine of Proudhon's famous Essay. Nature, he said, is bountiful. She has made ample provision for us all, if each could only get his part. Birth into the world entitles one to a living in it. This sounds both humane and logical. And it is logical. The right of society to absorb implies the duty to support; while the duty of the individual to be absorbed implies the right to be supported. But premise and conclusion are equally false. Society has no right to absorb the individual, and consequently is under no obligation to support him, so long as he is able to support himself; while the individual has no business to be absorbed, and no right to be supported. Providence certainly is a party to no such contract; or there was a flagrant breach of contract in the Chinese famine lately. I read in an old book, which some Communists have called Agrarian, that the God of the Hebrews used to hear the young ravens when they cried; but I do not read that no young raven ever starved.— *Socialism.*

---

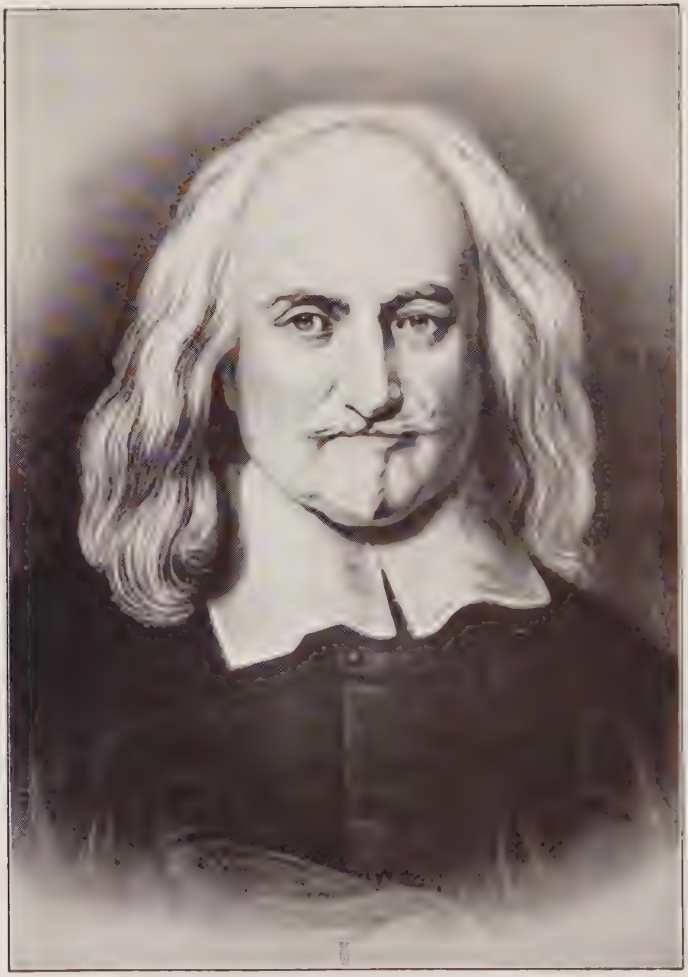
HOBART, JOHN HENRY, an American clergyman; born at Philadelphia, September 14, 1775; died at Auburn, N. Y., September 10, 1830. He was educated at Princeton. In 1800 became an assistant clergyman of Trinity Church, New York, and was soon afterward elected rector of that church. In 1811 he was chosen Assistant Bishop of New York. His diocesan labors were arduous and constant, his health was soon broken, and he was obliged to seek rest. After two years in Europe he returned to his work, which he continued until his

death. Among his publications are *An Apology for Apostolic Order* (1807); *The Christian's Manual* and *An Essay on the State of the Departed* (1814); and two volumes of *Sermons on Redemption.* He also republished *D'Oyley and Mant's Family Bible* (1818-20). A Memoir and a volume of his Sermons entitled *Posthumous Works of the late Right Reverend John Henry Hobart* were published by his son in 1832.

THE CONSOLING POWER OF THE SCRIPTURES.

There is not a page of the sacred writings which is not rich in the expressions of God's goodness and mercy; the most tender and interesting comparisons, the most splendid and lively imagery, are used to set forth his infinite compassion and love. Consider his gracious and comforting declarations to the patriarchs; hear his affecting expostulations with his people Israel; listen to the flowing and sublime strains in which the Psalmist celebrates the mercy and loving-kindness of the Lord; attend to the exhibitions of his infinite grace and compassion which the apostles make the animating theme of their exhortations; and you will not hesitate to acknowledge that the sacred writings are calculated to inspire a strong and unfailing hope in that Almighty Being who is "a strength and refuge, a very present help in time of trouble," and who "makes all things work together for good to those who love him." Even of his judgments it is the gracious purpose to bring us to repentance, and the rod of his anger is guided by the arm of mercy.

The example of holy men recorded in Scripture, who have experienced his merciful blessing and protection, powerfully tends to strengthen our hope and to administer to our consolation. Was Noah saved from the destruction which overwhelmed an ungodly world? Was Abraham guided and protected while he sojourned in a strange country? Were the machinations by which the envious brethren of Joseph sought his destruction defeated, and made the means of his advancement and



THOMAS HOBBES.

prosperity? Was the whole life of the King of Israel a series of deliverances and mercies? Was the suffering Job, when the hand of God was upon him, inspired with a faith and hope that no sophistry nor taunts could shake? God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; their example, therefore, and the example of all the holy saints recorded in Scripture, serve to support us under the ills of life, to strengthen our faith and patience, to animate our hope in God; he is still the strength of his people. These "things were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." In the Scriptures of truth, then, we thus find God revealed as our Almighty Guardian and Father; and our hope is strengthened by the most affecting promises and animating examples. If the sacred writings advanced no further, the pious reader of them might still find consolation and hope. But it is their principal aim to delineate and unfold the spiritual and everlasting salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ; and in this respect they raise the exercise of hope to its highest fervor and enjoyment.— *Posthumous Works.*

---

HOBBES, THOMAS, an English philosopher; born at Westport, Wiltshire, April 5, 1588; died at Hardwicke, December 4, 1679. His father was a clergyman, by whom he was sent at the age of fifteen to Magdalen College, Oxford, where for five years he devoted himself to the study of logic and the Aristotelian philosophy. He became private tutor to several young noblemen, with whom, at various times, he traveled on the Continent. In 1640, on the approach of the civil war, he went to Paris, where he resided for ten years. In 1642 he was appointed mathematical tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterward

King Charles II., who then resided at Paris. The later years of his life were passed at the seat of the Earl of Devonshire, who had formerly been his pupil. Hobbes wrote largely in both English and Latin. His principal works are *Elementa Philosophica de Cive* (1642); *Human Nature* and *De Corpore Politico* (1650); *Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Political* (1651); *A Letter on Liberty and Necessity* (1654); *Decameron Physiologicum* (1678); *Autobiography,* in Latin verse, translated by himself into English verse (1679); *Behemoth, or the History of the Civil Wars in England,* published soon after his death. A complete edition of the *Works of Hobbes,* in 16 vols., edited by Sir William Molesworth, appeared in 1839–45.

### THE NECESSITY OF THE WILL.

The question is not, whether a man be a free agent, that is to say, whether he can write or forbear; speak or be silent, according to his will; but whether the will to write, and the will to forbear, come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power. I acknowledge this liberty, that I can *do* if I *will;* but to say, I can *will* if I *will,* I take to be an absurd speech.

It is true, very few have learned from tutors, that a man is not free to will; nor do they find it much in books. That they find in books, that which the poets chant in the theatres, and the shepherds on the mountains, that which the pastors teach in the churches, and the doctors in the universities, and that which the common people in the markets and all mankind in the whole world do assent unto, is the same that I assent unto — namely, that a man hath freedom to do if he will; but whether he hath freedom to will, is a question which it seems neither the bishop nor they ever thought on. A

wooden top that is lashed by the boys, and runs about, sometimes to one wall, sometimes to another, sometimes spinning, sometimes hitting men on the shins, if it were sensible of its own motion, would think it proceeded from its own will, unless it felt what lashed it. And is a man any wiser when he runs to one place for a benefice, to another for a bargain, and troubles the world with writing errors and requiring answers, because he thinks he does it without other cause than his own will, and seeth not what are the lashings that cause that will?

### ON PRECISION IN LANGUAGE.

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth hath need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime-twigs — the more he struggles, the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words, which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which

way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters — they do but reckon by them — but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man. — *Miscellaneous Essays.*

---

HOCKING, Joseph, an English clergyman and novelist; born at St. Stephens, Cornwall in 1859. He was educated at Owens College, and in 1884 entered the Nonconformist ministry. His brother, Silas Kitto Hocking, a Methodist clergyman and novelist, was born at St. Stephens, March 24, 1850. He was ordained a minister in the Methodist Free Church in 1870, and after holding pastorates in Liverpool, Manchester and elsewhere, resigned from the ministry in 1896. He is a prolific writer of popular fiction. His works include *Alec Green* (1878); *For Light and Liberty* (1890); *One*

*in Charity* (1893); *A Son of Rueben* (1894); *God's Outcast* (1898); *The Awakening of Anthony Weir* (1901); and *Gripped* (1902).

The novels of Joseph Hocking include *The Scarlet Woman* (1899); *The Purple Robe* (1900); *The Madness of David Baring* (1900); *Greater Love* (1901); *Lest We Forget* (1902); *The Story of Andrew Fairfax* (1903); *A Flame of Fire* (1903); *All Men Are Liars* (1904); and *The Coming of the King* (1905).

*The Coming of the King* is a powerful historical romance having for its scene and period England at the time of the Restoration of Charles II. The Duke of York, afterwards James II, is strongly portrayed. The author's novels have been compared by *The Spectator* to Baring-Gould's, by The London *Star* to Thomas Hardy's, and by other journals to Hall Caine's; but they are one and all stamped with striking and original individuality, and it is not surprising that Mr. Hocking's books are welcomed by a large and ever-increasing public. A recent review says of *The Coming of the King:*

DURING THE RESTORATION.

This is the story of one Roland Rashcliffe, told by himself and setting forth a number of goodly adventures and dangerous escapades, knight errantry, and love requited at last. Roland's father having met with reverses in fortune through the fickleness of Kings, placed his faith in no man, neither Stuart nor Cromwell, and reared his only son to this way of thinking. So that when the Protectorate finally came to its end and Charles Stuart came back to England amid welcoming shouts, the elder Rashcliffe wisely shook his head and cautioned his son once more. However, what was not to be gained by loyalty might be had by threats, and so, having heard of

the existence of a marriage contract between Charles II. and one Lucy Walters, a girl of surpassing beauty, young Roland was dispatched with all haste in search of this paper, which was to be used by the Rashcliffes, elder and younger, to wrest favors from their King and the King's brother, James of York.

Naturally there are dangers surrounding the securing of this paper. Also the elder Rashcliffe had not counted on the Quixotic spirit of honor which flourished in the breast of young Roland. It was not for self-advancement that he sought these papers, but because he would have justice shown the eleven-year-old son of Lucy Walters. But this youthful enthusiasm was soon to be turned toward another object. To an inn near Bedford, which in turn was near Pycroft, the weird old estate where the precious paper was said to be, came Sir Charles Denman and a lady, said to be his wife, and who, in fact, answered to the title of Mistress Denman. Roland, seeing the signal of sorrow and distress in the lady's pale cheeks, swore to protect her even against her will: nearly forgot the precious papers in his zeal to keep her from harm, even gave up the chase for the papers altogether; endured imprisonment for two years, and finally rode down the lady's objections and carried her off, a willing captive, to the New World. All this, of course, after it had been proved that neither was she the wife of the wicked Sir Charles Denman nor had she attempted the murder of General Monk, afterward the Duke of Albemarle, for which she had been imprisoned.

All these things, of course, lead to complications in plenty. The book presents pictures of Charles II., his dissolute Court, and his bitter persecution of the Puritans and all followers of Cromwell, while, besides the Duke of York, afterward James II., John Bunyan, as an earnest preacher and victim of the King's wrath, finds his way into the tale.

HOFFMAN, Charles Fenno, an American poet and novelist; born at New York in 1806; died at Harrisburg, Pa., June 7, 1884. He entered Columbia College, but left without graduating; was admitted to the bar in 1827, but soon devoted himself to literature and journalism. He was the first editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine,* and subsequently of other periodicals. In 1846 he became editor of the *Literary World;* but three years later a mental disorder incapacitated him for intellectual labor, and the last thirty years of his life were passed in seclusion. In 1833 he made a horseback tour in the Northwest, an account of which was published under the title of *A Winter in the West.* In 1837 he published *Wild Scenes in Forest and Prairie,* and in 1846 *Greyslaer, a Romance of the Hudson.* He published at various times volumes of *Poems,* a complete collection of which, edited by his nephew, was brought out in 1874.

A MORNING HYMN.

"Let there be light!" The Eternal spoke;
And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flowed.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day came blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heavens and earth,
The God who first the day-beam poured,
Uttered again His fiat forth,
And shed the Gospel's light abroad.

And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall;
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flushes the signal light for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul,
To Him whose mercies, like His light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

### MONTEREY.

We were not many — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if then he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on — still on — our column kept
Through walls of flames its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stepped,
Still charging on the guns that swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

MARY AND THE MOON.

The moon is well enough, in her way, however you may look at her; but her appearance is, to say the least of it, peculiar to a man floating on his back in the centre of a stone tank with a dead wall of some fifteen or twenty feet rising squarely on every side of him (the young man smiled bitterly as he said this and shuddered once or twice before he went on musingly)! The last time I had noted the planet with any emotion she was on the wane. Mary was with me, I had brought her out here one morning to look at the view from the top of the Reservoir. She said little of the scene, but as we talked of our old childish loves, I saw that its fresh features were incorporating themselves with tender memories of the past, and I was content.

There was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and as my own spirits arose amid the voluptuous atmosphere she pointed to the waning planet, discernible like a faint gash in the welkin, and wondered how long it would be before the leaves would fall! Strange girl, did she mean to rebuke my joyous mood, as if we had no right to be happy while Nature, withering in her pomp, and the sickly moon wasting in the blaze of noontide, were there to remind us of "the gone-for-ever?" "They will all renew themselves, dear Mary," said I, encouragingly, "and there is one that will ever keep tryst alike with thee and Nature through all seasons, if thou wilt

be true to one of us, and remain as now a child of Nature."

A tear sprang to her eye, and then searching her pocket for her card-case, she remembered an engagement to be present at Miss Lawson's opening of fall bonnets, at two o'clock!

And yet, dear, wild, wayward Mary, I thought of her now. You have probably outlived this sort of thing, sir; but I, looking at the moon, as I floated there upturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved being whose tears I knew would flow when she heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet melancholy to awfulness.

And how often we have talked, too, of that Carian shepherd who spent his damp nights upon the hills, gazing as I do on the lustrous planet! Who will revel with her amid these old superstitions? Who, from our own unlegended woods, will evoke their yet undetected, haunting spirits? Who peer with her in prying scrutiny into Nature's laws, and challenge the whisperings of poetry from the voiceless throat of matter? Who laugh merrily of the stupid guesswork of pedants, that never mingled with the infinitude of Nature, through love exhaustless and all embracing, as we have? Poor girl, she will be companionless.

Also! companionless forever — save in the exciting stages of some brisk flirtation. She will live hereafter by feeding other hearts with love's lore she has learned from me, and then, Pygmalion-like, grow fond of the images she has herself endowed with semblance of divinity, until they seem to breathe back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one.

How anxious she will be lest the coroner shall have discovered any of her notes in my pocket! — *From The Man in the Reservoir — A Fantasie Piece.*

HOFFMANN, August Heinrich (called von Fallersleben, from his birthplace); a German poet and philologist; born in Hanover, Prussia, April 2, 1798; died at Höxter, Prussia, January 19, 1874. He was educated at Göttingen and at Bonn, and was destined for theology; but, under the influence of Grimm, became an enthusiastic student of Old German literature. On completing his university course he travelled in Germany and Holland, collecting from the peasantry the remains of old ballads preserved among them. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of the German Language and Literature in the University of Breslau. Besides performing his professional duties he published several philological works, a volume of ballad poetry of the Middle Ages, and some poems of his own. The appearance in 1840–41 of his *Unpolitical Songs,* a collection having more to do with politics than their title indicated, led to his dismissal from the university. For several years he wandered in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, everywhere studying the language and literature of the country he was in. In 1845 he established himself in Mecklenburg, and three years later was recalled to Berlin by the King, and was granted a pension from the Crown. In 1854 he went to Weimar, and was one of the editors of the *Year-Book.* The last thirteen years of his life he was librarian to the Duke of Ratibor. His principal philological and historical works are *Horæ Belgicæ* (1830–52); *Fundgruben für Geschichte deutscher Sprache und Literatur* (1830–37); *Geschichte des deutschen Kirchenliedes bis auf Luther* (1832); *Reineke Fuchs* (1834);

*Die deutsche Philologie in Grundriss* (1836); *Monumenta Elnonensia,* containing the *Ludwigslied,* discovered by Hoffmann in the library of Valenciennes (1837); *Gesellschaftslieder des 16ten und 17ten Jahrhunderts* (1844); *Spenden zur deutschen Literaturgeschichte* (1845), and *Beiträge zur Geschichte der deutschen Poesie* (1854). Among his poetical works are *Allemanischer Lieder* (1826); *Gedichte* (1834); *Unpolitische Lieder* (1840–41); *Fünfzig Kinderlieder* and *Deutsche Lieder aus der Schweiz* (1843); *Vierzig Kinderlieder* (1847); *Liebeslieder* (1850); *Heimathkläng* (1850); *Rheinleben* (1851); and *Lieder aus Weimar* (1856).

SONG OF AN EXILE.

Again my longing footsteps turned
To that lov'd spot whence I did roam;
To those who lov'd me I returned,
And hailed with joy my father's home.

Familiar songs, sweet music's strain,
Thrilled through my breast with holy joy.
My native home I saw again,
The realm of the once sportive boy.

'Neath blooming trees I hoped to find
The peaceful days that once I knew,
Recall my childhood's dreams to mind,
And like a child rejoice anew.

Bent o'er my staff, I longed to cease
My weary pilgrimage so sad,
Till in the garden-ground of peace
My mother's grave in green was clad.

But no! the spring I may not see
Again in my paternal home;

I am an exile, and must flee,
Alone in the wide world to roam.
— *Translation of* BASKERVILLE.

THE LANSQUENET'S SONG AT THE FAIR.

Each with most rapture, his own doth behold;
This one his maiden, and that one his gold.

Others may strive for possessions of gold,
Hearts that are honest walk upright and bold.

Were I beggar, thou rich and of birth,
Doth not love make us both equal on earth?

Want also maketh me equal to you,
Death will take one day the emperor too.

Wherefore so mournful? Dost deem it amiss,
That thou didst lately present me a kiss?

Keep it I will not, 'twould bring me no gain;
Back will I give it, there, take it again!
— *Translation of* BASKERVILLE.

GERMAN NATIONAL WEALTH.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Confederation protocols;
Heaps of tax and budget rolls;
A whole ship-load of skins, to fill
With proclamations just at will.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!

A brave supply of corporals' canes;
Of living suits a hundred wains;
Cockades, gay caps to fill a house, and
Armorial buttons a hundred thousand.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Chamberlains' keys; a pile of sacks;
Books of full-blood — descents in packs;
Dog-chains and sword-chains by the ton;
Of order-ribbons bales twenty-one.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Skull-caps, periwigs, old-world airs;
Crutches, privileges, easy-chairs;
Councillors' titles, private lists,
Nine hundred and ninety thousand chests.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Receipts for tax, toll, christening, wedding, and funeral
Passports and wonder-books great and small;
Plenty of rules for censors' inspections,
And just three million police-directions.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

— *Translation of* BASKERVILLE.

HOFFMANN, Ernst Theodor Wilhelm, a German novelist; born at Königsberg, Prussia, January 24, 1776; died at Berlin, June 25, 1822. He was first sent to the German Reformed School of Königsberg, where he neglected his lessons, but applied himself to music and drawing. From school he entered the University of Königsberg, studied law, graduated in 1795, and while waiting for practice, gave lessons in music and painting. He also wrote two novels, *Cornaro* and *Der Geheimnissvolle,* for which he was unable to find a publisher. In 1796 he went to Glogau as assistant to an uncle, a lawyer. He now studied law assiduously, passed his second examination in 1798, and became Referendary in the Supreme Court at Berlin. Having passed his final examination qualifying him for the office of judge in the highest courts of Prussia, he was recommended as Councillor in the Supreme Court of Posen. Here he led a dissipated life. At length he executed a number of caricatures, satirizing the society of Posen. These were distributed at a masquerade ball, by a friend disguised as an Italian hawker of pictures. As Hoffmann's cleverness at caricature was well known, his authorship of the drawings was immediately guessed, and the indignation against him was so strong that his appointment as Councillor to the Court of Posen was exchanged for one at Plock, on the Vistula. Thither he went with his young Polish wife, and there he remained for two years, devoting his leisure to the study of music and Italian poetry. In 1804 he was transferred to Warsaw, where he became conductor of the orchestra. After the fall of Warsaw he sent his

wife and children to Posen. After his recovery from a severe illness he went to Berlin to obtain some employment. He obtained the post of musical director at the theatre of Bamberg; the theatre became bankrupt, and he was reduced to occasional employment as a musical composer. He now turned to authorship, and published in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* a series afterward collected in 1814 under the title of *Fantasiestücke in Callott Manier.*

With an assured position and good income, he was henceforth released from anxiety. *Die Elixire des Teufels* (1816) was followed by *Nachtstücke* (1817), a collection of tales. In 1819 appeared *Die Seltsamen Leiden eines Theaterdirektor's,* illustrating the history of the German stage, and *Klein Zaches genannt Zinnober,* a fantastic tale. Among his later works are *Der Artushof; Der Fermata; Doge und Dogeresse; Meister Martin der Keifner und seine Gesellen; Das Fräulein von Scudéri* and *Signor Formica.* The best of his longer works, *Lebensansichten des Katers Murr,* appeared in 1821–22. It was not completed. In addition to his literary work he composed the music to Fouqué's opera of *Undine.*

### THE PYRAMID DOCTOR.

Celebrated people commonly have many ill things said of them, whether well-founded or not. And no exception was made in the case of that admirable painter, Salvator Rosa, whose living pictures cannot fail to impart a keen and characteristic delight to those who look upon them. At the time that Salvator's fame was ringing through Naples, Rome, and Tuscany — nay, through all Italy — and painters who were desirous of gaining applause were striving to imitate his peculiar and unique style, his envious and malicious rivals were laboring to spread abroad all sorts of evil reports in-

tended to sully with ugly black stains the glorious splendor of his artistic fame. They affirmed that he had at a former period of his life belonged to a company of banditti, and that it was to his experiences during this lawless time that he owed all the wild, fierce, fantastically attired figures which he introduced into his pictures, just as the gloomy fearful wilderness of his landscape — the *selve selvagge* (savage woods) — to use Dante's expression, were faithful representations of the haunts where they lay hidden.

What was worse still, they openly charged him with having been concerned in the atrocious and bloody revolt which had been set on foot by the notorious Masaniello in Naples. They even described the share he had taken in it, down to the minutest details. I do not believe that Salvator had any share in Masaniello's bloody deeds; on the contrary, I think it was the horrors of that fearful time which drove him from Naples to Rome, where he arrived a poor, poverty-stricken fugitive, just at the time that Masaniello fell.

Not over well-dressed, and with a scanty purse containing not more than a few bright sequins in his pocket, he crept through the gate just after nightfall. Somehow or other — he didn't exactly know how — he wandered as far as the Piazza Navona. In better times he had once lived there in a large house near the Pamfili Palace. With an ill-tempered growl, he gazed up at the large plate-glass windows glistening and glimmering in the moonlight. "Hm!" he exclaimed, "it'll cost me dozens of yards of colored canvas before I can open my studio up there again." But all at once he felt as if paralyzed in every limb, and at the same moment more weak and feeble than he had ever felt in his life before. "But shall I," he murmured between his teeth as he sank down upon the stone steps leading up to the house-door, "shall I really be able to finish canvas enough in the way the fools want it done? Hm! I have a notion that that will be the end of it!"

A cold, cutting night wind blew down the street. Salvator recognized the necessity of seeking a shelter. Rising with difficulty, he staggered on into the Corso, and

then turned into the Via Bergogna. At length he stopped before a little house with only a couple of windows, inhabited by a poor widow and her two daughters. This woman had taken him in for little pay the first time he came to Rome, an unknown stranger noticed of nobody: and so he hoped again to find a lodging with her, such as would be best suited to the sad condition in which he then was.

He knocked confidently at the door, and several times called out his name aloud. At last he heard the old woman slowly and reluctantly wakening up out of her sleep. She shuffled to the window in her slippers, and began to rain down a shower of abuse upon the knave who was come to worry her in this way in the middle of the night; her house was not a wine-shop, etc. Then there ensued a good deal of cross-questioning before she recognized her former lodger's voice; but on Salvator's complaining that he had fled from Naples and was unable to find a shelter in Rome, the old dame cried, "By all the blessed saints of heaven! Is that you, Signor Salvator? Well now, your little room up above, that looks on to the court, is still standing empty, and the old fig-tree has pushed its branches right through the window and into the room, so that you can sit and work like as if you was in a beautiful cool arbor. Ay, and how pleased my girls will be that you have come back again, Signor Salvator. But d'ye know, my Margarita's grown a big girl and fine-looking? You won't give her any more rides on your knee now. And — your little pussy, just fancy, three months ago she choked herself with a fish-bone. Ah well, we all shall come to the grave at last. But, d'ye know, my fat neighbor, whom you so often laughed at and so often painted in such funny ways — d'ye know, she *did* marry that young fellow, Signor Luigi, after all. Ah, well! marriages and magistrates are made in heaven, they say."

"But," cried Salvator, interrupting the old woman, "but, Signora, Caterina, I entreat you by the blessed saints, do, pray, let me in, and then tell me all about your fig-tree and your daughters, your cat and your fat neighbor — I am perishing of weariness and cold."

"Bless me, how impatient we are," rejoined the old woman; "*Chi va piano va sano, chi va presto more lesto,* I tell you. But you are tired, you are cold; where are the keys? quick with the keys!"

But the old woman still had to wake up her daughters and kindle a fire, but oh! she was such a long time about it — such a long, long time. At last she opened the door and let poor Salvator in; but scarcely had he crossed the threshold than, overcome by fatigue and illness, he dropped on the floor as if dead. Happily the widow's son, who generally lived at Tivoli, chanced to be at his mother's that night. He was at once turned out of his bed to make room for the sick guest, which he willingly submitted to.

The old woman was very fond of Salvator, putting him, as far as his artistic powers went, above all the painters in the world; and in everything that he did she also took the greatest pleasure. She was therefore quite beside herself to see him in this lamentable condition, and wanted to run off to the neighboring monastery to fetch her father confessor, that he might come and fight against the adverse power of the disease with consecrated candles or some powerful amulet or other. On the other hand, her son thought it would be almost better to see about getting an experienced physician at once, and off he ran to the Spanish Square, where he knew the distinguished Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni dwelt. No sooner did the Doctor learn that the painter Salvator Rosa lay ill in the Via Vergogna than he at once declared himself ready to call early and see the patient.

Salvator lay unconscious, struck down by a most severe attack of fever. The old dame had hung up two or three pictures of saints above his bed, and was praying fervently. The girls, though bathed in tears, exerted themselves from time to time to get the sick man to swallow a few drops of the cooling lemonade which they had made, whilst their brother, who had taken his place at the head of the bed, wiped the cold sweat from his brow. And so morning found them, when, with a

loud creak, the door opened, and the distinguished Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni entered the room.

If Salvator had not been so seriously ill that the two girls' hearts were melted in grief, they would, I think — for they were in general frolicsome and saucy — have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the Doctor's extraordinary appearance instead of retiring shyly, as they did, into the corner, greatly alarmed.

It will indeed be worth while to describe the outward appearance of the little man who presented himself at Dame Caterina's in the Via Bergogna in the gray of the morning. In spite of all his excellent capabilities for growth, Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni had not been able to advance beyond the respectable stature of four feet. Moreover, in the days of his youth, he had been distinguished for his elegant figure, so that, before his head, always indeed somewhat ill-shaped, and his big cheeks, and his stately double chin had put on too much fat, before his nose had grown bulky and spread, owing to overmuch indulgence in Spanish snuff, and before his little belly had assumed the shape of a wine-tub from too much fattening on macaroni, the priestly cut of garment which he at that time had affected had suited him down to the ground. He was then in truth a pretty little man, and accordingly the Roman ladies had styled him their *caro puppazetto* (sweet little pet). That, however, was now a thing of the past. A German painter, seeing Doctor Splendiano walking across the Spanish Square, said — and he was perhaps not far from wrong — that it looked as if some strapping fellow of six feet or so had walked away from his own head which had fallen on the shoulders of a little marionette clown, who now had to carry it about as his own. This curious little figure walked about in patchwork — an immense quantity of pieces of Venetian damask of a large flower-pattern that had been cut up in making a dressing-gown; high up round his waist he had buckled a broad leather belt, from which an excessively long rapier hung; whilst his snow-white wig was surmounted by a high conical cap, not unlike the obelisk in St. Peter's Square. Since the said wig, like a piece of texture all tumbled and tangled

spread out thick and wide all over his back, it might very well be taken for the cocoon out of which the fine silkworm had crept.

The worthy Splendiano Accoramboni stared through his big, bright spectacles, with his eyes wide open, first at his patient, then at Dame Caterina. Calling her aside, he croaked with bated breath: "There lies our talented painter Salvator Rosa, and he's lost if my skill doesn't save him, Dame Caterina. Pray tell me when he came to lodge with you? Did he bring many beautiful large pictures with him?"

"Ah! my dear Doctor," replied Dame Caterina, "the poor fellow only came last night. And as for pictures — why, I don't know nothing about them; but there's a big box below, and Salvator begged me to take very good care of it, before he became senseless like what he now is. I dare say there's a fine picture packed in it, as he painted in Naples."

What Dame Caterina said was, however, a falsehood; but we shall soon see that she had good reasons for imposing upon the Doctor in this way.

"Good! Very good!" said the Doctor, simpering and stroking his beard; then, with as much solemnity as his long rapier, which kept catching in all the chairs and tables he came near, would allow, he approached the sick man and felt his pulse, snorting and wheezing, so that it had a most curious effect in the midst of the reverential silence which had fallen upon all the rest. Then he ran over in Greek and Latin the names of a hundred and twenty diseases that Salvator had not, then almost as many which he might have had, and concluded by saying that on the spur of the moment he didn't recollect the name of his disease, but that he would within a short time find a suitable one for it, and along therewith the proper remedies as well. Then he took his departure with the same solemnity with which he had entered, leaving them all full of trouble and anxiety.

At the bottom of the steps the Doctor requested to see Salvator's box. Dame Caterina showed him one — in which were two or three of her deceased husband's cloaks now laid aside, and some old worn-out shoes.

The Doctor smilingly tapped the box on this side and on that, and remarked in a tone of satisfaction, "We shall see! We shall see!"

Some hours later he returned with a very beautiful name for his patient's disease, and brought with him some big bottles of an evil-smelling potion, which he directed to be given to the patient constantly. This was a work of no little trouble, for Salvator showed the greatest aversion for — utter loathing of — the stuff, which looked, and smelt, and tasted, as if it had been concocted from Acheron itself.

Whether it was that the disease, since it had now received a name, and in consequence really signified something, had only just begun to put forth its virulence, or whether it was that Splendiano's potion made too much of a disturbance inside the patient — it is at any rate certain that the poor painter grew weaker and weaker from day to day, from hour to hour. And notwithstanding Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni's assurance that, after the vital process had reached a state of perfect equilibrium, he would give it a new start, like the pendulum of a clock, they were all very doubtful as to Salvator's recovery, and thought that the Doctor had perhaps already given the pendulum such a violent start that the mechanism was quite impaired.

Now it happened one day that when Salvator seemed scarcely able to move a finger he was suddenly seized with the paroxysm of fever; in a momentary accession of fictitious strength he leapt out of bed, seized the full medicine-bottles, and hurled them fiercely out of the window. Just at this moment Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni was entering the house, when two or three bottles came bang upon his head, smashing all to pieces, whilst the brown liquid ran in streams all down his wig and face and ruff. Hastily rushing into the house, he screamed like a madman.

"Signor Salvator has gone out of his mind, he's become insane; no skill can save him now, he'll be dead in ten minutes. Give me the picture. Dame Caterina, give me the picture — it's mine, the scanty reward of all my trouble. Give me the picture, I say."

But when Dame Caterina opened the box, and Doctor Splendiano saw nothing but the old cloaks and torn shoes, his eyes spun round in his head like a pair of fire-wheels; he gnashed his teeth; he stamped; he consigned poor Salvator, the widow, and all the family to the devil; then he rushed out of the house like an arrow from a bow, or as if he had been shot from a cannon.

After the violence of the paroxysm had spent itself, Salvator again relapsed into a death-like condition. Dame Caterina was fully persuaded that his end was really come, and away she sped as fast as she could to the monastery, to fetch Father Boniface, that he might come and administer the sacrament to the dying man. Father Boniface came and looked at the sick man; he said he was well acquainted with the peculiar signs which approaching death is wont to stamp upon the human countenance, but that for the present there were no indications of them on the face of the insensible Salvator. Something might still be done, and he would procure help at once, only Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni, with his Greek names and infernal medicines, was not to be allowed to cross the threshold again. The good Father set out at once, and we shall see later that he kept his word about sending the promised help.

Salvator recovered consciousness again; he fancied he was lying in a beautiful flower-scented arbor, for green boughs and leaves were interlacing above his head. He felt a salutary warmth glowing in his veins, but it seemed to him as if, somehow, his left arm was bound fast.

"Where am I?" he asked in a faint voice. Then a handsome young man, who had stood at his bedside, but whom he had not noticed until just now, threw himself upon his knees, and grasping Salvator's right hand, kissed it and bathed it with tears, as he cried again and again: "Oh! my dear sir! my noble master! now it's all right; you are saved, you'll get better."

"But do tell me"— began Salvator, when the young man begged him not to exert himself, for he was too weak to talk; he would tell him all that happened.

"You see, my esteemed and excellent sir," began the young man, "you see you were very ill when you came

from Naples, but your condition was not, I warrant, by any means so dangerous but that a few simple remedies would soon have set you, with your strong constitution, on your legs again, had you not through Carlo's well-intentioned blunder in running off for the nearest physician fallen into the hands of the redoubtable Pyramid Doctor, who was making all preparations for bringing you to your grave."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Salvator, laughing heartily, notwithstanding the feeble state he was in. "What do you say?—the Pyramid Doctor? Ay, ay, although I was very ill, I saw that the little knave in damask patchwork, who condemned me to drink his horrid, loathsome devil's brew, wore on his head the obelisk from St. Peter's Square—and so that's why you call him the Pyramid Doctor?"

"Why, good heavens!" said the young man, likewise laughing, "Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni must have come to see you in his ominous conical nightcap; and, do you know, you may see it flashing every morning from his window in the Spanish Square like a portentous meteor. But it's not by any means owing to this cap that he's called the Pyramid Doctor; for that there's quite another reason. Doctor Splendiano is a great lover of pictures, and possesses in truth quite a choice collection, which he has gained by a practice of a peculiar nature. With eager cunning he lies in wait for painters and their illnesses. More especially he loves to get foreign artists into his toils; let them but eat an ounce or two of macaroni too much, or drink a glass more Syracuse than is altogether good for them, he will afflict them with first one and then another disease, designating it by a formidable name, and proceeding at once to cure them of it. He generally bargains for a picture as the price of his attendance; and as it is only specially obstinate constitutions which are able to stand his powerful remedies, it generally happens that he gets his picture out of the chattels left by the poor foreigner, who meanwhile has been carried to the Pyramid of Cestius, and buried there. It need hardly be said that Signor Splendiano always picks out the best of the pictures the

painter has finished, and also does not forget to bid the men to take several others along with it. The cemetery near the Pyramid of Cestius is Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni's cornfield, which he diligently cultivates, and for that reason he is called the Pyramid Doctor. Dame Caterina had taken great pains, of course with the best intentions, to make the Doctor believe that you had brought a fine picture with you; you may imagine therefore with what eagerness he concocted his potions for you. It was a fortunate thing that in the paroxysm of fever you threw the Doctor's bottle at his head; it was also a fortunate thing that he left you in anger, and no less fortunate was it that Dame Caterina, who believed you were in the agonies of death, fetched Father Boniface to come and administer to you the sacrament. Father Boniface understands something of the art of healing; he formed a correct diagnosis of your condition and fetched me. I hastened here, opened a vein in your left arm, and you were saved. Then we brought you up into this cool, airy room that you formerly occupied. Look, there's the easel which you left behind you; yonder are a few sketches which Dame Caterina has treasured up as if they were relics. The virulence of your disease is subdued; simple remedies, such as Father Boniface can prepare, are all you want, except good nursing, to bring back your strength again. And now permit me once more to kiss this hand — this creative hand that charms from Nature her deepest secrets and clothes them in living form. Permit poor Antonio Scacciati to pour out all the gratitude and immeasurable joy of his heart that Heaven has granted him to save the life of our great and noble painter, Salvator Rosa."— *Signor Formica, in The Serapion Brethren.*

HOFLAND, BARBARA WREAKS, an English novelist; born at Sheffield in 1770; died in 1844. She was the author of about seventy works, many of which had a wide circulation. Among them are *The Daughter-in-Law; Emily; The Son of a Genius; Beatrice; Says She to Her Neighbor; What? The Unloved One; The Czarina; The Merchant's Widow; Ellen, the Teacher; Adelaide; Humility; Fortitude; Decision; Integrity; The Clergyman's Widow; Daniel Dennison; Self Denial; Tales of the Priory,* and *Tales of the Manor.*

### LABORS OF LOVE.

Left in a great measure to his own management, Ludovico now worked incessantly, and when he had finished a little parcel of pictures, took them out into the neighboring villages of this populous district for sale; a circumstance of great utility to him, as the exercise he was thus obliged to take was of the greatest use to his health.

Among other objects of Ludovico's compassion was an old woman who sold matches, mop-thrums, and little paper bags for the maids to put feathers in. He inquired of this poor woman what she gave for the last; to which she answered by complaining that she had only two left, and could get no more.

Ludovico, after examining one, bought it of her: as he did so, these words passed his mind, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I *have* give I unto thee"; his eyes filled with tears as he looked at the withered face and gray locks of the poor old woman; and as it ever was his custom to run away when his feelings were awakened, he scampered out of sight before the old woman had time to perceive that he had given her threepence for her twopenny bag.

"Now the blessing of God go with thee, my bonny

bairn," said the old woman; for she was convinced by the look of the boy that it was done intentionally.

"No need to bless he for an odd penny," said a woman who was standing by: "why, Goody, that's the boy as sells the pictures all about: he's bought your bag on purpose for a pattern, and by next market-day he'll be selling a whole mess of 'em; ye'll see that."

"Well, well, we mun all live," said the poor dame.

On the next market-day Ludovico was seen as usual silently standing in Briggate with his pictures; and something folded in a newspaper under his arm; he had now been regularly working for several months, and his sale was of course not so rapid as at first, especially as he had raised his prices. Just as he had finished bargaining with a cobbler who wished for a painting to ornament his stall, he cast his eye upon the old woman with her match-basket; and springing gladly forward, he opened his little parcel and produced nine neat paper bags, very prettily made, which he silently put into her hand.

"An' what mun I gie thee for these, my lad? they be jist what I wanted."

"Nothing, nothing at all, you are welcome," said Ludovico, as he spoke trying to escape the old woman's surprise and thanks, by edging his way backward into the crowd. At this moment a loud altercation was taking place between two corn-factors, one of whom, in an angry voice, was repeating the words —

"'Tis false, I tell you, false altogether; I paid you for the second load, along with the other, as my receipt will show."

"I shall believe the receipt when I see it, but not till then; for the twenty-eight pounds stands in my book uncrossed; whereas the fifty pounds is jist as it ought to be made, received all in order."

"More *shame* for *you,* not settling your books; but I'll *convince* you; I'll *prove* to you," said the first in a very angry tone, taking out his pocket-book, and turning over the leaves with great agitation. At this very moment poor Ludovico had the ill luck to jostle the angry man in his retreat, who, in the moment of vexa-

tion, gave him such a violent blow that many of the papers in his pocket-book fell out: the book was full of bills, for he was going to make a large payment, and the consciousness of his folly instantly calmed his anger. He gathered his papers up as well as he could, looking in vain for the receipt, which he declared he possessed, and proposed stepping into the hotel to examine more minutely the contents of the disarranged pocket-book; saying at the same time, "I believe I have lost nothing; but that is more by good luck than good looking after."

This was more than Ludovico could say, for he had not only got a hard blow, but his pictures were all thrown down on the dirty stones, which were wet from a recent shower, and the labors of a week were lost in a moment. The poor woman would have wiped them for him, but Ludovico, knowing all was lost, hastily clapped them together, and was departing, when he perceived something of paper sticking to his foot, which he had no doubt had come from the angry man's pocket-book; an idea which was instantly confirmed by perceiving that it was a Luds bank-note for five guineas.

Ludovico had that morning counted his store, which with the stock he hoped to dispose of that day amounted to something more than three pounds. He looked wistfully at the bill — "Five pounds five, and three pounds seven," said he inwardly, "make eight pounds ten. Oh, that this were mine!"

"*Thine,* honey! it is thine to be sure, and much good may thee have of it," said the old woman.

"Nay, Goody, it is the gentleman's that struck me."

"More brute he! but I doesn't think it be his'n, for he said he had got *all* that belonged to him, and many a man as rich as he has gone over these stones to-day. Take it, child, take it; 'tis a Godsend to thee for helping a poor old woman."

This was indeed persuasive logic, and for a moment Ludovico yielded to it, but the next convinced him that he ought at least to inquire for the gentleman who had owned the pocket-book, persuading himself that as he seemed a rich man, even if he had lost the bill, he might perhaps give it him; he therefore hastened after him

JAMES HOGG.

to the hotel, but having no name or description to give of the gentleman sufficiently clear, he could gain no attention, and was at length turned out by the waiter. As he was making his way to the prison in order at last to make his mother acquainted with the whole affair, he saw the very person he wanted riding past him in full gallop; Ludovico called out to him to stop, but the gentlemen remembering him only by the blow he had given him, did *not* stop; he threw a shilling on the pavement to the boy, and pursued his course as fast as a good horse could carry him.

Several people who witnessed this transaction asked Ludovico why he wanted the person to stop; to which he replied by eagerly asking his name: they were all ignorant, and united in saying they did not think he was a person who regularly frequented their market, as they had never seen him before.— *The Son of a Genius.*

---

HOGG, JAMES, a Scottish poet, known as "The Ettrick Shepherd;" born at Ettrick, January 25, 1770; died at Eltrive Lake, November 21, 1835. He sprang from a family of shepherds, and his youth and early manhood were passed in the same occupation. From the age of eighteen to twenty-seven he was in the employ of a Scottish laird, who allowed him free access to his considerable library, and he thus managed to repair the defects of his early education. In 1801 he went to Edinburgh, in order to sell a few sheep, and he then published a small volume of poems under the title of *Scottish Pastorals, Poems, and Songs.* A little later Sir Walter Scott, who was collecting materials for his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders,* became acquainted with Hogg, who furnished him with a number of ballads; and in 1803 pub-

lished another volume of poems, *The Mountain Bard.* After several unsuccessful attempts at farming, Hogg, in 1810, went to Edinburgh where he contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine,* and figures largely as an interlocutor in Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosianæ.* In 1813 he published *The Queen's Wake,* his most popular poem. In 1831 he went to London to superintend the publication of a collection of his works, which extended to eleven small volumes, which were in 1869 issued in two volumes. A pension of £100 was awarded to his wife from the Literary Fund, which she enjoyed for more than thirty years. His "Bonny Kilmeny," a fairy story, which forms a part of *The Queen's Wake,* stands high among works of its class, and some of his ballads and songs possess decided merit. His prose works are of very unequal merit, none of them ranking very high. Among them are *Jacobite Relics; The Three Perils of Man; The Three Perils of Woman; The Eltrive Tales;* and *Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott.*

### BONNY KILMENY.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it was na to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring —
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung from the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeney was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the deadbell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin', when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain —
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane —
When the ingle lowed with an eyrie leme —
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!
"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den —
By lin, by ford, and green-wood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And those roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace;
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of Heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kenned nae mair, nor opened her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.
She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped with the bars of the rainbow's rim:
And lovely beings around were rife,
Who erst had traveled mortal life;
And aye they smiled and 'gan to speir:
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?
Oh, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again —
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear —
Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the joys you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be." . . .

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But oh! the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kenned na whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the Land of Thought again.

### A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,

Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel-bank is sweetest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

### WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

Oh, what will a' the lads do
  When Maggy gangs away?
Oh, what will a' the lads do
  When Maggy gangs away;
There's no a heart in a' the glen
  That disna dread the day;
Oh, what will a' the lads do
  When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
  A waeful wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't
  An' laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
  An' learnin' fast to pray;
And oh, what will the lads do
  When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
  Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said — in confidence —
  The lassie was divine;
And that is mair in maiden's praise
  Than ony priest should say;
But oh, what will the lads do
  When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
  That day will quaver high;
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood
  The leverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
  Will rise an' join the lay;
An' hey! what a day will be
  When Maggy gangs away!

---

HOLBACH, Paul Heinrich Dietrich, Baron von, a German philosopher; born at Heidelsheim, Baden, in 1723; died at Paris, January 21, 1789. In early life he was taken by his father to Paris, where he afterward resided. He was a professed enemy to Christianity and an avowed materialist. His first publications were translations of German scientific works. In 1759 he edited the works of Boulanger, under whose name he published, in 1767, *Le Christianisme dévoilé, ou Examen des Principes et des Effets de la Religion révélée,* and *L'Esprit du Clergé ou le Christianisme primitif vengé des Enterprises et des Excès de nos Prêtres modernes.* The latter work was sentenced to be burned by the public executioner. In 1770, under the name of "Mirabaud," he published *Le Système de la Nature, ou des*

*Lois du Monde physique et moral,* a work, the moral tone of which shocked Voltaire, and caused Goethe to declare that he recoiled from it in abhorrence. Both Voltaire and Frederick the Great wrote in answer to it. Other works of Holbach are *Le Bons Sens, ou Idées naturelles opposées aux Idées surnaturelles* (1772); *Le Systeme social, ou les Principes naturels de la Morale et de la Politique* (1773), and *La Morale universelle, ou les Devoirs de l'Homme fondés sur la Nature* (1776).

SERIOUS RESULTS FROM TRIVIAL CAUSES.

If man was to judge of causes by their effects, there would be no small causes in the universe. In a nature where everything is connected; where everything acts and reacts, moves and changes, composes and decomposes, forms and destroys, there is not an atom which does not play an important and necessary part; there is not an imperceptible particle, however minute, which, placed in convenient circumstances, does not operate the most prodigious effects. If man was in a capacity to follow the eternal chain, to pursue the concatenated links that connect with their causes all the effects he witnesses, without losing sight of any one of its rings, if he could unravel the ends of those insensible threads that give impulse to the thought, decision to the will, direction to the passions of those men who are called mighty according to their actions, he would find that they are true atoms which Nature employs to move the moral world; that it is the unexpected but necessary junction of these indiscernible particles of matter, it is their aggregation, their combination, their proportion, their fermentation, which, modifying the individual by degrees, in despite of himself, and frequently without his own knowledge, make him think, will, and act in a determinate and necessary mode. If the will and the actions of this individual have an influence over a great number of other men, here is the moral world in a state of

great combustion. Too much acrimony in the bile of a fanatic, blood too much inflamed in the heart of a conqueror, a painful indigestion in the stomach of a monarch, a whim that passes in the mind of a woman, are sometimes causes sufficient to bring on war, to send millions of men to the slaughter, to root out an entire people, to overthrow walls, to reduce cities into ashes, to plunge nations into slavery, to put a whole people into mourning, to breed famine in a land, to engender pestilence, to propagate calamity, to extend misery, to spread desolation far and wide upon the surface of our globe, through a long series of ages.— *System of Nature.*

---

HOLBERG, Ludwig, Baron von, a Danish dramatist; born at Bergen, Norway, December 3, 1684; died at Copenhagen, January 28, 1754. He was educated at the College of Bergen, and at the University of Copenhagen, where he received his degree in 1704. He then applied himself to the study of modern languages, supporting himself by teaching. In 1706 he traveled in Holland. A severe illness compelled him to return to Norway, and he established himself at Christiania and as a teacher of languages. Having saved a little money, he went to Oxford and spent several months in study, gaining his livelihood by giving lessons on the violin and the flute. On his return to Copenhagen he began to lecture at the university, but his lectures were not well attended, and in 1709 he accompanied a young man of fortune on his travels in Holland. Again in Copenhagen he resumed teaching, and wrote, but did not print, his first work, a *Universal History.* The King, Frederick IV., presented him with the Rosenkrantz grant of 100

rix-dollars for four years. He then visited, chiefly on foot, most of the countries of Europe, and returned to Denmark in 1716. Two years afterward he published an *Introduction to Natural and Popular Law,* and was appointed Professor of Metaphysics in the University of Copenhagen. In 1720 he was given the more lucrative chair of Eloquence. Under the pseudonym of "Hans Mikkelsen," he had published in 1719 the serio-comic epic of *Peder Paars,* a satire on contemporary manners.

With the opening of the Danish theatre, in 1721, Holberg determined to create a taste for Danish comedy. Until this time all plays acted in Denmark were written in either French or German. The first of his original pieces performed was *Den Politiske Kandstöber* (The Political Tinsmith), which had an extraordinary success. Before the close of 1722 he produced four more successful plays, *Den Vögelsindede; Jean de France; Jeppe of the Mountain,* and *Gert the Westphalian.* Among his comedies, written in 1723, are *Barselstuen; Jakob von Thyboe; Den Bundeslöse, Don Ranudo,* and *Melampe.* His most famous comedy of 1724 was *Henrik and Pernille.* He continued his dramatic labors until 1728. In 1731 he collected his comedies. His later works were historical, philosophical, and statistical. Among them are a *Description of Denmark and Norway* (1729); *Description of Bergen* (1737); *Universal Church History* (1738); *Stories of Heroes and Heroines* (1739–45); *History of the Jews* (1742); *Moral Reflections* (1744); *Moral Fables* (1751); and five volumes of *Epistles.* His only poem published in these years was *The Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klim* (1741), published first in Latin, and afterward trans-

lated into Danish. To Holberg Danish literature owes its existence. His genius created it. Before his time it was said that "a man wrote Latin to his friends, talked French to the ladies, called his dogs in German, and used Danish only to swear at his servants."

The selection given is from *The Political Tinsmith.* This man thinks that the government is badly administered, and that he can set it right. He and his friends hold political meetings, while his business goes to rack and ruin. He is in danger of arrest, when someone proposes to cure him by letting him try his hand at government. The members of the Council tell him that he has been chosen Burgomaster of Hamburg; their wives call on his. All sorts of applicants for justice appear; sailors with bludgeons threaten him; two opposed counsel appeal to him, and convince him that both are right. Driven to the verge of lunacy, he begs his apprentice to take the Burgomastership off his hands, and permit him to be only Herman the Tinsmith.

FROM THE POLITICAL TINSMITH.

[GESKE, wife of HERMAN, the tinsmith; HENRICH, the apprentice.]

*Geske.*— Henrich!

*Henrich.*— Ay!

*Ges.*— Henrich, from this time you must not speak in that way; don't you know what has happened to us?

*Hen.*— No; I never heard.

*Ges.*— My husband has become Burgomaster.

*Hen.*— Of where?

*Ges.*— Of where? — why of Hamburg!

*Hen.*— The duce, is he? That was indeed the devil of a tinsmith!

*Herman.*— Henrich, speak with more discretion; you must know that you are now the lackey of a great man.

*Hen.*— Lackey! am I raised so high?

*Her.*— You may rise yet higher. You may in time be the servant of a gentleman of property. Only be silent. You may some day have to drive, lackey, until I can get a servant. He can wear my brown coat, dear heart! till we can get his livery ready.

*Ges.*— But I am afraid it will be too long for him.

*Her.*— Yes, to be sure it will be too long, but one must help one's self at a pinch as one can.

*Hen.*— It will reach down to my heels! I shall look like a Jewish High Priest.

*Her.*— Listen, Henrich!

*Hen.*— Yes, master.

*Her.*— Fellow, don't give me such titles any more! When I call you, you must answer, Sir! and when anybody comes to inquire for me, you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster von Bremenfeld is at home!"

*Hen.*— Must I say so, sir, whether you are at home or not?

*Her.*— What nonsense! When I am not home you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster von Bremenfeld is not at home;" and when I don't wish to be at home, you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster does not give audience to-day." [*To Geske.*] Listen, dear heart! you must directly have coffee ready, that you may have something to entertain the aldermen's ladies when they come; for our reputation will hereafter depend upon people being able to say, "The Burgomaster von Bremenfeld gave good dinners and his lady good coffee." I am very much afraid, dear heart, that you will make some mistake until you are accustomed to the high position to which you are advanced. Now let Henrich run out and fetch in a tea-tray and some cups, and let the girl run and get six-pennyworths of coffee, we can buy more afterward. This must be a rule to you, dear heart! that you don't talk much until you have learned how properly to discourse. You must not be too humble, but stand upon what is befitting you, and labor, above everything, to put the old tinman-life out of your head, and imagine that you have been the Burgomaster's lady for many years. In the morning there must always be a tea-table ready

prepared for callers, and in the afternoon coffee, and with the coffee, cards. There is a certain game at cards called "Allumber," which I would give a hundred rix-dollars, that you and our daughter, Miss Angelica, understood. You must therefore pay great attention when you see anybody playing it, that you may learn it. In the morning you should lie in bed till nine or half-past, because it is only the common people who in summer get up with the sun; yet on Sundays you may get up rather earlier, as on that day I shall drive for my health's sake. You must have a handsome snuff-box, which you may have lying on the table beside you when you play at cards. And when anybody drinks your health, you must not say, thank you, but *très humble serviteur*. And when you yawn, you need not hold up your hand before your mouth, for that is not customary with fine folks. And when you are in company, you need not be too particular, but set prudery somewhat aside.

But listen, I had forgot something; you should also have a lap-dog, of which you must be as fond as of your own daughter, for that too is genteel. Our neighbor Arianke has a pretty little dog which she will lend you till we can get one of our own. You must give your dog a French name, which I will hunt out for you, when I have a little time to spare. It must always lie in your lap, and you must kiss it at least half a score times, when company is by.

*Ges.*— Nay, my good husband! that I cannot possibly do; for one never knows in what dirt a dog has lain. One should get one's mouth full of filth and fleas.

*Her.*— What nonsense! If you will be a lady you must have the whims of a lady. Besides, a dog can also furnish you with something to talk about; for when you have nothing else to say, you can relate the peculiarities and good qualities of your dog. Do only as I tell you, dear heart! I understand the genteel world better than you do. Take me only as your model, and you shall see that there will not be a single fragment of the old tinsmith left about me. I shall not do as a certain butcher did who, when he became alderman, after he had written on one side of a sheet of paper, and wanted

to turn over, stuck his pen in his mouth as he had been used to with his butcher's knife. Now go in and give your directions. I have something to say to Henrich alone.— *Translation of* WM. HOWITT.

---

HOLCROFT, THOMAS, an English dramatist and novelist; born at London, December 10, 1745; died there, March 23, 1809. His father was a shoemaker and keeper of a livery-stable, and the son was his assistant. In time he became trainer of a race-horse at Newmarket, was subsequently a schoolmaster, and finally went upon the stage. At the time of the French Revolution he fell under the suspicions of Government, and in company with Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and others, was indicted for high treason. Some of the persons indicted were formally acquitted; others, among whom was Holcroft, were discharged without a trial. He wrote some thirty plays, the best known of which is *The Road to Ruin;* four novels, the best of which is *Hugh Trevor,* in which he depicted the vices and distresses which he conceived to be generated by the existing institutions of society; and a volume of autobiographical *Memoirs,* which were edited by William Hazlitt, and posthumously published in 1816. The following song is from *Hugh Trevor:*

GAFFER GRAY.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
"'Tis the weather that's cold,

'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray!
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
"Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!"

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
"The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
"He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day!"

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
"His beeves and his beer
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!"

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;
What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
"The poor man alone,

When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!"

---

HOLDER, CHARLES FREDERICK, an American naturalist; born at Lynn, Mass., August 5, 1851. He studied at the United States Naval Academy, but resigned in 1871, to become assistant curator of the American Museum of Natural History. In 1885 he removed to Pasadena, Cal., where he became Professor of Zoology in Throop University. Among his publications are *Elements of Zoology* (1885); *Living Lights* (1887); *Life of Louis Agassiz* (1892); *Along the Florida Reef* (1893); *Stories of Animal Life* (1900); *Half Hours With Nature* (1901); *Big Game Fishes of the United States* (1903).

### HOME LIFE UNDER THE SEA.

Among all the myriads of wondrous animals that make up the population of the ocean world it would be exceedingly difficult to find one that did not show a love of home or locality comparable to that evinced by the higher animals of land. This is especially the case with fishes, and in their tastes, actions and habits all of the different families have a distinct individuality. In their selection of homes they evince a variety of tastes that might be described as phenomenal. Some live in other creatures, others find protection in the mere companionship of certain animals, while many more erect nests and homes with all the skill that characterizes similar work among birds and higher animals. In our southern waters the Holothurian, or sea-cucumber, is found, its long leathery

body affording a home for a curious little fish known to science as the Fierasfer. We shall never forget the surprise the appearance of this little creature occasioned. Wading along the coral reef upon one occasion, we found a large specimen of the sea-cucumber. In raising it from the water the head of a long silvery fish was seen projecting from its mouth, which, as we placed the holothurian in a glass jar, finally wriggled out, and for a few moments moved aimlessly about the glass, then fell back and died. It was a beautiful, delicate little creature, and so transparent that the blood vessels could be easily seen. Among many specimens found all died upon leaving their protector, and though we kept them in an aquarium they never attempted to return. Since these observations were made in Florida, Professor Emery, of the Naples Aquarium, has kept the fierasfer or donzelina of the Bay of Naples in confinement with its protectors, *Stichophus regalis* and *H. tubulosa,* and obtained results directly opposite from those above recorded. The Florida specimens were always found in shoal water, while those in Naples were sought after in deep. Concerning its passage in and out of the cucumber, Professor Emery says:

"Swimming with its head downward, the fierasfer explores the bottom of the water and the bodies lying there. If it comes upon a holothurian it immediately shows some agitation, examines the object on all sides, and having reached one of the extremities examines it attentively. If it be the head extremity the fish returns suddenly and proceeds to the opposite end, by which the holothurian sucks in and expels the water necessary to its existence."

Professor Emery then describes a curious proceeding. When the holothurian is expelling water, the little fish, excited by this mechanical action, applied its snout to the orifice, then curves back its pointed tail over one side of its body, and by a rapid recoil introduces the tail into the opening. This accomplished the fish raises the anterior part of its body while its tail remains pinched in the holothurian, and pushes itself further and

further in with each movement of suction. After a time the fish is completely inclosed in its host.

How the fish can thus force itself into the animal, having a dorsal fin that would easily catch, is hard to imagine; yet Professor Emery states that he has found several of the fish in a single holothurian. This is certainly a remarkable trait, and a presumably enforced one, as the fish is a poor swimmer, entirely helpless, and soon devoured when in clear water. As for the appearance of its home the fierasfer does not show any remarkable degree of taste; not as much as the fish bremnas, that takes up its abode in the anemone, *Actinia crassicornis*. The beautiful sea flower, with its waving tentacles, is a veritable palace, and offers perfect concealment to the little fish that as it darts into the mouth of the anemone is entombed for the time by the closing and folding tentacles. Even some of the star fishes are used as residences; one — the *Asterias discorda* — being found to contain a little fish of the genus *Oxybelus*. They come from the Indian Ocean. The gills of the great Lophius, or American angler, affords shelter for an eel-like fish that shares pot-luck with the fisherman; while a Brazilian cat-fish of the genus *Platystoma* good-naturedly carries about in its mouth a number of little fishes (*Stegophilus*), that dart in and out at will, perfectly at home and safe from others of their tribe. Easily confused with these are a number of other fishes in South America that carry their own young in their mouths, using the latter, in fact, as a nursery. Professor Agassiz made this discovery, and refers to it in the following extract from a letter to the Emperor of Brazil:

"On arriving here this morning I had the most agreeable and unexpected surprise. The first fish brought to me was the Acara, which your Majesty kindly permitted me to dedicate to you, and by an unlooked-for good fortune it was the breeding season, and it had its mouth full of little young ones in the process of development. Hence, then, is the most incredible fact in embryology fully confirmed, and it remains for me only to study, in detail and at leisure, all the changes which the young undergo up to the moment when they leave their singular

nest, in order that I may publish a complete account of this curious history."

Who has not observed, in watching the graceful jelly fishes pumping their way through the water, the little train of finny courtiers that find protection beneath their pellucid lobes and tentacles. Professor Agassiz speaks of this as a characteristic of the nocturnal Dactylometra; but we have discovered the little followers, generally a species of herring, under nearly all the large jelly fishes of the South; the little fellows being in many cases tipped with silver and pink spots, mimics of the tentacular parts of their protector. Up among the tentacles of the beautiful jelly Chrysaora, numbers of the fishes Caranx are always found; while young bass and sticklebacks have been found in the train of others. Near the Laccadive Islands the captain of an English vessel saw great numbers of the little fish Ostracion following large Medusæ. The resemblance in color between the boarders and their hosts is perhaps the mose remarkable phase of the companionship, showing how complete is the protection afforded. This is most strikingly shown in the fairy Physalia, or Portuguese man-of-war, a mere air bubble tinted with pearl and blue, found floating upon the Southern seas. The tentacles that stream behind are a most vivid blue, and are covered with lasso cells instantly fatal to fishes of large size, yet amid these death-dealing darts are found numbers of little fish, allied to the mackerel family, of the exact color of the tentacles, and so resembling them that without the closest scrutiny they cannot be distinguished from them.

The shark is a roving home to the little pilot fish and remora; the former generally being seen about the head of its huge companion, while the latter, firmly affixed by its sucking disk, is carried about at will. Both of these fishes often accompany large turtles, paying a rent in all cases by perhaps freeing their large companions of the innumerable parasites to which they are victims.

In love for their young, and their efforts to care for them, some fishes are not exceeded by any of the higher animals. The paternal affection shown by the stickleback is familiar to all who frequent the shore. The

parent builds a nest of reeds, often displaying much taste in its arrangement. The roof, flooring and sides are disposed with all the care of an expert builder, poor timbers being rejected, and they have been seen with the flooring weighed down with stones to hold it in place, while the roof could be set in position. The home is generally oval, with an opening entirely through it, in the centre of which the eggs of the female are placed, the male assuming charge directly, aerating them with its fins, driving the young fish back to the nest when they are yet too young to leave, repelling all invaders, and indeed not hesitating to attack fish of large size, driving them off by the mere impetuosity of its assault.

The common sun-fish of our ponds is a faithful guardian of its young, building an apartment among the growing reeds by pushing them together on each side; and in the center, perhaps under the beautiful canopy of a water lily, the eggs are laid and watched with great devotion until the young come out and are large enough to look out for themselves.

The cat-fish forms a rude nest among the gravel, and is often observed swimming slowly along, surrounded by a bewhiskered flock of young. The young of the lump-fish also recognize the parent and follow, giving rise to the common name "hen and chickens." The young of the sea-horse recognize the male, and are carried about in its marsupium, or pouch, until they are large enough to leave their home.

The striped dace erect a pretentious home for their young, working in pairs. A spot selected, the sand is carefully cleared away, and it being arranged to suit their fancy the fish swim away, soon returning each with a stone in its mouth. This is kept up and the stones dropped until a flooring has been laid, upon which the first deposit of eggs is placed; upon these another layer of little pebbles is placed, and so on until a cone-shaped pile, perhaps eighteen inches high, is the result, and about and through the crevices of this castle the young dace find abundant protection. The lamprey eel erects a home in a similar manner, only in their case the mound is larger, sometimes being three feet at the base. The

sucker has been observed also building a nest very like this.

In watching young fish from some concealed spot, we are frequently reminded of a company of children at play. Now two or more rush at each other fiercely, stop suddenly, and then dart off in a game of chase "hide and seek." Again we see the young herring darting out of the water, leaping over bits of floating straw, one after the other, in a veritable game of "leap-frog."

One of the most interesting of all the nest-builders is the Antennarias, a little fish that makes its home among the floating weed that makes up the so-called Saragasso Sea. The nest is built of bits of the vine-like alga, bound in and out in a network, until it resembles in size and appearance a base ball. Around it the fish places invisible bands of a gelatinous secretion taken from its body. Within the ball the eggs are found attached to the reed. The Antennarias is a wonderful mimic of its surroundings, resembling in exact color the weed, a rich olive green. From its head and fins hang numbers of curious barbels that wave to and fro in quaint imitation of the ends of the sea weed. The little fish is often seen lying upon the surface of the weed, and this mimicry is a sure protection from the sea-birds that wander over the submerged tract.

From these few instances it will be seen that among the so-called lower animals there exists feeling, emotions, and shall we not say hopes akin to those of man, differing only in degree?—*Our Continent.*

---

HOLLAND, CLIVE, an English novelist and playwright; born at Bournemouth, Hampshire, April 23, 1866. He is the author of the plays *The Heart of the Geisha* (1901); and *The Heart of O Hana San* (1902). He is well known as a con-

tributor to American and English periodicals. His novels include *The Golden Hawk* (1888); *My Japanese Wife* (1895); *Mousme* (1896); *The Lure of Fame* (1896); *An Egyptian Coquette* (1897); *Marcelle of the Latin Quarter* (1898); *A Japanese Romance* (1900); *The Vortex* (1903); and *A Japanese Princess* (1904).

THE VILLAGE AMONG THE HILLS.

Twenty-five years ago, as the sun was sinking, reddening the rocky face of Hondalsnut, and turning the blue shadows to purple, I, Eric Probst, entered Vossevangen.

In those days but few strangers came to Norway to roam amongst their fiords and hills, and still fewer reached the tiny village, which boasted but a farmhouse or two, and a score or so of cottages of lesser size. And the few travellers who came stayed, perhaps, a day or two to fish in the lake, and then passed on out of our lives.

I was not born under the shadow of the hills on which the snow rested in winter and spring and autumn, but no matter; I came amongst them to forget a sorrow and a crime, the bitterness of which was nigh unto death, and the simple-hearted people, whose lives were mostly bounded by the peaks which shut their village in, and the turn the valley took a few miles distant, crept into the aching, empty chamber of my heart, and I lived with them, and taught their children, and in return they loved me with a true love, and nursed and tended me when I fell sick.

Hans Olsen was a ruddy-faced, flaxen-haired little fellow of two when Mariae Brun had a daughter, who in after years was to exercise so great control over his life. No one could say that Hans was a weakling, but when I looked first into his blue eyes I knew that Gretchen Olsen had brought no ordinary boy into the world. The child had a soul from the day upon which he began to lisp his mother's name and to hear and know her voice. Some, I know, say that the soul is co-existent with life. I cannot say, but what I mean by "soul" is

the power to exercise the Divine heritage of choice between evil and good. The possession of a soul — an abstract quality unexercised — has never saved a man or woman since sin entered the world, and never will.

Hans was no ordinary boy, of that I was certain, and I used to muse upon his future, as I sat in the sun in front of the cottage door, or when I walked, book in hand, along the borders of the lake in which, when the sun sank low, the mountain-tops were wont to glass themselves, and the dark blue shadows to rest lovingly.

Strangely enough, I finished the last mile of my weary tramp up from Bergen, and entered the village, as the sun was fading from rose to grey, on the very July night that Hans was born. Two strangers entered that night the little cottage which nestled amid the pines on the hill slope above the lake — one to open blue, baby eyes upon an unknown world, and the other to shake the dust of the day's journey from his feet, and to commence to shut his heart and bar his memory to all that he had learned, in more than thirty years, of the world which lay outside the valley.

I knocked at the first cottage to which I came, for I was weary, and that was Peter Olsen's, who himself came to the door.

"Is there an inn?" I asked.

"None," he replied, taking my hand in his.

My face must have fallen, for he hastened to add, as if in excuse, "Few travellers come here, sir, and those that do have a welcome, rest, and shelter, such as it is, in any cottage hereabouts, or at the farmhouse, if there is more than one."

"Come in," he said, "and presently I will get you food," and I, too tired to hunt in the gathering darkness for other hospitality, gladly allowed him to draw me in, and place me in a chair near the fire, which burned on the open stone hearth.

"Tread softly," he begged. And from that, and his look of anxiety, I gathered that there was illness in the house.

When I was comfortably seated he left me, and my tired eyes must have closed in sleep, for when I opened

them again, on the table, which stood in the centre of the room, was a lamp, bread, cheese, and milk. And the man who had befriended me was standing before me, and I thought that I saw tears swimming in his eyes.

"To-night," he said, "as the sun set and as your steps turned into the valley God gave me a son. And now we will eat, and give thanks. It is well that you came to keep me company in my joy."

After we had finished the meal we sat far into the night talking, and Peter Olsen told me about himself and his wife Gretchen, and, when he had done, asked me questions about myself — not inquisitively, however, but with an undisguised interest in one who had seen sights he had never seen, and heard things he had never heard.

Only the faintest echoes, wafted by some stray traveller like myself, or the packman, who came at irregular quarterly intervals, reached Vossevangen in those days from the outer world. I told him in the flickering firelight — for he had said when supper was done, "Oil is dear, sir, and we can talk by the light of the fire," and had at my assent extinguished the little lamp — all that I could tell to any man of my life and the dead past I sought to bury out of sight and memory for ever more.

Peter Olsen asked few questions, save those concerning outward things, putting none of those embarrassing ones that nine men out of ten would have done under similar circumstances. All that I cared to tell him of that world of which he knew so little, of its sights and sounds, and doings and sufferings, he listened to eagerly enough, with his hands on his knees and body bent forward, but a sound in the chamber above would recall him from the enchanted land, and he would look at me askance, and then rise up and creep, with the tender, appealing clumsiness of a strong, big man treading softly, to the bottom of the narrow little closed-in stairway. Hearing nothing to alarm him, he would nod and smile, and then return to his seat, and, speaking softly, bid me continue.

We sat talking through the long night, until the gray dawn came with its chill, and then, at sunrise, the woman who had watched by the side of the mother and child in the upper room came down.

The cold of daybreak must have sent both of us to sleep, for it was not until the little door at the foot of the stairway swung back with a reluctant creak that I became conscious of chilling limbs and of the light struggling through the small panes of the window, and that the snow patches were turned to blood by the glow of the sunrise on the hills opposite, above the dark green belt of pines.

Peter Olsen rose, and let the woman from the narrow stairway to the fire, anxiously asking for his wife and the child.

"She is well, Peter," she replied, with a smile, as she knelt to warm her hands.

"And the child — little Hans — Mariae?" he asked.

"Hans! So early named," she laughed. "He? oh! well, but sleepy. They both sleep. You will hear him soon enough. But you forget your guest, Peter."

The man turned to me. His face was flushed, but not with confusion, for he made no excuse, but said simply, placing his hand, brown and strong it looked, on my arm, "He is a stranger, but he will know."

The woman — her name was Mariae Brun — fetched water from the spring outside, and put the kettle on to boil, swung from the hook in the chimney. She was busying herself with the preparations for breakfast when the cry of little Hans caught her ear. The cry of a helpless child has always seemed to me the saddest thing in the world, except one thing I know and which I have suffered, and in an instant Mariae sprang to her feet, and, with a smile at Olsen's anxious, startled face, passed up the stairs.

He said nothing for several minutes; and I watched his face, listening, anxious, intent on that child's cry, and lost to me, oblivious of aught else. It was not a handsome one, but strong, open, frank and tender, such as women cannot but love. The eyes were gray, deep — more a poet's than a peasant's eyes, though through all the years I knew him he spoke honest, homespun prose, and read no poetry save the Psalms. His hair was fine as a woman's, flaxen, curling in short crisp curls, which clustered thickly on his broad forehead. He was tall —

above six of your English feet — and well made. And as I looked at him, indeed, I thought he was like Harald Leofric, whose portrait once hung in my old home, near Christiania.

As he stooped and built up the dying fire, with fingers which held the frail sticks as if they were too small to give a sense of touch, placing the leaves and twigs almost as softly as snow falls, lest the noise of their weight should disturb his dear ones upstairs, he said apologetically, "We so seldom see strangers that we can only welcome them, and give them what we have. Ours is poor fare for you, sir, but what we have shall be ready as soon as Mariae comes down. A babe, a wee morsel tho' it be, oversets so small a home as ours, and ——"

"Peter!" sounded Mariae's voice softly from the stairway.

"Aye," answered Peter from the hearth, "is aught wrong?"

"Nay, nay," replied the woman's voice chidingly, "only come. Gretchen wants to see thee, and the babe — little Hans — he will be opening his eyes at the sunlight."

Peter needed no second bidding, and in a moment I heard Mariae crying, "Hush! hush! man," as he fingered his way up the staircase, which was none too wide for his broad shoulders, nor too high for his many inches.

In a little while he came down again. I had sat listening to the lowered voices upstairs very contentedly, and taking my hand, he said, with a smile on his lips, "The boy has his mother's eyes, I shall be full of content if he has her heart also."

Breakfast was as merry a meal as Mariae Brun would let it be; for when Peter raised his voice, for sheer joy, in forgetfulness, she would chide him sharply and he would scarce dare speak, until joy again conquered.

At the end of the meal I rose to go. Whither I knew not, for I had merely come to the village because I wished to get away from every one and everything I had ever known, and most of all from the memories which, once fair and fragrant, were now as the autumn leaves of a withered, hopeless past.

Beyond Vossevangen I knew several other villages lay, smaller than it, and that at length I should come to the scattered fisher-huts which lay close down to the waters of the Naero fiord, and then I should doubtless wander to and fro, seeking the rest which, when I entered the village the night before, I had seemed to find, and the peace and forgetfulness of self and the past which had come to me in the watches of the night.

When I rose Peter Olsen was sitting at the table lost in his happiness, and he did not seem to know my meaning.

I touched him upon the shoulder, and asked him what I might give him. Then he looked up, and his face flushed red. "Sir," he said, "you are not going?" And, as I took out my purse — it was a heavy one, for poverty was not one of my misfortunes — pushing my hand back, he continued, "Peter Olsen is not so poor that he needs payment for a night's rest and food."

I saw that he meant it, and so I did not persist, but put my purse back in my pocket, and I was the one ashamed. I did not answer his implied question as to where I was going, and he did not repeat it, and so, after grasping his hand, and wishing him, the mother, and the babe well, I went out of the house sadly into the sunshine, which lit upon the dewy diamonds on the grass of the hillside, and turned them into points of sparkling light.

Again I was a wanderer with a past, but no future, and as I made my way down the rough path, from which the loose stones started under my feeet, I had an aching heart.

I must have gone less than a third of a mile past the last house along the main cart-road of the village, which was almost as rough and more dusty than the other, when I heard hurrying footsteps, and a voice calling —

"Stay! stay!"

When I turned I saw Peter Olsen, hatless, and hot with hurrying, a few yards behind. He came along with the stride of a young giant, and with his big chest heaving.

At length he reached me, and seized my hand.

"Sir," he said, "I should not have let you go. I have

run hard so that I might not lose you. You must stay with us, if you will." He saw that I was about to protest, for he added hurriedly: "You have never said that you needed rest, and that you sought a home, but your face told me that it is so. I am happy, I have all I want; come, stay with us until you wish to leave our quiet village. We are a simple people, and know little of the world outside the valley, but we have never neglected the fatherless nor turned a stranger from our doors."

I did not, could not speak for a moment, and so he went on, the words coming from his heart quickly, so that he spoke not slowly, like the peasant he was, but like one whose soul stirs, and lifts him to something better and higher than himself.

"If I let you go, Gretchen will never forgive me, for she has a large, warm heart for strangers and wanderers, being an orphan and without kindred herself. And I can ill bear hard words from her sweet lips, or a frown to cloud her face, which is like no other woman's on earth."

"Come," he said, as he saw I still hesitated, "I must not idle, for there are now three mouths instead of two which need food."

I still hesitated, and then he said simply: "And you shall help me if you will. I often need two pair of hands; and now Gretchen is lost to me for a time, and the grass needs mowing and tying to the poles."

This conquered me. I was still of some use, and the possibilities of manual labor opened up a new vista, in which was the promise of peace.

We went back together along the white road, past the few cottages in which at so late an hour of the day only the infirm and the little ones were left. These gazed upon me — a stranger — with curious, friendly eyes, and gave both of us greeting.

At the cottage door Peter gave me a square-made reaping hook, bound to the handle with a thong tightened by a wedge of pine, and, he shouldering a scythe, we set out to climb the hillside to the grass patch of lighter green which lay, oblong and distinct, against the darker shades of the pines.

And thus I came to the village amid the hills, and stayed, and became one of the simple folk, to whom crime seemed unthought of, and sin almost unknown.—*The Lure of Fame* (Copyright, 1896, by the NEW AMSTERDAM BOOK COMPANY).

---

HOLLAND, HENRY RICHARD VASSALL FOX, an English statesman and historian; born at Winterslow House, Wiltshire, November 21, 1773; died at Holland House, October 22, 1840. He acceded to the title of Baron Holland when about a year old, upon the death of his father, the first Baron. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he graduated in 1792. In 1798 Lord Holland made his first speech in the House of Lords, and was henceforth, to the close of his life, a frequent participator in its discussions, always on the Whig side. At various times he held important positions under the Government, among which was the strictly nominal one of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which, however, gave him a vote in the Cabinet Council. This he held from 1830 until his death. After his marriage with the divorced wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, he took up his residence at Holland House, which was for nearly half a century a kind of rendezvous for men who had acquired note in Art, Literature, or Science, and for politicians of the Whig party.

Lord Holland was a quite voluminous author. Between 1802 and 1805 he made a long visit to Spain, one of the results of which was *Some Account of the Life and Writing of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio* (1806), which, with additions, appeared in 1817 un-

der the title of *Lives of Lope de Vega, and G. de Castro.* In 1807 he put forth *Three Comedies from the Spanish;* and in 1808 an edition, with a long Preface, of Charles James Fox's *History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II.* Several works written by him were published after his death by his son. Among these are *Memoirs of the Whig Party* (1854). Another publication, *The Opinions of Lord Holland, as recorded in the Journal of the House of Lords from 1797 to 1840,* appeared not long after his death. This, strictly speaking, is to be regarded as a work of Lord Holland, since the main part of it consists of his own speeches delivered in the House of Lords. But by far the most notable of Lord Holland's books is his *Foreign Reminiscences.* This appears to have been written at intervals during the later years of his life, but was not printed until 1850, when it appeared as "edited by his son, Henry Edward, Lord Holland," with a dedication to "Jerome Bonaparte, Marshal of France, the only surviving brother of the Emperor Napoleon."

LAFAYETTE.

I dined frequently with General Lafayette in 1791. He kept a sort of open table for officers of the National Guard, and other persons zealous and forward in the cause of the Revolution. I was pleased with the unaffected dignity and simplicity of his manners, and flattered by the openness with which he spoke to me of his own views of the situation of the country. He was loud in condemning the brutality of Petion, whose cold and offensive replies to the questions of the royal prisoners on the journey back from Varennes were very currently reported; and he was in his professions, and I believe in his heart, much more confident of the sincerity of the King than common prudence should have allowed

him to be, or than was justified either by the character of Louis himself, or by the truth as disclosed by subsequent events.

Lafayette was, however, then as always, a pure, disinterested man, full of private affection and public virtue, and not devoid of such talents as firmness of purpose, sense of honor, and earnestness of zeal will, on great occasions, supply. He was indeed accessible to flattery, somewhat too credulous, and apt to mistake the forms, or — if I may so phrase it — the pedantry of liberty for the substance. These strictures, however, on his blemishes are less applicable to the period to which I am now referring than to most others of his public life; for with all his love of popularity, he was then knowingly sacrificing it for the purpose of rescuing a Court from contumely and injury; and, though a republican in principle, was active in preserving the name, and perhaps too much of the authority, of a King in the new Constitution. He either tickled my youthful vanity, or gained my affections so much during my residence in Paris, that I caught his feelings, and became for the time enthusiastically persuaded of the King's attachment to the new Constitution.

### LOUIS XVI.

Louis XVI. was neither a bad nor a foolish man, and he certainly was not a cruel one. But sincerity is no attribute of princes educated in the expectation of power, and exposed to the dangers of civil disturbance. As Louis did not inherit, so neither did he acquire, that virtue by discipline or reflection. He meant the good of the people, whom he deemed himself destined to govern, but he thought to promote that good more certainly by preserving than by surrendering any part of that authority which his ancestors possessed. Vanity, a weed indigenous in the soil, and much favored by an elevated state on which flattery is continually showered, confirmed that notion in his mind, and disinclined him to any real confidence in his ostensible ministers and advisers. It made him fondly imagine that he could

never become the tool of secret machinations, or the instrument of persons in his judgment so greatly inferior in intellect and acquirements as those who surrounded him.

M. de Calonne told me that when he had ascertained that the Queen and her coterie were hostile to the plans he had prepared, he waited on the King, respectfully and delicately lamented the Queen's reported disapprobation of his project, earnestly conjuring his Majesty, if not resolved to go through with the plan, and to silence all opposition or cavil at it in the Court to allow him to suppress it in time; but if, on the other hand, his Majesty was determined to persevere, suggesting the propriety of impressing on the Queen his earnest desire and wishes that nothing should escape her lips which could sanction a doubt of the excellence of the measures themselves, and still less of the determination of the Court to adopt and enforce them. Louis at first scouted the notion of the Queen (*une femme,* as he called her) forming or hazarding any opinion about it. But when M. de Calonne assured him that she spoke of the project in terms of disparagement and censure, the King rang the bell, sent for her Majesty to the apartment, and after sternly and even coarsely rebuking her for meddling with matters, *auxquelles les femmes n'ont rien à faire,* he, to the dismay of M. de Calonne took her by the shoulders, and fairly turned her out of the room like a naughty child. *"Me violà perdu,"* said M. de Calonne to himself, and he was accordingly dismissed, and his scheme abandoned in the course of a few days.

### NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Persons who have dined with him at taverns and coffee-houses when it was convenient to him not to pay his reckoning, have assured me that, though the youngest and poorest, he always obtained, without exacting it, a sort of deference, or even submission, from the rest of the company. Though never parsimonious, he was at that period of his life extremely attentive to the details of expense, the price of provisions and of other

necessary articles, and, in short, to every branch of domestic economy. The knowledge thus early acquired in such matters was useful to him in a more exalted station. He cultivated and even made a great parade of his information in subsequent periods of his career, and thus sometimes detected and frequently prevented embezzlement in the administration of public accounts.

Nothing could exceed the order and regularity with which his household, both as Consul and Emperor, was conducted. The great things he accomplished, and the savings he made, without even the imputation of avarice or meanness, with the sum, comparatively inconsiderable, of 15,000,000 francs a year, are marvellous, and expose his successors — and indeed all European princes — to the reproach of neglect or incapacity. In this branch of his government he owed much to Duroc. It is said that they often visited the markets (*les halles*) of Paris, dressed in plain clothes, and early in the morning. When any great accounts were to be submitted to the Emperor, Duroc would apprise him in secret of some of the minutest details. By an adroit illusion to them, or a careless remark on the points upon which he had received such recent and accurate information, Napoleon contrived to impress his audience that the master's eye was everywhere.

For instance, when the Tuileries were furnished, the upholsterer's charges, though not very exorbitant, were suspected by the Emperor to be higher than the usual profit of that trade would have warranted. He suddenly asked some Minister who was with him how much the egg at the end of the bell-rope should cost. "*J'ignore,*" was the answer. "*Eh bien! nous verrons,*" said he; and then cut off the ivory handle, called for a valet, and bidding him dress himself in plain and ordinary clothes, and neither divulge his immediate commission or general employment to any living soul, directed him to inquire the price of such articles at several shops in Paris, and to order a dozen as for himself. They were one-third less dear than those furnished to the palace. The Emperor, inferring that the same advantage had been taken in the other articles,

struck a third off the whole charge, and directed the tradesmen to be informed that this was done at his express command, because he had himself, *on inspection,* discovered the charges to be by one-third too exorbitant.

When afterward, in the height of his glory, he visited Caen with the Empress Maria Louisa and a train of crowned heads and princes, his old friend, M. Mechin, the Prefect, aware of his taste for detail, waited upon him with five statistical details of the expenditure, revenue, prices, produces, and commerce of the Department. "*C'est bon,*" said he, when he received them on the evening of his arrival; "*vous et moi nous ferons bien de l'esprit sur tout cela demain au Conseil.*" Accordingly he astonished all the leading proprietors of the Department, at the meeting next day, by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cider, and of the produce and other circumstances of the various districts of the Department. Other princes have shown an equal fondness for minute details with Napoleon; but here is the difference. The use they made of their knowledge was to torment their inferiors and weary their company: the purpose to which Napoleon applied it was to conserve the objects and interests of the community. . . .

His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France — and none in employment — with whose private history, character and qualifications, he was not acquainted. He had when Emperor, notes and tables, which he called "The Moral Statistics of the Empire." He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports, private conversation, and correspondence. He received all letters himself, and — what seems incredible — he read and recollected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion, he not infrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged, with some surprise, was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his adminis-

tration, and could at any time repeat them even to centimes.

Thus his detection of errors in accounts appeared marvellous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the ration of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besançon. "*Mais le bataillon n' etait pas la,*" says he; "*il y a erreur.*" The Minister, recollecting that the Emperor had been at the time out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besançon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud and not a mistake. The speculating accountant was dismissed; and the scrutinizing spirit of the Emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service, in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection.

His knowledge in other matters was often as accurate, and nearly as surprising. Not only were the Swiss deputies in 1801 astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country, which seemed the result of a life of research, but even the envoys of the insignificant Republic of San Marino, who waited upon him at Bologna, were astonished at finding that he knew the families and feuds of that small community, and discoursed on the respective views, conditions, and interests of parties and individuals, as if he had been educated in the petty squabbles and local politics of that diminutive society. I remember that a simple native of that place told me, in 1814, that the phenomenon was accounted for by the Saint of the town appearing over-night, in order to assist his deliberations.

Some anecdotes related to me by the distinguished officer who conveyed him in the *Undaunted* to Elba in 1814, prove the extent, variety, and accuracy of the knowledge of Napoleon. On his first arrival on the coast, in company with Sir Neil Campbell, an Austrian and a

Russian commissioner, Captain Usher waited upon him, and was invited to dinner. He conversed much on naval affairs, and explained the plan he had once conceived of forming a vast fleet of 150 ships-of-the-line. Usher said that with the immense means he then commanded, he saw no impossibility in building and manning any number of ships, but his difficulty would have consisted in forming thorough seamen, as distinguished from what we call smooth-water sailors. Napoleon replied that he had provided for that also; he had organized exercises for them afloat, not only in harbors, but in smaller vessels near the coast, by which they might have been trained to go through, even in rough weather, the arduous manœuvres of seamanship; and he mentioned among them the keeping of a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. The Austrian, who suspected Napoleon of talking in general upon subjects he imperfectly understood, acknowledged his own ignorance, and asked him the meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. On this the Emperor took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific and practical a way that Captain Usher assured me he knew none but professional men — and very few of them — who could off-hand have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory a solution of the question.

On the same voyage, when the propriety of putting into a certain harbor of Corsica was under discussion, and the want of a pilot urged as an objection, Napoleon described the depth of water, shoals, currents, bearings, and anchorage, with a minuteness which seemed as if he had himself acted in that capacity, and which, on reference to the charts, was found scrupulously accurate. When his cavalry and baggage arrived at Porto Ferrajo, the commander of the transports said that he had been on the point of putting into a certain creek near Genoa; upon hearing which Napoleon exclaimed, "It is well you did not; it is the worst place in the Mediterranean; you would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to allege reasons for the difficulty, which were quite sufficient, if the peculiari-

ties of the little bay were such as he described. But Captain Usher, having never heard of them during his service in the Mediterranean, suspected that the Emperor was mistaken, or had confounded some report he had heard from mariners in his youth. When, however, he mentioned the circumstance, many years afterward, to Captain Dundas, that officer confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "For," said he, "I thought it a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek by observation and experience." . . .

Napoleon, when Consul and Emperor, seldom wrote, but dictated much. It was difficult to follow him, and he often objected to any revision of what he had dictated. When a word had escaped his amanuensis, and he was asked what it was, he would answer somewhat pettishly, "*Je ne répéterai pas le mont. Réfléchisse, rappelez vous du mot que j' ai édicté, et crivez-le, car pour moi je ne le répéterai pas.*" In matters of importance he would look over and correct what had been written from his dictation, and would afterward repeat word for word the sentences he had composed and revised. His style was clear. "*Soyez clair, tout le reste viendra,*" was a maxim of his. In matters of business he very justly ridiculed and defied that absurd canon of French criticism which forbids the recurrence of a word twice in the same sentence, or even page. He had several volumes of his correspondence copied out and bound in folio. There is some mystery attending the fate of these books. From them, however, the *Lettres inédites* were published.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

HOLLAND, Josiah Gilbert, an American editor and novelist; born at Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819; died at New York, October 12, 1881. He studied medicine, was engaged in practice for three years, then went to Springfield, Mass., where for a short time he edited a literary periodical. He then went to Vicksburg, Miss., where he was for a year Superintendent of Public Schools. Returning to Springfield he became in 1849 an associate editor of the *Republican* newspaper, and soon afterward one of the proprietors. In 1866 he sold his interest in the *Republican,* and, after traveling in Europe, became in 1870 the editor and part proprietor of *Scribner's Magazine,* which was then established, and of which he remained the editor until his death. He was a very popular lyceum lecturer. His principal works are: *History of Western Massachusetts* (1855); *The Bay Path,* a novel (1857); *Timothy Titcomb's Letters* (1858); *Bitter Sweet,* a poetical tale (1858); *Gold Foil* (1859); *Miss Gilbert's Career,* a novel (1860); *Lessons in Life* (1861); *Letters to the Joneses* (1863); *Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects* (1865); *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1866); *Kathrina,* a narrative poem (1867); *The Marble Prophecy and Other Poems* (1872); *Arthur Bonnicastle,* a novel (1873); *Garnered Sheaves,* a collection of poems (1873), and *The Mistress of the Manse,* a novel (1874).

THE HUMAN LOCOMOTIVE AND ITS TRACK.

Go with me, if you please, to the next station-house, and look off upon that line of railroad. It is straight as an arrow, out run the iron lines, glittering in the sun — out as far as we can see — until, converging almost to a

single thread, they pierce the sky. What were those rails laid for? It is a road, is it? Try your cart or your coach there: the axle-trees are too narrow, and you go bumping along upon the sleepers. Try a wheelbarrow: you cannot keep it on the rail. Now go with me to the locomotive-shop. What is this? We are told it is a locomotive. What is a locomotive? Why, it is a carriage moved by steam. But it is very heavy; the wheels would sink into a common road up to the axle; that locomotive can never run on a common-road, and the man is a fool who built it; strange that men will waste time and money that way! But stop a moment. Why, wouldn't these wheels just fit those rails? We measure them, and then we go to the track and measure its gauge. That solves the difficulty: those rails were intended for the locomotive, and the locomotive for the rails. They are good for nothing apart. The locomotive is not even safe anywhere else. If it should get off after it is once on, it would run into rocks and stumps, and bury itself in sands or swamps beyond recovery.

Young man, you are a locomotive; you are a thing that goes by a power inside of you; you are made to go. In fact, considered as a machine, you are very far superior to a locomotive. The maker of the locomotive is a man; your maker is man's Maker. You are as different from a horse or an ox or a camel, as a locomotive is different from a wheelbarrow or a cart or a coach. Now, do you suppose that the Being who made you — manufactured your machine, and put into it the motive power — did not make a special road for you to run upon? My idea of religion is that it is a railroad for a human locomotive; and that just so sure as it undertakes to run upon a road adapted only to animal power it will bury its wheels in the sand, dash itself among rocks, and come to inevitable wreck.

If you don't believe this, try the other thing. Here are forty roads. Suppose you choose one of them, and see where you come out. Here is the dram-shop road; try it; follow it, and see how long it will be before you come to a stump and a smash-up. Here is the road to sensual pleasure: you are just as sure to bury your

wheels in the dirt as you try it; your machine is too heavy for that track altogether. Here is the winding uncertain path of frivolity: there are morasses on each side of it; and, with the headway you are under, you will be sure, sooner or later, to pitch into one of them. Here is the road of philosophy; but it runs through a country from which the light of heaven is shut out; and while you may be able to keep your machine right side up, it will only be by feeling your way along in a clumsy, comfortless kind of style, and with no certainty of ever arriving at the heavenly station-house. Here is the road of scepticism: that is covered with fog, and a fence runs across it within ten rods. Don't you see that your machine was never intended to run on those roads? Don't you know that it never was; and don't you know that the only track under heaven upon which you can run safely is the religious track? Don't you know that just as long as you keep your wheels on that track, wreck is impossible? Don't you know that is the only track on which wreck is not certain? I know it, if you don't and I tell you that on that track, which God has laid down expressly for your soul to run upon, your soul will find free play for all its wheels, and an unobstructed and happy progress. It is straight and narrow, but it is safe and solid, and furnishes the only direct route to the Heavenly City. Now, God made your soul, and made religion for it, you are a fool if you refuse to place yourself on the track. You cannot prosper anywhere else, and your machine will not run anywhere else.— *The Titcomb Letters.*

### COUNSEL FOR GIRLS.

There is no better relief to study than the regular performance of special duties in the house. To feel that one is really doing something every day, that the house is tidier for one's efforts, and the comfort of the family enhanced, is the sweet warrant of content and cheerfulness. There is something about this habit of daily work — this regular performance of duty — which tends to regulate the passions, to give calmness and

vigor to the mind, to impart a healthy tone to the body, and to diminish the desire for life in the street and for resort to gossiping companions.

Were I as rich as Crœsus, my girls should have something to do regularly, just as soon as they should be old enough to do anything. They should, in the first place, make their own bed and take care of their own room. They should dress each other. They should sweep a portion of the house. They should learn above all things, to help themselves, and thus to be independent of all circumstances. A woman helpless from any other cause than sickness is essentially a nuisance. There is nothing womanly and ladylike in helplessness. My policy would be, as girls grow up, to assign them special duties, first in one part of the house, then in another until they should become acquainted with all housewifely offices. And I should have an object in this beyond the simple acquisition of a knowledge of housewifery. It should be for the acquisition of habits of physical industry; of habits that conduce to the health of body and mind; of habits that give them an insight into the nature of labor, and inspire within them a genuine sympathy with those whose lot it is to labor.

All young mind is uneasy if it be good for anything. There is not the genuine human stuff in a girl who is habitually and by nature placid and inactive. The body and the mind must both be in motion. If this tendency to activity be left to run loose undirected into channels of usefulness — a spoiled child is the result. A girl growing up into womanhood is, when unemployed, habitually uneasy. The mind aches and chafes because it wants action for a motive. Now a mind in this condition is not benefited by the command to stay at home, or the withdrawal from companions. It must be set to work. This vital energy that is struggling to find relief in demonstration should be so directed that habits may be formed: habits of industry that obviate the wish for change and unnecessary play, and form a regular drain upon it. Otherwise the mind becomes dissipated, the will irresolute, and confinement irksome. Girls will never be happy except in the company of

their playmates, unless home becomes to them a scene of regular duty and personal usefulness.

There is another obvious advantage to be derived from the habit of engaging daily upon special household duties. The imagination of girls is apt to be active to an unhealthy degree when no corrective is employed. False views of life are engendered, and labor is regarded as menial. Ease comes to be looked upon as a supremely desirable thing; so that when the real inevitable cares of life come, there is no preparation for them, and weak complainings or ill-natured discontent are the result.

And here I am naturally introduced to another subject. Young women, the glory of your life is to do something, and to be something. You very possibly may have formed the idea that ease and personal enjoyment are the ends of your life. This is a terrible mistake. Development, in the broadest sense, and in the highest direction, is the end of your life. You may possibly find ease with it, and a great deal of precious personal enjoyment; or your life may be one long experience of self-denial. If you wish to be something more than the pet and plaything of a man; if you would rise above the position of a pretty toy or the ornamental fixture of an establishment, you have got a work to do. You have got a position to maintain in society; you have got the poor and sick to visit; you may possibly have a family to rear and train; you have got to take a load of care upon your shoulders, and bear it through life. You have got a character to sustain, and I hope that you will have the heart of a husband to cheer and strengthen. Ease is not for you. Selfish enjoyment is not for you. The world is to be made better by you.—*The Titcomb Letters.*

GRADATIM.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the reach of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angel, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire wills;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

### THE DAY'S DEMAND.

God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumbworn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

TO MY DOG BLANCO.

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine.

For all of good that I have found,
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart, which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff, nor pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
Can move you from my side.

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
  More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
  To guard and please me well.

I clasp your head upon my breast —
  The while you whine and lick my hand —
And thus our friendship is confessed,
  And thus we understand.

Ah, Blanco! Did I worship God
  As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my master trod
  With your humility.

Did I sit fondly at His feet
  As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweeet,
  My life would grow divine.

---

HOLLEY, MARIETTA ("JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE"), an American humorist and poet; born near Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y., in 1844. At a very early age she began to write short sketches and poems; which, under the pseudonym "Jemyma," appeared first in an Adams newspaper, and later in *Peterson's Magazine*. While writing for *Peterson* she adopted the name by which she afterward became so well known to the literary public. It was during the early days of her literary "apprenticeship" that the *Christian Union* spoke of one of her short metrical contributions as "a sweet little poem." Her early verses appeared also in the *Independent*, and in other periodicals, and generally went the rounds of

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

the weekly and monthly publications of America and England. It was not, however, until 1887 that Miss Holley issued her *Poems* in book-form; though her *Mormon Wife* had been already published as an illustrated poem by a New York firm. Her other books, except a collection of stories entitled *Miss Richard's Boy* (1882), constitute her famous series of dialect works. These include *My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet's* (1872); *Samantha at the Centennial* (1878); *My Wayward Pardner, or, My Trials with Josiah* (1880); *Sweet Cicely, or, Josiah as a Politician* (1885); *Miss Jones' Quilting* (1887); *Samantha at Saratoga* (1887); *Samantha Among the Brethren* (1890); *Samantha on the Race Problem* (1892), published later under the title *Samantha Among the Colored Folks; Samantha at the World's Fair* (1893); *Josiah's Alarm, and Abel Perry's Funeral* (1895); *Samantha in Europe* (1895); and *Samantha at the St. Louis Exposition* (1904).

WHY JOSIAH ALLEN DID NOT BECOME A GONDOLIER.

Wall, on our way home I had an awful trial with Josiah Allen. Mebbe what he had seen that day made him feel kind o' riz up, and want to act.

He and I wuz a-wendin' our way along the lagoon, when all of a sudden he sez —

"Samantha, I want to go out sailin' in a gondola — I want to swing out and be romantic," sez he.

Sez he, "I always wanted to be romantic, and I always wanted to be a gondolier, but it never come handy before, and now I will! I *will* be romantic, and sail round with you in a gondola. I'd love to go by moonlight, but sunlight is better than nothin'."

I looked down pityin'ly on him as he stood a few steps below me on the flight o' stairs a-leadin' down to the water's edge.

I leaned hard on my faithful old umbrell, for I had a touch of rumatiz that day.

And sez I, "Romance, Josiah, should be looked at with the bright eyes of youth, not through spectacles No. 12." Sez I, "The glowin' mist that wrops her round fades away under the magnifyin' lights of them specs, Josiah Allen."

He had took his hat off to cool his forward, and I sez further —

"Romance and bald heads don't go together worth a cent, and rumatiz and azmy are perfect strangers to her. Romance locks arms with young souls, Josiah Allen, and walks off with 'em."

"Oh, shaw!" says Josiah, "we hain't so very old. Old Uncle Smedly would call us young, and we be, compared to him."

"Wall," sez I, "through the purblind gaze of ninety winters we may look younger, but bald heads and spectacles, Josiah Allen, tell their own silent story. We are not young, Josiah Allen, and all our lyin' and pretendin' won't make us so."

"Wall, dum it all! I never shall be any younger. You can't dispute that."

"No," sez I, "I don't spoze you will, in this spear."

"Wall, I am bound to go out in a gondola, I am bound to be a gondolier before I die. So you may as well make up your mind first as last, and the sooner I go, the younger I shall go. Hain't that so?"

With a deep sithe I answered, "I spoze so."

And he continued on, "There is such wild, free pleasure on the deep, Samantha."

"But," sez I, layin' down the sword of common-sense, and takin' up the weepons of affection, "Think of the dangers, Josiah. The water is damp and cold, and your rumatiz is fearful."

"Dum it all! I hain't agoin' *in* the water, am I?"

"I don't know," sez I, sadly, "I don't know, Josiah, and anyway the winds sweep down the lagoons, and azmy lingers on its wings. Pause, Josiah Allen, for my sake, for liniments and poultices, as well as clouds, have their dark linin's, and they turn 'em out to me

as I ponder on your course." Sez I, "Your danger appauls me, and also the idee of bein' up nights with you."

"But," sez he, firmly, "I *will* be a gondolier, I'm bound on't. And," sez he, "I want one of them gorgeous silk dresses that they wear. I'd love to appear in a red and yeller suit, Samantha, or a green and purple, or a blue and maroon, with a pink sash made of thin glitterin' silk, but I spoze that you will break that up in a minute. So, I spoze that I shall have to dwindle down onto a silk scarf, or some plumes in my hat, mebby — you are never willin' for me to soar out and spread myself, but you probable wuldn't break up a few feathers."

I groaned aloud, and mentally groped round for aid, and instinctively ketched holt of religion.

Sez I, "Elder Minkley is here, Josiah Allen, and Deacon Henzy — Jonesville church is languishin' in debt. Is this a time for feathers? What will they think on't? If you can spend money for silk scarfs and plumes, they'll expect you, and with good reason, too, to raise the debt on the meetin'-house."

He paused. Economy prevailed; what love couldn't effect or common-sense, closeness did.

His brow cleared from its anxious, ambitious creases, and sez he, "Wall, do come on and less be goin'."

### EIGHT CENTS FOR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

There wuz some little pictures there about six inches square, and marked:

"Little Picters for a Child's Album."

And Josiah sez to me, "I believe I'll buy one of 'em for Babe's album that I got her last Christmas."

Sez he, "I've got ten cents in change, but probable," sez he, "it won't be over eight cents."

Sez I, "Don't be too sanguine, Josiah Allen."

Sez he, "I am never sanguinary without good horse sense to back it up. They throwed in a chromo three feet square with the last calico dress you bought at Jonesville, and this hain't over five or six inches big."

"Wall," sez I, "buy it if you want to."

"Wall," sez he, "that's what I lay out to do, mom."

So he accosted a Columbus Guard that stood nigh, and sez he —

"I'm a-goin' to buy that little picter, and I want to know if I can take it home now in my vest pocket?"

"That picter," sez he, "is twenty thousand dollars. It is owned by the German National Gallery, and is loaned by them," and sez he, with a ready flow of knowledge inherent to them Guards, "the artist, Adolph Menzel, is to German art what Meissonier is to the French. His pictures are all bought by the National Gallery, and bring enormous sums."

Josiah almost swooned away. Nothin' but pride kep' him up —

I didn't say nothin' to add to his mortification. Only I simply said —

"Babe will prize that picter, Josiah Allen."

And he sez, "Be a fool if you want to; I'm a-goin' to get sunthin' to eat."

And he hurried me along at almost a dog-trot.— *From Samantha at the World's Fair.*

---

HOLMES, Mary Jane Hawes, an American novelist; born at Brookfield, Mass., in 1834. She taught school at the age of 13, and began writing at 15. She was married to Daniel Holmes, a lawyer of Brockport, N. Y. She has written a large number of novels of domestic life, which have had an unusually wide circulation. Over 2,000,000 copies of her books have been sold in the United States. Her first novel was *Tempest and Sunshine* (1854). Other subsequent novels were *Lena Rivers* (1856); *Marian Gray* (1863); *Milbank* (1871); *Queenie Hetherton* (1883); *Cameron Pride; Edith Lyle; Bessie's For-*

MARY J. HOLMES.

*tune; Gretchen; Marguerite; Forrest House; Dr. Hathern's Daughter; Paul Ralston,* and many others. Her latest novels are *The Merivale Banks* (1903), and *Rena's Experiment* (1904).

### LITTLE ORPHAN LENA.

For many days the storm continued. Highways were blocked up, while roads less frequented were rendered wholly impassable. The oldest inhabitants of Oakland had "never seen the like before," and they shook their gray heads ominously as over and adown the New England mountains the howling wind swept furiously, now shrieking exultingly as one by one the huge forest trees bent before its power, and again dying away in a low, sad wail, as it shook the casement of some low-roofed cottage, where the blazing fire, "high piled upon the hearth," danced merrily to the sound of the storm wind, and then whirling in fantastic circles, disappeared up the broad-mouthed chimney.

For nearly a week there was scarcely a sign of life in the streets of Oakland, but at the end of that time the storm abated, and the December sun, emerging from its dark hiding-place, once more looked smilingly down upon the white, untrodden snow, which covered the earth for miles and miles around. Rapidly the roads were broken; paths were made on the narrow sidewalk, and then the villagers bethought themselves of their mountain neighbors, who might perchance have suffered from the severity of the storm. Far up the mountains-side, in an old yellow farm-house, which had withstood the blasts of many a winter, lived Grandfather and Grandmother Nichols, as they were familiarly called, and ere the sun setting, arrangements were made for paying them a visit.

Oakland was a small rural village, nestled among rocky hills, where the word fashion was seldom heard, and where many of the primitive customs of our forefathers still prevailed. Consequently, neither the buxom maidens, nor the hale old matrons, felt in the least disgraced as

they piled promiscuously upon the four-ox sled, which ere long was moving slowly through the mammoth drifts which lay upon the mountain road. As they drew near the farm-house they noticed that the blue paper curtains which shaded the windows of Grandma Nichols' "spare room" were rolled up, while the faint glimmer of a tallow candle within indicated that the room possessed an occupant. Who could it be? Possibly it was John, the proud man, who lived in Kentucky, and who, to please his wealthy bride, exchanged the plebeian name of Nichols for that of Livingstone, which his high-born lady fancied was more aristocratic in its sounding.

"And if it be John," said the passengers of the ox-sled, with whom that gentleman was no great favorite, "if it be John, we'll take ourselves home as fast as ever we can."

Satisfied with this resolution, they kept on their way until they reached the wide gate-way, where they were met by Mr. Nichols, whose greeting they fancied was less cordial than usual. With a simple "How d'ye do?" he led the way into the spacious kitchen, which answered the treble purpose of dining-room, sitting-room, and cook-room. Grandma Nichols, too, appeared somewhat disturbed; but she met her visitor with an air which seemed to say she was determined to make the best of her trouble, whatever it might be.

The door of the "spare room" was slightly ajar, and while the visitors were disrobing, one young girl, more curious than the rest, peered cautiously in, exclaiming as she did so:

"Mother, mother! Helena is in there on the bed, pale as a ghost!"

"Yes, Heleny is there," interrupted Grandma Nichols, who overheard the girl's remark. "She got hum the fust night of the storm; and what's queerer than all, she's been married better than a year."

"Married! Married! Helena married! Who to? Where's her husband?" asked a dozen voices in the same breath.

Grandfather Nichols groaned as if in pain; and his

wife, glancing anxiously toward the door of her daughter's room, said in reply to the last question:

"That's the worst on't. He was some grand rascal who lived at the suthard, and who came up here to see what he could do. He thought Heleny was handsome, I s'pose, and married her, making her keep it still because his folks in Car'lina wouldn't like it. Of course he got sick of her, and jest afore the baby was born he gin her five hundred dollars and left her."

A murmur of surprise ran round the room, accompanied with a look of incredulity, which Grandma Nichols quickly divined, and, while her withered cheek crimsoned at the implied disgrace, she added in an elevated tone of voice:

"It's true as the Bible. Old Father Blanchard's son, that used to preach here, married them; and Heleny brought us a letter from him, saying it was true. Here 'tis; read it yourself if you don't b'lieve me!" and she drew from a side drawer a letter, on the back of which the villagers recognized the well-remembered handwriting of their former pastor.

This proof of Helena's innocence was hardly relished by the clever gossips of Oakland — for the young girl, though kind-hearted and gentle, was far too beautiful to be a general favorite. Mothers saw in her a rival for their daughters, while the daughters looked enviously upon her clear white brow, and shining chestnut hair, which fell in wavy curls about her neck and shoulders. Two years before our story opens she had left her mountain home to try the mysteries of millinery in the city, where a distant relative of her mother was living. Here her uncommon beauty attracted much attention, drawing ere long to her side a wealthy young Southerner, who, just freed from the restraints of college life, found it vastly agreeable making love to the fair Helena. Simple-minded, and wholly unused to the ways of the world, she believed each word he said; and when at last he proposed marriage, she not only consented, but also promised to keep it a secret for a time, until he could in a measure reconcile his father, who he feared might disinherit him for wedding a penniless bride.

"Wait, darling, until he knows you," said he, "and then he will gladly welcome you as his daughter."

Accordingly, one dark, wintery night, when neither moon nor stars were visible, Helena stole softly from her quiet room at Mrs. Warren's, and in less than an hour was the lawful bride of Harry Rivers, the wife of the clergyman alone witnessing the ceremony.

"I wish I could take you home at once," said young Rivers, who was less a rascal than a coward. "I wish I could take you home at once; but it can not be. We must wait awhile."

So Helena went back to Mrs. Warren's, where for a few weeks she stayed, and then, saying she was going home, she left and became the mistress of a neat little cottage which stood a mile or two from the city. Here for several months young Rivers devoted himself entirely to her happiness, seeming to forget that there was aught else in the world save his "beautiful 'Lena," as he was wont to call her. But at last there came a change. Harry seemed sad, absent-minded, though ever kind to Helena, who strove in vain to learn the cause of his uneasiness.

One morning, when later than usual, she awoke, she missed him from her side, and on the table near her lay a letter containing the following:

"Forgive me, darling, that I leave you so abruptly. Circumstances render it necessary; but be assured, I shall come back again. In the meantime, you had better return to your parents, where I will seek you. Inclosed are five hundred dollars, enough for your present need. Farewell. "H. Rivers."

There was one bitter cry of hopeless anguish; and when Helena Rivers again awoke to perfect consciousness she lay in a darkened room, soft footsteps passed in and out, kind faces, in which were mingled pity and reproach, bent anxiously over her, while at her side lay a little tender thing — her infant daughter — three weeks old. And now there arose within her a strong desire to see once more her childhood's home, to lay her aching head upon her mother's lap, and pour out the tale of grief which was crushing the life from out her young heart.

As soon, therefore, as her health would permit, she started for Oakland, taking the precaution to procure from the clergyman who had married her a letter confirming the fact. Wretched and weary, she reached her home at the dusk of evening, and with a bitter cry fell fainting in the arms of her mother, who, having heard regularly from her, never dreamed that she was elsewhere than in the employ of Mrs. Warren. With streaming eyes and trembling hands the old man and his wife made ready the spare room for the wanderer, more than once blessing the fearful storm which, for a time at least, would keep away the prying eyes of those who, they feared, would hardly credit their daughter's story.

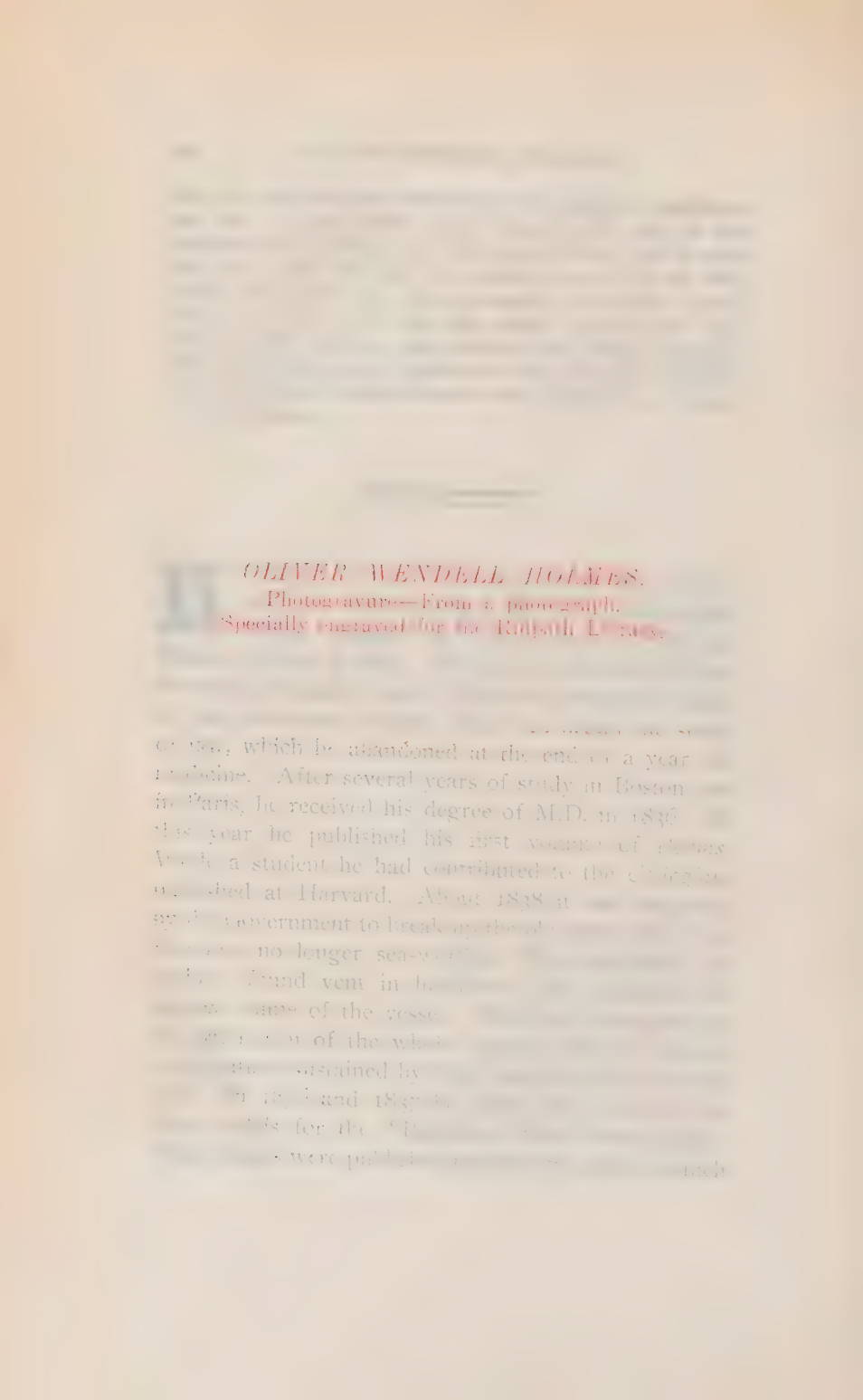
And their fears were right; for many of those who visited them on the night of which we have spoken, disbelieved the tale, mentally pronouncing the clergyman's letter a forgery, got up by Helena to deceive her parents. Consequently, of the few who from time to time came to the old farm-house, nearly all were actuated by motives of curiosity rather than by feelings of pity for the young girl-mother, who, though feeling their neglect, scarcely heeded it. Strong in the knowledge of her own innocence, she lay, day after day, watching and waiting for one who never came. But at last, as days glided into weeks, and weeks into months, hope died away; and turning wearily upon her pillow, she prayed that she might die; and when the days grew bright and gladsome in the warm spring sun, when the snow was melted from off the mountain-tops and the first robin's note was heard by the farm-house door, Helena laid her baby on her mother's bosom, and without a murmur glided down the dark, broad river, whose deep waters moved onward and onward, but never return.

When it was known in Oakland that Helena was dead, there came a reaction, and those who had been loudest in their condemnation were now the first to hasten forward with offers of kindness and words of sympathy. But neither tears nor regrets could recall to life the fair young girl, who, wondrously beautiful even in death, slept calmly in her narrow coffin, a smile of sadness wreathing her lips as if her last prayer had

been for one who had robbed her thus early of happiness and life. In the bright green valley at the foot of the mountain they buried her, and the old father, as he saw the damp earth fall upon her grave, asked that he, too, might die. But his wife, younger by several years, prayed to live — live that she might protect and care for the little orphan, who, first by its young mother's tears, and again by the waters of the baptismal fountain, was christened Helena Rivers — the 'Lena of our story. — *Lena Rivers.*

---

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL., an American poet, essayist and novelist; born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died at Boston, Mass., October 8, 1894. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Harvard University, where he was graduated in 1829. He then began the study of law, which he abandoned at the end of a year for medicine. After several years of study in Boston and in Paris, he received his degree of M.D. in 1836. In this year he published his first volume of *Poems.* While a student he had contributed to the *Collegian,* published at Harvard. About 1838 it was proposed by the Government to break up the old battle-ship *Constitution,* no longer sea-worthy. The indignation of Holmes found vent in his poem *Old Ironsides,* the popular name of the vessel. This lyric, appealing to the patriotism of the whole country, gave its author a reputation, sustained by other poems in his first volume. In 1836 and 1837 he gained three out of the four medals for the "Boylston Prize Dissertations." These essays were published together in 1838, in which



## *OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

Photogravure—From a photograph.
Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

[illegible] which he abandoned at the end of a year [illegible] medicine. After several years of study in Boston [illegible] in Paris, he received his degree of M.D. in 1836 [illegible] this year he published his first volume of [illegible] While a student he had contributed to the [illegible] published at Harvard. About 1838 it [illegible] government to break up the [illegible] no longer sea-[illegible] found vent in [illegible] name of the vessel [illegible] of the whole [illegible] sustained by [illegible] and 183[illegible] for the [illegible] were published [illegible]

year Dr. Holmes was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. At the end of two years he resigned this position, and began medical practice in Boston. In 1847 he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Harvard Medical School, where he remained until 1882. He was one of the earliest contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly,* for which he wrote *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,* published in book-form in 1859; *The Professor at the Breakfast Table* (1860), and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* (1872). His poems besides those already mentioned, were some years since collected under the title, *The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes.* An additional volume, *Before the Curfew and Other Poems,* was published in 1888. Two novels, *Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny* (1861), and *The Guardian Angel* (1868), illustrating his theory of heredity as a factor in human destiny, give many faithful and some exaggerated sketches of New England types of character. A later novel, *A Mortal Antipathy* (1885), is a psychological study, in which is told the story of a young man's cure of an antipathy against all womankind, born of an accident in infancy.

Dr. Holmes's other literary works are *Soundings from the Atlantic,* a collection of essays (1864); *Mechanism in Thought and Morals* (1871); *Memoirs of John Lothrop Motley* (1879); *Pages from an Old Volume of Life* (1883); *Ralph Waldo Emerson* (1884); *One Hundred Days in Europe* (1887); *Over the Tea-Cups* (1890). Among his medical works are *Delusions* (1842); *Currents and Counter Currents in Medical Science* (1861), *and Border Lines in Some Provinces of Medical Science* (1862).

"He is one of the writers," says Leslie Stephen,

"who is destined to live long — longer, it may be, than some of greater intellectual force and higher imagination, because he succeeds so admirably in flavoring the milk of human kindness with an element which is not acid and yet gets rid of the mawkishness which sometimes makes good morality terribly insipid."

### OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms —
The lightning and the gale!

### THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.*

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
  Sails the unshadowed main,—
  The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wing
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
  And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
  Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
  And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
  Before thee lies revealed —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
  That spread his lustrous coil;
  Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
  Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
  Child of the wandering sea,
  Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
  While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
  As the swift seasons roll!
  Leave the low-vaulted past!

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

### THE VOICELESS.*

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.
Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story:
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.
O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

### BILL AND JOE.*

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill, and I was Joe.

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still,
That I am Joe, and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H. O. N. and LL. D.
In big brave letter, fair to see! —
Your fist, old fellow! off they go! —
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe,
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say
"See those old buffers, bent and gray —
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means" —
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bills forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes —
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up to Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go —
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill; —
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill."

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears;
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
When this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
*Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.*

### THE OLD MAN DREAMS.*

O for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy
Than reign, a graybeard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy ruling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer
And, calmly smiling, said,

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take my — precious — wife!"

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
*The man would be a boy again,*
*And be a husband too!*

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember all their gifts have fled
With the dissolving years."

"Why, yes;" for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
"I could not bear to leave them all —
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why this will never do;
*The man would be a boy again,*
*And be a father too!*"

And so I laughed — my laughter woke
The household with its noise —
And wrote my dream when morning broke
To please the gray-haired boys.

### NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.*

Slow toiling upward from the misty vale,
I leave the bright enamelled zone below;
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale;
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
That on their ice-clad streams all trembling blow
Along the margin of unmelting snow;
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
White realm of peace above the flowering line;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
And all the unclothed blue of heaven is thine!

### THE TWO STREAMS.*

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends —

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BIRTHPLACE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee —
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

### THE ANGEL THIEF.*

Time is a thief who leaves his tools behind him;
He comes by night, he vanishes at dawn;
We track his footsteps but we never find him:
Strong locks are broken, massive bolts are drawn,

And all around are left the bars and borers,
The splitting wedges and the prying keys,
Such aids as serve the soft-shod vault explorers
To crack, wrench open, rifle as they please.

Ah, these are tools which Heaven in mercy lends us!
When gathering rust has clenched our shackles fast,
Time is the angel-thief that Nature sends us
To break the cramping fetters of our past.

Mourn as we may for treasures he has taken,
Poor as we feel of hoarded wealth bereft,
More precious are those implements forsaken,
Found in the wreck his ruthless hands have left.

Some lever that a casket's hinge has broken
Pries off a bolt, and lo! our souls are free;
Each year some Open Sesame is spoken,
And every decade drops its master-key.

So as from year to year we count our treasures,
Our loss seems less, and larger look our gains;
Time's wrongs repaid in more than even measure,—
We lose our jewels, but we break our chains.

— *Before the Curfew.*

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

### THE BOYS.*

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise,
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy — young jackanapes! — show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?" Yes, white, if we please;
Where the snowflakes fall thickest, there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close; you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed —
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction — of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker" — the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress" we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name? — don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave, mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in — a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhod in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free.
Just read on his medal, "My Country," "of Thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

Yes, we're boys — always playing with tongue or pen,
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drop smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children — The Boys.

This poem was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1859, at the end of the second number of *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table;* where the author says: "I read this song to the boarders after breakfast the other morning. It was written for our fellows — you know who they are, of course." It was a good while, however, before the reading public did know "who they are." The "Doctor" was Francis Thomas; the "Judge," George Tyler Bigelow; the "Speaker," Francis Boardman Crowninshield; "Mr. Mayor" was G. W. Richardson; our "Member of Congress" was George Thomas Davis; the "Reverend" was James Freeman Clarke; the boy with the mathematical face was Benjamin Peirce; "The Squire," Benjamin Robbins Curtis; and the man whom fate had tried to conceal was the author of *America.* Of the laughing boy, Holmes said in his collected works: *"Stat nominis umbra."*

THREE TIMES TWO.

Remember that talking is one of the fine arts,— the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult — and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single false note. Therefore conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker's results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and the most profitable. It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

[The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.]

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

[Our landlady turned pale; — no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellect — and that involved the probable loss of a boarder. A severe-looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighboring theatre, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and somewhat rasping *voce di petto,* to Falstaff's nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up. I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.]

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

Three Johns.
1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases.
1. The real Thomas.
2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.
3. John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from that point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore he *is,* so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows, that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to me *viâ* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he

had eaten the peaches.— *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

### THE AGE OF GRIEF.

The rapidity with which ideas grow old in our memories is in direct ratio to the squares of their importance. Their apparent age runs up miraculously, like the value of diamonds, as they increase in magnitude. A great calamity, for instance, is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened. It stains backward through all the leaves we have turned over in the book of life, before its blot of tears or blood is dry on the page we are turning. For this we seem to have lived; it was foreshadowed in dreams that we leaped out of in the cold sweat of terror; in the "dissolving views" of dark day-visions; all omens pointed to it; all paths led to it. After the tossing half-forgetfulness of the first sleep that follows such an event, it comes upon us afresh, as a surprise at waking; in a few moments it is old again — old as eternity.— *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

### NATURE LEAKING IN.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hill-sides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe — "What are these people about?" And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back — "We will go and see." So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers — "Come with me." Then they go softly with it into the great city — one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried — and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up from between the less-

trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery-railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other — "Wait awhile!" The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other —"Wait awhile!" By and by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants — the smaller tribes always in front — saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner-stone of the State-House. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

### GENIUS AND CHARACTER.

Genius has an infinitely deeper reverence for character than character can have for genius. To be sure, genius gets the world's praise, because its work is a tangible product, to be bought, or had for nothing. It bribes the common voice to praise it by presents of speeches, poems, statues, pictures, or whatever it can please with. Character evolves its best products for home consumption; but, mind you, it takes a deal more to feed a family for thirty years than to make a holiday feast for our neighbors once or twice in our lives. You talk of the fire of genius. Many a blessed woman, who dies unsung and unremembered, has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps the life in human souls, without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking, or a hundred odes simmering, in the brains of so many men of genius. It is in *latent caloric,* if I may borrow a philosophical

expression, that many of the noblest hearts give out the life that warms them. Cornelia's lips grow white, and her pulse hardly warms her thin fingers,— but she has melted all the ice out of the hearts of those young Gracchi; and her lost heat is in the blood of her youthful heroes. We are always valuing the soul's temperature by the thermometer of public deed or word. Yet the great sun himself, when he pours his noonday beams upon some vast hyaline bowlder, rent from the eternal ice-quarries, and floating toward the tropics, never warms it a fraction above the thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit that marked the moment when the first drop trickled down its side.

How we all like the spirting up of a fountain, seemingly against the law that makes water everywhere slide, roll, leap, tumble headlong, to get as low as the earth will let it! That is genius. But what is this transient upward movement, which gives us the glitter and the rainbow, to that unsleeping, all present force of gravity, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever (if the universe be eternal)— the great outspread hand of God himself, forcing all things down into their places, and keeping them there? Such, in smaller proportion, is the force of character to the fitful movements of genius, as they are or have been linked to each other in many a household, where one name was historic, and the other — let me say the nobler — unknown, save by some faint reflected ray, borrowed from its lustrous companion.

Oftentimes, as I have lain swinging on the water, in the swell of the Chelsea ferry-boats, in that long, sharp-pointed, black cradle in which I love to let the great mother rock me, I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails hung unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steam-tug, with heart of fire and arms of iron, that was hugging it close and dragging it bravely on;

and I knew, that, if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one *genius,* high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife, that nestled close in his shadow, and clung to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, and dragged him on against all the tide of circumstances, would soon have gone down on the stream, and been heard of no more. No, I am too much of a lover of genius, I sometimes think. And yet, when a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.— *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

NATURE'S PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

No human being can rest for any time in a state of equilibrium, where the desire to live and that to depart just balance each other. If one has a house, which he has lived in and always means to live in, he pleases himself with the thought of all the conveniences it offers him, and thinks little of its wants and imperfections. But once having made up his mind to move to a better, every incommodity starts out upon him, until the very ground-plan of it seems to have changed in his mind, and his thoughts and affections, each one of them packing up its little bundle of circumstances, have quitted their several chambers and nooks, and migrated to the new home, long before its apartments are ready to receive their bodily tenant. It is so with the body. Most persons have died before they expire — died to all earthly longings, so that the last breath is only, as it were, the locking of the door of the already deserted mansion. The fact of the tranquillity with which the great majority of dying persons await this locking of those gates of life through which its airy angels have been going and coming, from the moment of the first cry, is familiar to those who have been often called upon to witness the

last period of life. Almost always there is a preparation made by Nature for unearthing a soul, just as on a smaller scale there is for the removal of a milk-tooth. The roots which hold human life to earth are absorbed before it is lifted from its place. Some of the dying are weary and want rest, the idea of which is almost inseparable in the universal mind from death. Some are in pain, and want to be rid of it, even though the anodyne be dropped, as in the legend, from the sword of the Death-Angel. Some are stupid, mercifully narcotized that they may go to sleep without long tossing about. And some are strong in faith and hope, so that, as they draw near the next world, they would fain hurry toward it, as the caravan moves faster over the sands when the foremost travelers send word along the file that water is in sight. Though each little party that follows in a foot-track of its own will have it that the water to which others think they are hastening is a mirage, not the less has it been true in all ages and for human beings of every creed which recognized a future, that those who have fallen worn out by their march through the Desert have dreamed at least of a River of Life, and thought they heard its murmurs as they lay dying.— *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

---

HOLST, HERMANN EDUARD VON, a German-American historian; born at Fellen, Russia, June 19, 1841; died at Freiburg, January 20, 1904. He was educated at Heidelberg. In 1866 he settled in St. Petersburg, but on account of a pamphlet on an attempt to assassinate the Emperor, published while he was traveling abroad, was forbidden to return to Russia. In 1869 he went to America, where he remained until he was appointed Professor of His-

tory in Strassburg University, in 1872. Two years later he was given the chair of Modern History at Freiburg. He afterward revisited the United States, and delivered a course of lectures at the Johns Hopkins University and subsequently accepted a professorship in the Chicago University. He is the author of *Verfassung und Demokratie der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika* (1873–78), translated under the title of *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States, 1750–1892;* a *Life of John C. Calhoun* (1882), and *The Constitutional Law of the United States of America* (1887). He was one of the editors of the *Deutsch-Amerikanisches-Conversations-Lexikon.*

Considerable discussion was aroused in 1895 by Dr. Von Holst's announcement of the position that the Monroe Doctrine does not apply to the Venezuelan dispute, because that doctrine is "not what Cleveland and Olney tell us it ought to be, but solely what its authors understood and intended it to be." Possibly, he thought, the people ought to endorse the policy of the Administration unanimously, and with the greatest enthusiasm; "but not because of the Monroe Doctrine; it would have to be done on the strength of other reasons."

ORIGIN OF THE UNION.

Turgot and Choiseul had very early recognized that the separation of the colonies from the mother country was only a question of time; and this irrespective of the principles which might guide the colonial policy of England. The narrow and ungenerous conduct which Parliament observed toward the colonies in every respect, brought about the decisive crisis long before the natural course of

things and the diversity of interests growing out of this had made the breach an inevitable necessity.

To this circumstance it is to be ascribed that the colonists were satisfied that an amicable solution would be found to the questions debated between them and the mother country, long after England had given the most unambiguous proof that she would not, on any consideration, yield the principle in issue. A few zealots like John Adams, harbored, during the English-French colonial war, a transitory wish that the guardianship of England should cease forever. But shortly after the conclusion of peace, there was not one to be found who would not have "rejoiced in the name of Great Britain."

It was long before the ill-will, which the systematic disregard by Parliament of the rights of the colonists had excited, triumphed over this feeling. Even in August and September, 1775 that is, half a year after the battle of Lexington, so strong was the Anglo-Saxon spirit of conservatism and loyalty among the colonists, that the few extremists who dared to speak of a violent disruption of all bonds entailed chastisement upon themselves, and were universally censured. But the eyes of the colonists had been for some time so far opened that they hoped to make an impression on Parliament and the King only by the most energetic measures. They considered the situation serious enough to warrant and demand that they should be prepared for any contingency. Both of these things could evidently be accomplished in the right way, and with the requisite energy, only on condition that they should act with their united strength.

The difficulties in the way of this, however, were not insignificant. The thirteen colonies had been founded in very different times and under very different circumstances. Their whole course of development, their political institutions, their religious views and social relations, were so divergent, the one from the other, that it was easy to find more points of difference between them than of similarity and comparison. Besides, commercial intercourse between the distant colonies, in consequence of the great extent of their territory, the scantiness of the population, and the poor means of

transportation at the time, was so slight that the similarity of thought and feeling which can be the result only of a constant and thriving trade was wanting.

The solidarity of interests, and what was of greater importance at the time, the clear perception that a solidarity of interests existed, was therefore based mainly on the geographical situation of the colonies. Separated by the ocean, not only from the mother country, but from the rest of the civilized world, and placed upon a continent of yet unmeasured bounds, on which Nature had lavished every gift, it was impossible that the thought should not come to them, that they were, indeed, called upon to found a "new world." They were not at first wholly conscious of this, but a powerful external shock made it soon apparent how widely and deeply this thought had shot its roots. They could not fail to have confidence in their own strenth. Circumstances had long been teaching them to act on the principle, "Help thyself." Besides, experience had shown them, long years before, that — even leaving the repeated attacks on their rights out of the question — the leading-strings by which the mother country sought to guide their steps obstructed rather than helped their development, and this in matters which affected all the colonies alike.

Hence, from the very beginning, they considered the struggle their common cause. And even if the usurpations of Parliament made themselves felt in some parts of the country, much more severely than in others, the principle involved interested all to an equal extent.

Massachusetts recommended, in 1774, the coming together of a General Congress, and on September 4, of the same year, "the delegates, nominated by the good people of these colonies" met in Philadelphia.

Thus, long before the colonies thought of separation from the mother country, there was formed a revolutionary body, which virtually exercised sovereign power. How far the authority of this first Congress extended, according to the instructions of the delegates, it is impossible to determine with certainty at this distance of time. But it is probable that the original intention was that it should consult as to the ways and means best

calculated to remove the grievances and to guarantee the rights and liberties of the colonies, and should propose to the latter a series of resolutions, furthering these objects. But the force of circumstances at the time compelled it to act and order immediately, and the people, by a consistent following of its orders, approved this transcending of their written instructions. Congress was therefore a revolutionary body from its origin.

This state of affairs essentially continued up to March 1, 1781. Until that time, that is, until the adoption of the articles of confederation by all the States, Congress continued a revolutionary body, which was recognized by all the colonies as *de jure* and *de facto* the national government, and which as such came in contact with foreign powers and entered into engagements, the binding force of which on the whole people has never been called in question. The individual colonies, on the other hand, considered themselves, up to the time of the Declaration of Independence, as legally dependent upon England and did not take a single step which could have placed them before the mother country or the world in the light of *de facto* sovereign States. They remained colonies until the representative of the United States "in the name of the good people of these colonies" solemnly declared "these united colonies" to be "free and independent States." The transformation of the colonies into "States" was, therefore, not the result of the independent action of the individual colonies. It was accomplished through the "representatives of the United States;" that is, through the revolutionary Congress, in the name of the whole people. The thirteen colonies did not, as thirteen separate and mutually independent commonwealths, enter into a compact to sever the bonds which connected them with their common mother country, and at the same time to proclaim the act in a common manifesto to the world; but the "one people" of the united colonies dissolved that political connection with the English nation, and proclaimed themselves resolved, henceforth, to constitute the one perfectly independent people of the United States. The Declaration of Independence did not create thirteen sovereign States, but the

representatives of the people declared that the former English colonies under the name which they had assumed of the United States of America, became from the fourth day of July, 1776, a sovereign state and a member of the family of nations recognized by the law of nations.— *Translation of* JOHN J. LALOR *and* ALFRED B. MASON.

---

HÖLTY, LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH, a German lyric poet; born at Mariensee, near Hanover, December 21, 1748; died at Hanover, September 1, 1776. His father, a pastor in Mariensee, taught him Hebrew, Latin, and French. He studied theology at Göttingen, and gave his leisure to the English and Italian poets. In 1772 he joined Bürger, Müller, Voss, and others in founding the "Hainbund," a poetical brotherhood. For two years he supported himself by teaching and translating. He wrote a number of excellent lyrics, elegies, and odes, which are much admired for their tenderness of feeling, artless grace, and naïveté. *Das Feuer in Walde* is a strongly patriotic idyl. His failing health received a shock, it is said, from a disappointment in love. He died of consumption in his twenty-eighth year. His poems were collected and published after his death.

Longfellow says that he gave precocious indications while a child, of a love of learning; and that he occupied himself much with poetry during his student days. "He was a poet," continues Longfellow, "of a sentimental and melancholy cast, but, at the same time, fond of wit."

### WINTER SONG.

Summer joys are o'er!
Flow'rets bloom no more;
Wintry winds are sweeping.
Through the snow-drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng
Charms the woods with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow-birds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Merry charms in thee;
Love thy chilly greeting;
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

— *Translation of* C. T. Brooks.

### SPRING SONG.

The snow melts fast,
May comes at last,
Now shoots each spray
Forth blossoms gay,
The warbling bird
Around is heard.

Come, twine a wreath,
And on the heath
The dance prepare,
Ye maidens fair!
Come, twine a wreath,
Dance on the heath!

Who can foretell
The tolling bell,
When we with May
No more shall play?
Canst thou foretell
The coming knell?

Rejoice, rejoice!
To speak His voice
Who gave us birth
For joy on earth.
God gives us time,
Enjoy its prime.

—*Translation of* A. BASKERVILLE.

HARVEST SONG.

Sickles sound;
On the ground
Fast the ripe ears fall,
Every maiden's bonnet
Has blue blossoms on it;
Joy is over all.

Sickles ring,
Maidens sing
To the sickle's sound;
Till the moon is beaming,
And the stubble gleaming,
Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,
All are singing,
Every lisping thing.
Man and master meet;
From one dish they eat;
Each is now a king.

Hans and Michael
Whet the sickle,
Piping merrily,

Now they mow; each maiden
Soon with sheaves is laden,
Busy as a bee.

Now the blisses,
And the kisses!
Now the wit doth flow
Till the beer is out;
On, with song and shout,
Home they go, yo ho!

—*Translation of* C. T. Brooks.

---

HOME, John, a Scottish dramatic poet; born at Leith, September 21, 1722; died near Edinburgh, September 5, 1808. He was educated at the grammar-school of Leith, and at the University of Edinburgh, where he was graduated in 1742. In 1745 he was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, served in the army against the Pretender, was taken prisoner at Falkirk, and was confined in the castle of Doune, whence he soon escaped. The next year he succeeded Blair, the author of *The Grave,* in the parish of Athelstaneford. His ministerial duties did not interfere with his devotion to dramatic poetry. Having completed the tragedy of *Agis,* in 1749, he offered it to Garrick, who declined it. Six years later he went again to London with the tragedy of *Douglas,* which Garrick also declined, as totally unsuitable for the stage. It met with an enthusiastic reception in Edinburgh, where it was performed in 1756; but its production by a minister so scandalized the Presbytery that Home resigned his living to protect himself from dismissal. In 1758 Lord Bute made him his

private secretary, and three years later obtained for him a pension of £300. The *Siege of Aquileia,* produced by Home in 1760, was put upon the stage, with Garrick as the principal character. Three other tragedies, *The Fatal Discovery* (1769), *Alonzo* (1773), and *Alfred* (1778), were represented, but the last was coolly received. In 1763 he had been appointed to the sinecure office of Conservator of Scots Privileges at Campvere, New Zealand. After the failure of *Alfred,* Home wrote no more for the stage. In 1802 he published a *History of the Rebellion of 1745.* He wrote some smaller poems, among them *The Fate of Cæsar; Verses upon Inverary,* and several *Epigrams.*

OLD NORVAL AND YOUNG NORVAL.

[PRISONER — LADY RANDOLPH — ANNA, her maid.]

*Lady Randolph.*— Account for these; thine own they
cannot be.
For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[*Anna removes the servants and returns.*]

*Prisoner.*— Alas! I am sore beset; let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.
*Lady R.*— O Anna, hear! — Once more I charge thee
speak
The truth direct; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.
*Pris.*— Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land

Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine —
Four helpless infants and their weeping mother —
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river's side
Received us; there hard labor, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon the roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:
But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.
*Lady R.*— Was he alive?
*Pris.*— He was.
*Lady R.*— Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?
*Pris.*— I was not so inhuman.
*Lady R.*— Didst thou not?
*Anna.*— My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long-lost child.
*Pris* — The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them?
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not

Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.
*Lady R.*— Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he lives?
*Pris.*— Not many days ago he was alive.
*Lady R.*—O God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?
*Pris.*— I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.
*Lady R.*— Where is he now?
*Pris.*—Alas! I know not where.
*Lady R.*— O fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddle, speak
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.
*Anna.*— Permit me, ever honored! keen impatience
Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.—
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.
*Pris.*— Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stowed a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate
We left the country, traveled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.

I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came —
*Lady R.*— Eternal Providence! What is thy name?
*Pris.*— My name is Norval; and my name he bears.
*Lady R.*— 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.
*Anna.*— Just are your transports; ne'er was woman's heart
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen,
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.
*Lady R.*—Well dost thou counsel, Anna; Heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires!
*Anna.*— The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.
*Pris.*— If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.
*Lady R.*— With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.
*Pris.*— Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath saved my master's house.
*Lady R.*— Thy words surprise me; sure thou dost not feign!
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserves not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.
*Pris.*— Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate,
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth

To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame;
May Heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race!
*Lady R.*— His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?
*Pris.*— I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.
*Lady R.*— 'Tis that I mean;
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare
Before the king and nobles what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honor all thy future days;
Thy son so long shalt call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

[*Young Norval is brought in and questioned by Lady Randolph.*]

*Norval.*— My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succor. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy and marked

The road he took, then hastened to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps —
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers,
And Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

— *Douglas.*

---

HOMER, (*Gr.* Ὅμηρος ), a Greek poet, the accredited author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The period at which he lived is altogether uncertain. Ancient writers place him anywhere between the twelfth and the seventh century before our era. Herodotus supposed him to have lived four hundred years before his time — that is, about 850 B.C. Seven or more Grecian cities claimed the honor of being his birthplace. The account which appears best entitled to credence, is that he was born near Smyrna, on the bank of the river Meles (whence he is often styled *Melesigenes*), that his youth and early manhood were passed on the Island of Chios (the modern Scio); that he traveled from place to place, reciting his poems wherever he could find an audience; and that at some

period, probably after he had reached manhood, he became blind. An old scholiast suggests that Hŏmērŏs was not his actual name, but was a designation, being merely *hŏ-mē-ōrŏn,* "who does not see." There are extant two lives of Homer, ascribed respectively to Herodotus and Plutarch; but there is no valid reason for believing them genuine.

Besides the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* there are extant other poems which have been attributed to Homer. These are several *Hymns* to various gods, and the *Batrachomyomachia* (Frog-and-Mice-Fight), a mock-heroic poem, and the *Margites,* a satire. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* have been translated into English verse, and in various metres, by many persons. The most noticeable of these versions are those of Chapman (1596), Pope (1715), Cowper (1791), Munford (1846), Worsley (1861), Lord Derby (1865), Merivale (1869), and Bryant (1870). Buckley's literal prose translation has a special value of its own, although a prose version of a poem must always be inadequate.

The *Iliad,* as we now have it, consists of twenty-four Rhapsodies, or "Books," containing in all some 16,000 lines. The action of the poem covers a period of about fifty days, near the close of the ten years' siege of Ilium, or Troy, by a Grecian host united under the chief command of Agamemnon, "King of Men." Agamemnon has made a captive of Chryseis, daughter of the priest of Apollo. The Sun-god, enraged at this outrage, comes down in wrath from Olympus, and assails the Grecian camp.

THE WRATHFUL DESCENT OF APOLLO.

Alóng Olympus's heights he passed, his heart
Bursting with wrath; behind his shoulders hung
His bow and ample quiver; at his back
Rattled the fateful arrows as he moved.
Like the night-cloud he passed, and from afar
He bent against the ships and shed the bolt,
And fierce and deadly twanged the silver bow.
First on the mules and dogs, on man the last,
Was poured the arrowy storm, and through the camp
Constant and numerous blazed the funeral-fires.
—*Translation of* LORD DERBY.

Calchas, the seer, after much urgency, makes known the cause of the wrath of Apollo, and announces that it can be turned aside only by the restitution of Chryseis to her father. The Grecian chiefs, foremost among whom is Achilles, demand that Agamemnon shall comply. He sulkily consents to do this; but declares that he will indemnify himself by taking possession of the fair Briseis, who has fallen to the share of Achilles as a part of his booty in a recent marauding expedition. Achilles is roused to fury, and half unsheathes his sword to attack Agamemnon; but Pallas Athené (Minerva), who is throughout the *Iliad* the patroness of Achilles (as she afterward is of Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*), stays his hand, invisible to all but Achilles, who swears, on his gold-studded sceptre, a mighty oath that the Grecians shall rue the indignity to which by their assent he had been subjected.

THE OATH OF ACHILLES.

By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain;

When flushed with slaughter Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,
Forced to deplore, when impotent to save;
Then rage in bitterness of soul to know
That thou hast made the bravest Greek thy foe.
— *Translation of* POPE.

This "wrath of Peleus's son" is announced in the first line of the *Iliad,* as the theme of the poem, and to it every scene and incident directly or indirectly tends. Achilles withdraws his Myrmidons from the contest, and betakes himself to his tent. Agamemnon — now backed by the whole Grecian council, demands the surrender of Briseis. Achilles dares not refuse to yield to this pressure. But he hurls this bitter invective against the wrong-doer:

ACHILLES'S INVECTIVE AGAINST AGAMEMNON.

Well dost thou know that 'twas no feud of mine
With Troy's brave sons, that brought me here in arms.
They never did me wrong; they never drove
My cattle or my horses; they never sought
In Phthia's fertile life-sustaining fields
To waste the crops: for wide between us lay
The shadowy mountains and the roaring sea.
With thee, O void of shame! with thee we sailed;
For Menelaus and for thee, ingrate!
Glory and fame on Trojan crests to win
— *Translation* of LORD DERBY.

Chryseis is sent back, with rich presents, to her island home of Chrysa. Homer's description of the voyage is admirably rendered by Landor, in the English hexameters, used also by Chapman, which to us seems the one of our metres which best reproduce the lines of the original:

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE OF CHRYSEIS.

Out were the anchors cast, and the ropes made fast to the steerage;
Out did the sailors leap on the foaming beach of the ocean;
Out was the hecatomb led for the skilful marksman Apollo;
Out Chryseis arose from the ship that sped through the waters.

— *Translation of* LANDOR.

Zeus had gone off on a twelve days' visit to the "blameless Ethiopians." Upon his return a council of the gods is held on Olympus, which gives Homer an opportunity to let us into some secrets of the domestic life of the Celestials. "Silver-footed Thetis," a special favorite of Zeus, and mother of Achilles, begs the Thunderer to give a temporary advantage to the Trojans, so that the Greeks may learn what they have lost by wronging Achilles. Zeus promises to do so, but Juno must not know anything about it; for she has a spite against the Trojans, and he stands in wholesome dread of the shrewish tongue of his wife; although she knows that when he has once put his foot down she must hold her tongue. But Juno has caught sight of Thetis as she is going out, and surmises what her errand has been. She gives her spouse a piece of her mind, winding up with, "Thou hast been promising honor to Achilles, I trow." Zeus puts her down in a brief speech, which is thus rendered by Mr. Gladstone, who of all translators has here caught the tone of Homer. Indeed, we fancy that if he had seriously set himself to the task of translating the *Iliad*, he would have given us a better version than we have.

A TIFF ON OLYMPUS.

Zeus, that rules the clouds of heaven, her addressing then:
"Moon struck! thou art ever *trowing;* never I escape thy ken.
After all it boots thee nothing; leaves thee of my heart the less:
So hast thou the worser bargain. What if I the fact confess?
It was done because I willed it. Hold thy peace — my word obey;
Lest if I come near, and on thee these unconquered hands I lay,
All the gods that hold Olympus nought avail thee here to-day."

— *Translation of* GLADSTONE.

That is, if she does not hold her tongue, he will box her ears. Peace is at length restored; a feast ensues, with which ends the first Book of the *Iliad.* Next morning the Grecian and Trojan hosts, drawn up in battle array, prepare for a grand field-day on the plain before Troy. But before battle is joined, Paris springs out of the Trojan ranks, and offers to meet in single combat any one of the Grecian heroes. Menelaus, the husband of the faithless Helen, accepts the challenge; but at sight of him Paris slinks back behind the shelter of the Trojan ranks, and is bitterly reproached for his poltroonery by his valiant brother, Hector.

Paris replies that he is not afraid of Menelaus, and to prove his valor demands that regular lists be pitched in sight of both armies, and he will meet Menelaus in sight of both hosts, and Helen shall be the prize of the victor. Menelaus eagerly accepts

the proffer. Helen, radiant in her matchless beauty, leaves her embroidery, and follows King Priam and his counsellors to the city ramparts, where she can overlook the combat of which she is to be the prize.

HELEN ON THE RAMPART.

They reached the Scæan towers,
Where Priam sat, to see the fight, with all his counsellors:
All grave old men; and soldiers they had been, but for age
Now left the wars; yet counsellors they were exceeding sage.
And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grass-hoppers
Sit chirping and send voices out, that scarce can pierce our ears
For softness, and their weak faint sounds; so talking on on the tower,
These seniors of the people sate; who, when they saw the power
Of beauty, in the queen, ascend — even these cold-spirited peers,
Those wise and almost withered men, found this heat in their years,
That they forced (through whispering) to say: "What man can blame
The Greeks and Trojans to endure for so admired a dame,
So many miseries, and so long? in her sweet countenance shine
Looks like the goddesses.— And yet (though never so divine)
Before we boast, unjustly still, of her enforced prize,
And justly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies,
Labor and ruin, let her go; the profit of our land
Must pass the beauty." Thus, though these could bear so fit a hand
On their affections, yet, when all their gravest powers were used,

They could not choose but welcome her, and rather they accused
The gods than beauty.

— *Translation of* CHAPMAN.

Priam is summoned to attend a conference midway between the walls of Troy and the Grecian camp on the sea-shore. All details are formally agreed upon, and duly ratified by sacrificial rites. This duello shall decide the matter, and there shall be no more fighting. The divine vengeance is invoked against the party which shall violate the armistice. Hector on the one side, and Ulysses upon the other, prepare the lists. Lots are cast to decide which combatant shall have the "first shot." Paris wins, and his javelin strikes the shield of Menelaus fair in the centre, but the tough bull's-hide is not penetrated. It is now the turn of Menelaus. His heavy javelin goes straight through shield, breastplate, and linen vest, but fails even to graze the body of Paris. Menelaus, sword in hand, rushes upon his enemy, strikes a downright blow upon his helmet, but the blade is shivered to fragments, and Paris is unharmed. Menelaus rushes upon Paris, seizes him by the horsehair crest, and drags him by main force toward the Grecian lines. But Venus comes to the rescue of her favorite. At her touch the chinstrap gives way, leaving only the empty helmet in the hands of Menelaus. He flings this to the ground, and dashes in chase of Paris, even among the Trojan ranks. Not a man there would turn a hand to save Paris, for "they all hated him like black Death." But Menelaus can nowhere light upon Paris; for Venus has wrapt a cloud of mist around him, under cover of which she carries him off, and deposits him unharmed in the cham-

ber of Helen, who gives him a most unkindly reception.

HELEN'S RECEPTION OF PARIS.

Back from the battle? would thou there hadst died
Beneath a warrior's arm whom once I called
My husband! Vainly didst thou boast erewhile
Thine arm, thy dauntless courage, and thy spear,
The warlike Menelaus should subdue!
Go now again, and challenge to the fight
The warlike Menelaus. Be thou ware!
I warn thee, pause, ere madly thou presume
With fair-haired Menelaus to contend!

— *Translation of* LORD DERBY.

But Paris's good looks and ready tongue are too much for the anger of Helen, and they soon become lovers again. The Grecians rightfully claim that the victory is theirs, since the Trojan champion has ignominiously fled the lists. But the rulers of Olympus again intervene. Zeus taunts Juno that Venus has been too much for her and Pallas combined. He is clear, however, that the victory belongs to Menelaus; that Helen should be given up to the Grecians, who should go home, and the long quarrel be over. Juno is enraged that Troy should escape the destruction upon which she had set heart. Zeus, for the sake of a quiet life, consents that in this matter Juno shall have her way; but admonishes her that if hereafter any city which she loved should fall under his displeasure, her interposition should not avail to save it. She replies that there are three Grecian cities — Argos, Sparta, and Mycene, which were especially dear to her; but if these should incur his displeasure she would not interpose to save them.

And now the gods — Pallas especially — set about the work of inducing the Trojans to do something which shall be a violation of the truce with the Grecians. At the instigation of Pallas, the Trojan archer Pandarus shoots a treacherous arrow at Menelaus, and inflicts a wound which only the watchful care of Pallas prevents from being fatal. The Trojans have already broken their agreement, and the Grecians resolve to renew the war. Then ensues the first of the battles of which the *Iliad* gives an account. Of this, Diomed, the son of Tydeus, is the hero; though gods, as well as men, take part in it upon one side or the other. Venus, though by no means of a martial character, comes down to look out for Æneas, her son by a mortal lover. Diomed overtakes her while carrying Æneas off, and inflicts a slight wound.

VENUS WOUNDED BY DIOMED.

Her, searching through the crowd, at length he found,
And springing forward, with his pointed spear
A wound inflicted on her tender hand.
Piercing th' ambrosial veil, the Graces' work,
The sharp spear grazed her palm below the wrist.
Forth from the wound th' immortal current flowed —
Pure ichor, life-stream of the blessed gods;
They eat no bread, they drink no ruddy wine,
And bloodless thence and deathless they become.
The goddess shrieked aloud, and dropped her son;
But in his arms Apollo bore him off
In a thick cloud enveloped, lest some Greek
Might pierce his breast, and rob him of his life,
Loud shouted brave Tydides, as she fled:
"Daughter of Jove, from battle-field retire;
Enough for thee weak women to delude;
If war thou seek'st, the lesson thou shalt learn
Shall cause thee shudder but to hear it named."—
Thus he, but ill at ease, and sorely pained,

The Goddess fled; her Iris, swift as wind,
Caught up, and from the tumult bore away,
Weeping with pain, her fair skin soiled with blood.
— *Translation of* Lord Derby.

Diomed, raging through the fight, encounters Glaucus, a young Lycian chief, and struck by his noble bearing, inquires his name and race. Glaucus, with a sad smile, replies:

THE HUMAN RACE LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES.

Brave son of Tydeus, wherefore set thy mind
My race to know? The generations are
As of the leaves, so also of mankind.
As the leaves fall, now withering in the wind,
And others are put forth, and Spring descends,
Such on the earth the race of men we find;
Each in his order a set time attends;
One generation rises and another ends.
— *Translation of* Worsley.

The battle goes hardly for the Trojans. Diomed encounters Mars, the god of war, wounds him severely in the flank, and sends him howling back to Olympus, where he gets a severe berating from the paternal Zeus. Hector at last leaves the field and goes into the city in order to send his mother, Hecuba, to the temple of Pallas to beseech the goddess to withdraw the terrible Diomed from the field. He enters the palace, where he finds Paris dallying with Helen instead of taking part in the fight. He sharply upbraids his brother; but Helen makes a speech full of self-abasement, and bewailing the unworthiness of her paramour. Hector answers gently, and goes in search of his wife, Andromache, whom he finds at the Scæan gate, with their infant child and his nurse. This

interview, and, as it proved, the last one — between Hector and his wife — is admirably rendered by Pope, although the concluding lines are better reproduced by Lord Derby.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy;
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest,
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brow unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kissed his child, and lifting high in air
Thus to the gods, preferred a father's prayer:
"O thou, whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say — this chief transcends his father's fame;
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burthen to her arms.
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued. . . .

— *Translation of* POPE.

For till my day of destiny is come,
No man may take my life; and when it comes,
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day.
But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids
Their several tasks; and leave to men of Troy,
And chief to me, the toils of war.

— *Translation of* Lord Derby.

The battle is renewed the next morning, and mighty deeds are done on each side. It is a drawn battle, and both armies agree to a truce in order to collect and bury their dead.

The opening of the ninth Book presents the Grecians utterly disheartened within their palisades. Agamemnon proposes that they shall all take ship and sail back to Greece. All the chiefs keep silence, except Diomed, who taunts Agamemnon with cowardice. They may go home, if they will, but he and his comrade, Sthenelas, will stay and fight it out alone if need be. Then the aged Nestor reminds Agamemnon that his insult to Achilles is the cause of their present sad plight; let an embassy be sent to him to offer apology and ample compensation for the wrong which he has suffered. Achilles receives the embassy with all courtesy; but will listen to no proposal for accommodation; and besides, he adds, tauntingly, Agamemnon can have no need of his services; he has fortified his position with ditch and palisade, which, after all, may not keep Hector out; although while he was in the field nothing of the kind was needed.

At early dawn the Trojans renew the attack. The Grecians, brought to bay, defend themselves stoutly. The account of this battle occupies eight books of the *Iliad* — one-third of the entire poem.

Achilles, standing on the lofty prow of his ship, surveys the fight, as though its issue was a matter in which he had no concern. Sarpedon, a Lycian, reputed to be a son of Zeus, shares with Hector the glory of this day. The Grecians are forced back within their intrenchments. Sarpedon hurls an enormous stone against the wooden gate, which gives way.

THE STORMING OF THE GRECIAN INTRENCHMENTS.

This way and that the severed portals flew
Before the crashing missile. Dark as night
His lowering brow, great Hector sprang within;
Bright flashed the brazen armor on his breast,
As through the gates, two javelins in his hand,
He sprang. The gods except, no power might meet
That onset; blazed his eyes with lurid fire.
Then to the Trojans, turning to the throng,
He called aloud to scale the lofty wall.
They heard, and straight obeyed; some scaled the wall;
Some through the strong-built gates continuous poured;
While in confusion irretrievable
Fled to their ships the panic-stricken Greeks.
— *Translation of* Lord Derby.

Neptune, who had been overlooking the fight from the wooded heights of Samothrace, hurries to the relief of his friends, the Grecians. Assuming the form of Calchas, the seer, he inspires them with fresh courage. Hector's course is stayed. The Locrian bowmen of Ajax, the son of Oileus, pour their arrow-flights into the Trojan masses. The fight rages more furiously than ever. The foremost Grecian chiefs — Agamemnon, Ulysses, and Diomed — are disabled. The two Ajaxes, and Idomedus of Crete, barely maintain the conflict; but the Grecian intrenchments have been forced, and the fight is around the ships. If

the Trojans succeed in burning these, all is lost. Neptune now heads the Grecians in his own proper form. The tide of battle is turned. Ajax, the son of Telamon, fells Hector to the earth with a huge rock, and he is with difficulty saved from death or capture, and borne senseless to his chariot, while the Trojans are pushed out of the Grecian intrenchments, the enemy in hot pursuit.

Patroclus, the bosom-friend of Achilles, has been sitting in his tent watching over a wounded friend. He hurries to the tent of Achilles, and begs that he may be permitted to lead the Myrmidons to the aid of their hardly pressed countrymen. Achilles consents, endows Patroclus with his own armor, mounts him in his own chariot, charging him, however, to do nothing more than save the ships, and not to attempt to follow the Trojans into the open plain. The Trojans, seeing the well-known armor of Achilles, believe that he is heading the reinforcements advancing against them. They rush distractedly out of the intrenchments, up to the very gates of Troy, pursued by Patroclus, who has forgotten the parting injunction of Achilles. Here he is confronted by Apollo, who warns him back. Patroclus refusing to go, Apollo strikes him down, and despoils him of the armor of Achilles. Patroclus tries to make good his retreat; but the Trojan Euphorbus stabs him in the back, and Hector, coming up, runs his spear through his body. A fierce fight ensues over the body; but his comrades, locking shields, keep off the enemy, and bear the corpse toward the ships. In the meanwhile the charioteer of Patroclus puts whip to his horses, and carries to Achilles the tidings of the death of his friend.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES FOR THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Grief darkened all his powers. With both his hands he rent
The black mould from the forced earth, and poured it on his head,
Smear'd all his lovely face; his weeds divinely fashioned,
All filed and mangled; and himself he threw upon the shore;
Lay as laid out for funeral, then tumbled round and tore
His gracious curls. His ecstasy he did so far extend.
That all the ladies won by him and his now slaughtered friend,
Afflicted strangely for his plight, came shrieking from the tents,
And fell about him, beat their breasts, their tender lineaments
Dissolved with sorrow. And with them wept Nestor's warlike son,
Fell by him, holding his fair hands, in fear he would have done
His person violence; his heart extremely straitened, burn'd,
Beat, swelled, and sigh'd as it would burst: so terribly he mourn'd,
That Thetis, sitting in the deeps of her old father's seas, heard and lamented.

— *Translation of* CHAPMAN.

Vulcan forges new armor for Achilles, who mounts his chariot, and starts forth at the head of his eager Myrmidons. Zeus has now removed his prohibition, and given all the gods full permission to take part in the battle on whichever side they pleased. Juno, Neptune, Pallas, Mercury, and Vulcan join the Grecians; while Mars, Apollo, Venus, Latona, and Diana take part with the Trojans. Achilles urges his chariot through the Trojan ranks, driving many of the enemy

before him into the shallows of the river Scamander. Leaping from his chariot he wades into the river, slaughtering everyone who comes in his way, save twelve Trojan youths, whom he holds as prisoners to be offered upon the funeral pyre of Patroclus. For the rest, mercy or respite is granted to no one. Lycaon, a young son of Priam, whom Achilles had before known, begs for his life; he is only a half brother of Hector, and his brother, Polydorus, has just been slain — surely that was enough to satisfy the vengeance of the Grecians. Achilles replies that before Patroclus was slain he had saved many a Trojan; but henceforth no one should be spared — least of all any son of Priam.

THE DEATH OF LYCAON.

Thou too, my friend, must die — why vainly wail?
Dead is Patroclus too, thy better far;
Me too thou seest — how stalwart, tall, and fair,
Of noble sire and goddess-mother born;
Yet I must yield to Death and stubborn Fate,
Whene'er, at morn or noon or eve, the spear
Or arrow from the bow may reach my life.
— *Translation of* Lord Derby.

The remnant of the routed Trojans have made good their retreat within the city walls, all except Hector, who remains outside the Scæan gate, waiting for Achilles to come up. But at the approach of the Grecian he turns and flies, followed hard by Achilles, who chases him thrice around the town in full view of the Trojans who crowd the ramparts. Fleet as Hector is, Achilles is still fleeter. He overtakes Hector, beckoning to his comrades not to interfere in any way; for he alone will wreak vengeance

upon the slayer of Patroclus. Zeus is now minded to save Hector; but Pallas reminds him of that supreme Destiny, to whose decrees even the Ruler of Olympus must yield obedience. He lifts aloft the golden balances, and the scale of Hector kicks the beam. Even the King of gods and men cannot now save him. Hector stands at bay; but before blows are struck, he tries to engage Achilles in a compact that, whichever shall fall, his adversary shall restore the dead body of the other to his friends with all due honor. But Achilles fiercely rejects the proposition.

ACHILLES' REPLY TO HECTOR.

Talk not to me of compacts; as 'tween men
And lions no firm concord can exist,
Nor wolves and lambs in harmony unite,
But ceaseless enmity between them dwells;
So not in friendly terms, nor compact firm,
Can thou and I unite, till one of us
Glut with his blood the mail-clad warrior Mars.
Mind thee all thy fence; behooves thee now
To prove a spearman skilled, and warrior brave,
For thee escape is none; now by my spear
Hath Pallas doomed thy death. My comrade's blood,
Which thou hast shed, shall all be now avenged.
— *Translation of* LORD DERBY.

Achilles's spear, launched at these words, misses its mark; that of Hector glances harmless from the celestial shield. Hector, having no second spear, rushes, sword in hand, upon Achilles, who, watching his opportunity, thrusts his sharp spear through the joint in the armor where the breastplate joins the gorget. The victor brutally assures his dying enemy that his body shall be consigned to the dogs and the vultures. The Grecians now crowd around, and

plunge their spears into the all but dead body. Achilles orders the heels of Hector to be pierced, cords to be run through the holes and fastened to his chariot; and so the body is dragged off to the ships, and flung in the dust before the bier upon which the corpse of Patroclus is lying. That night the shade of Patroclus appears to the sleeping Achilles, and presents his last request.

THE ENTREATY OF THE SHADE OF PATROCLUS.

Sleep'st thou, Achilles, mindless of thy friend,
Neglecting not the living but the dead?
Hasten my funeral rites, that I may pass
Through Hades's gloomy gates. Ere those be done,
The spirits and spectres of departed men
Drive me far from them, nor allow to cross
Th' abhorred river; but forlorn and sad
I wander through the wide-spread realms of night.
And give me now thy hand, whereon to weep;
For never more, when laid upon the pyre,
Shall I return from Hades; never more,
Apart from all our comrades, shall we two,
As friends, sweet counsel take. For me stern Death
The common lot of man, has ope'd his mouth.
Thou, too, Achilles, rival of the gods,
Art destined here beneath the walls of Troy
To meet thy doom. Yet one thing I must add
And make, if thou wilt grant it, one request:
Let not my bones be laid apart from thine,
Achilles, but together, as our youth
Was spent together in thy father's house.

— *Translation of* Lord Derby.

The preparations for the obsequies of Patroclus are speedily concluded. Agamemnon has already cut down wood for a huge funeral pyre. The corpse is borne in long procession and placed upon it. Each

warrior cuts off long locks of his hair, which are laid upon the body as an offering to the gods below. Four chariot horses and two household dogs are slain upon the pyre. The twelve Trojan captives are slaughtered by Achilles with his own hand, and added to the victims. The fire is lighted and blazes all night, Achilles continually pouring on libations from a golden goblet. In the morning the embers are quenched with wine, and the bones of Patroclus are collected, and placed in a golden urn to await the near day when those of Achilles shall be deposited under the same mound.

The funeral games are now begun, lasting twelve days in all. There is a chariot-race, in which Diomed carries off the prize; a brutal boxing-match, in which one combatant is felled to the ground, and borne off senseless; a wrestling-match between Ajax the Greater and Ulysses, which is pronounced a drawn game; a foot-race, in which Ulysses is victor, Pallas tripping up the heels of Ajax the Lesser, who was ahead; a fight with spear and shield between Diomed and Ajax Telamon, the prize being the splendid armor which had belonged to Sarpedon, to be awarded to the one who drew the first blood; but the champions grew so furious that they were separated, and the prize is divided between them; and a contest in archery. The games were to have closed by a contest at hurling the heavy spear, at which Agamemnon presented himself as a contestant; but Ulysses would not hear of it, handing the prize to Agamemnon with the courteous words, "O son of Atreus, we know that thou dost surpass us all."

Every morning Achilles mounted his chariot, to which was attached the body of Hector, which was

thrice dragged around the mound which had been reared over the ashes of Patroclus; but notwithstanding this rough usage, the body — thanks to the care of Venus and Apollo — showed no signs of injury or decomposition. On the night after the close of the funeral rites, the aged Priam, conducted by Mercury, and attended only by a single herald, crept through the lines of the Grecian sentinels, whom Mercury had cast into a profound sleep, and made his way to the tent of Achilles, and begged for the body of Hector. The hot wrath of Achilles had burned itself out. He received the old man gently, and not only granted his prayer, but ordered that the body should be washed, anointed, and clad in costly raiment. He lifted it with his own hands, and placed it on a couch. Priam passed the night in the tent of the man who had slain so many of his own sons, and slept for the first time since the death of Hector. Achilles completed his kindness by granting a twelve days' truce, so that Troy might bury her dead hero with all rightful honors. The lamentations of Priam and Hecuba are duly recorded; but even more touching than these is the tribute paid by the remorseful Helen.

HELEN'S TRIBUTE TO HECTOR.

Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!
True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,
Who bore me hither: would I then had died!
But twenty years have passed since here I came,
And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee
I heard one scornful, one degrading word;
And when from others I have borne reproach —
Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brother's wives,
Or mother (for thy sire was ever kind

Even as a father) — thou hast checked them still
With tender feeling and with gentle words.
For thee I weep, and for myself no less;
For through the breadth of Troy none love me now,
None kindly look on me, but all abhor.
— *Translation of* Lord Derby.

With the funeral rites of Hector, the *Iliad* — which might more properly have been called the "Achilliad" — comes to a proper close. Shortly after the expiration of the truce, Achilles was slain by an arrow shot by Paris; and a little later Ilium was taken through a stratagem, the work of Ulysses, sacked and well laid in ashes; its very site being uncertain for well-nigh a hundred generations, until in our own days it was identified by Schliemann.

The *Odyssey* purports to be a narrative of the adventures of Odysseus (whose name has been softened by the Latins into "Ulysses") during his ten years' wanderings after the destruction of Troy, until he finally gets back to his native Ithaca. Like the *Iliad,* it consists of twenty-four Books. The narrative properly begins in the seventh year after the fall of Troy, the events of the preceding years after that time being related by Ulysses himself at one time or another.

The *Odyssey* opens with a council of the gods held on Olympus. Pallas reminds Zeus of the hard fate of Ulysses, who has for seven years been detained by the nymph Calypso in her enchanted island. It is decided that Mercury shall proceed to the island to announce to Ulysses that the period of his detention by Calypso is drawing to a close; while Pallas shall go to Ithaca in order to inspire Telemachus, the son

of Ulysses, now growing into manhood, with a resolve to rid his mother, Penelope, of a swarm of suitors who have quartered themselves in her palace, demanding that she shall marry one of them in place of her husband, Ulysses, who is presumed to be dead, nothing having been heard of him for seven years and more; though Penelope cherishes the belief that he still lives, and will in time get back to Ithaca.

PALLAS AT ITHACA.

So ending, underneath her feet she bound
  Her faery sandals of ambrosial gold,
Which o'er the waters and the solid ground
  Swifter than wind have borne her from of old;
  Then on the iron-pointed spear laid hold,
Heavy and tall, wherewith she smites the brood
  Of heroes till her anger waxes cold;
Then from Olympus swept in eager mood,
And with the island-people in the court she stood,

Fast by the threshold of the outer gate
  Of brave Ulysses; in her hand she bore
The iron-plated spear, heavy and great,
  And waiting as a guest-friend at the door,
  Of Mentes, Taphian chief, the likeness, wore;
There found the suitors, who beguiled with play
  The hours, and sat the palace gates before
On hides of oxen which themselves did slay:
Haughty of mien they sat, and girt with proud array.
— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

Here ensue various scenes of insolence on the part of the unruly suitors. At length Telemachus asks the supposed Mentes about the fate of his father. Of this he professes to know nothing; but he believes that Ulysses is still alive; perhaps some of his old comrades — Nestor of Pylos, or Menelaus of Sparta —

could furnish some information. It is finally decided that Telemachus should fit out a vessel, and go in search of information about his father. Penelope had put off the suitors by declaring that she could not think of marrying until she had completed the weaving of a splendid web which should serve as a winding-sheet for Lærtes, the aged father of Ulysses, whose end could not be far distant. She and her hand-maidens weave diligently all the day, but the web does not grow any longer, for each night they unravel what they had woven during the day.

THE WEAVING OF PENELOPE.

Matchless skill.
To weave that splendid web; sagacious thought,
And shrewdness such as never fame ascribed
To any beauteous Greek of ancient days —
Tyro, Mycene, or Alcemene loved
Of Jove himself — all whom the accomplished queen
Transcends in knowledge.

— *Translation of* COWPER.

Telemachus, aided by Pallas, who now appears in the form of Mentor, a wise old man, who had been left as his guardian by Ulysses when he sailed for Troy, sets out on his voyage.

THE VOYAGE OF TELEMACHUS.

Loud and clear
Sang the bluff zephyr o'er the wine-dark mere
Behind them: by Athene's hest he blew.
Telemachus his comrades on did cheer
To set the tackling. With good hearts the crew
Heard him, and all things ranged in goodly order true.
The olive mast, planted with care, they bind
With ropes, the white sails stretch on twisted hide,

And brace the mainsail to the bellying wind.
Loudly the keel rushed through the seething tide.
Soon as the good ship's gear was all applied
They ranged both bowls crowned with dark wine, and poured
To gods who everlastingly abide,
Most to the stern-eyed child of Heaven's great lord.
All night the ship clave onward till the Dawn upsoared.
— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

They soon reached Pylos, the stronghold of the aged Nestor, who received them hospitably. He tells them many tales of his old comrades at the siege of Troy.

From Pylos, Telemachus, accompanied by a son of Nestor, rode to Sparta, where they arrived on the evening of the second day; the season being autumn, for, we are incidentally told that "the sun had set upon the yellow harvest-fields." Menelaus had got back to Sparta not many months before, and was living there in great state of contentment with Helen, quite unmindful of her old escapade with Paris.

HELEN AT SPARTA.

Forth from her fragrant chamber Helen passed
Like gold-bowed Dian; and Adraste came
The bearer of her throne's majestic frame;
Her carpet's fine-wrought fleece Alcippe bore;
Phylo her basket bright with silver ore,
Gift of the wife of Polybus, who swayed
When Thebes — the Egyptian Thebes — scant wealth displayed:
His wife, Alcandra, from her treasured store,
A golden spindle to fair Helen bore,
And a bright silver basket, on whose round
A rim of burnished gold was closely bound.
— *Translation of* SOTHEBY.

Before Helen made her appearance, Menelaus had been relating to Telemachus some of the incidents of his long and wide wanderings since the fall of Troy.

It is at this moment, when Menelaus is thus unbosoming himself to his as yet unknown guest, that Helen enters the hall, and the personality of Telemachus is disclosed. She perceives their look of sadness; but she has the means of remedying it for one day. While in Egypt she had learned some of the secrets of that land of ancient wisdom — among them was that of the concoction of *Nepenthes.*

THE VIRTUES OF NEPENTHES.

Which so cures heartache and the inward stings
That men forget all sorrows wherein they pine.
He who hath tasted of the draught divine
Weeps not that day although his mother die
Or father, or cut off before his eyen
Mother or child beloved fall miserably,
Hewn by the pitiless sword, he sitting silent by.
— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

While abiding in Egypt some years before, Menelaus had received a mysterious intimation that Ulysses was then alive, but was detained by the nymph Calypso on her enchanted island, from which he was longing to make his escape. Thus much learned, Telemachus, after a month's stay, rides back to Pylos, where his vessel was lying, and embarks upon his return voyage to Ithaca. All this occupies four Books of the *Odyssey.* But in the meantime other events have been transpiring. At the same time that Pallas set out from Olympus for Ithaca, Mercury, at the bidding of Zeus, started for the island of Calypso.

MERCURY ON CALYPSO'S ISLAND.

Thus charged he: nor Argicides denied,
But to his feet his fair-winged shoes he tied,
Ambrosian, golden; that in his command
Put either sea, or the unmeasured land,
With pace as easy as a puff of wind.
Then up his rod went, with which he declined
The eyes of any waker, when he pleased,
And any sleeper, when he wish'd, diseased.
Glid through the air, and Neptune's confidence
This took, he stoop'd Pieria, and thence
Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence
Kissed as he flew, and check'd the waves as light
As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,
Her thick wings sousing in the savory seas;
Like her, he pass'd a world of wilderness.
But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went
Up from the blue sea to the continent,
And reach'd the ample cavern of the Queen,
Whom he found within; without, seldom seen.
A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,
The matter precious, and divine the frame;
Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
That breath'd an odor round about the isle.
Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars crown'd,
Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bittours bred,
And other birds their shady pinions spread;
All fowls maritimal: none roosted there
But whose labors in the waters were.
Four fountains, one against another, pour'd
Their silver streams; and meadows all enflower'd
With sweet balm-gentle, and blue violets hid,
That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
Should anyone, though he immortal were,

Arrive and see the sacred objects there,
He would admire them, and be overjoy'd;
And so stood Hermes's ravished powers employ'd.
But having all admir'd, he enter'd on
The ample cave, nor could be seen unknown
Of great Calypso (for all Deities are
Prompt in each other's knowledge, though so far
Sever'd in dwellings); but he could not see
Ulysses there within; without was he
Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to view
Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty drew
His heart of comfort.

— *Translation of* CHAPMAN.

Calypso knows that the mandate which Mercury bears — that she shall forthwith set Ulysses free — must be obeyed. She indeed grumbles that Zeus should be so whimsical as to thus separate her from her mortal lover, of whom she has come to be very fond. But she is indeed vexed at the pleasure he evinces at the separation; and she addresses him in terms of mild reproach.

CALYPSO TO ULYSSES.

Child of Laertes, would'st thou fain depart
  Hence to thine own fatherland? Farewell!
Yet, couldst thou read the sorrow and the smart,
  With me and immortality to dwell,
  Thou wouldst rejoice, and love my mansion well.
Deeply and long thou yearnest for thy wife;
  Yet her in beauty I perchance excel.
Beseems not one who hath but mortal life.
With forms of deathless mould to challenge a vain strife.

— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

ULYSSES TO CALYPSO.

All this I know, and do myself avow.
Well may Penelope in form and brow

And stature seem inferior far to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou.
Yet even thus 'tis very dear to me
My long desired return and ancient home to see.
But if some god amid the wine-dark flood
With doom pursue me, and my vessel mar,
Then will I bear it as a brave man should.
Not the first time I suffer: wave and war
Deep in my life have graven many a scar.
— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

There is no boat on Calypso's island, but she aids him to build one, in which he sails off alone. A storm arises, and his boat is wrecked on the island of Scheria, where he falls asleep on a bed of leaves which he has hastily collected. The people of that island are called the Phæacians. Their sovereign is Alcinous, and he has a daughter just growing up to womanhood. On that morning the Princess Nausicaa, accompanied by her handmaidens, had gone down to the beach to wash the household linen, which they do by treading it with their bare feet upon the smooth, hard sand. Their merry laughter awakens Ulysses, who comes forward to accost them, his only clothing being the leafy branch of an olive bough, which he has just plucked. The scenes which ensue form one of the most charming of idyls.

NAUSICAA AND ULYSSES.

All in flight
The virgins scatter'd, frighted with this sight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but Nausicaa fled; but fast she stood:
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear comprest.
And still she stood him, as resolved to know

What man he was; or out of what should grow
His strange repair to them. And here was he
Put to his wisdom: if her virgin knee
He should be bold — but kneeling — to embra
Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace,
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtain
Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
Her grace to show and guide him to the town.
The last he best thought to be worth his own.
In weighing both well: to keep still aloof,
And give with soft words his desires their proof
Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,
He might incense her maiden modesty.
This fair and filed speech then show'd this was he·
"Let me beseech, O Queen, the truth of thee,
Are you of mortal or the deified race?
If of the gods, that th' ample heavens embrace,
I can resemble you to none above
So near as to chaste-born birth of Jove,
The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present
In grace of every god-like lineament,
Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address
You promise of her very perfectness.
If sprung of humans that inhabit earth,
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth;
Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts
Must, even to rupture, bear delighted hearts,
To see, so like the first trim of a tree,
Your form adorn a dance. But most blest he,
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t' engage
Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,
And deck his house with your commanding merit
I have not seen a man of so much spirit,
Nor man nor woman I did ever see
At all parts equal to the parts in thee.
T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize
My eyes and apprehensive faculties.
"Lately in Delos (with a charge of men
Arrived, that rendered me most wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a palm, whose issues swell'd

About Apollo's fane, and that put on
A grace like thee; for earth had never none
Of all her sylvan issues so adorned.
Into amaze my very soul was turn'd
To give it observation; as now thee
To view, O virgin, a stupidity
Past admiration strikes me, and join'd with fear,
To do a suppliant's due, and press so near
As to embrace thy knees."

— *Translation of* CHAPMAN.

Nausicaa, fully reassured by this accost of Ulysses, recalls her fugitive attendants, and tells them that "the stranger and poor are the messengers of the gods." Ulysses, having been supplied with food, disappears for a brief space. When he again presents himself — thanks to Pallas — he is fittingly clad, his "hyacinthine locks" flowing down upon his stately shoulders. Nausicaa assures him that he will be welcome at her father's palace, to which he follows her at a respectful distance. King Alcinous welcomes the stranger, and soon makes him at home in his magnificent palace, which stands surrounded with lovely orchards and gardens.

THE ORCHARDS AND GARDENS OF ALCINOUS.

There in full prime the orchard-trees grow tall,
Sweet fig, pomegranate, apple-fruited fair,
Pear, and the healthful olive. Each and all
Both summer droughts and chills of winter spare;
All the year round they flourish. Some the air
Of Zephyr warms to life, some doth mature,
Apple grows old on apple, pear on pear,
Fig follows fig, vintage doth vintage lure;
Thus the rich revolution doth for aye endure.

— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

THE PALACE OF ALCINOUS.

For, like the sun's fire or the moon's, a light
  Far streaming through the high-roofed house did pass
From the long basement to the topmost height.
  There on each side ran walls of flaming brass,
  Zoned on the summit with a blue bright mass
Of cornice; and the doors were framed of gold;
  Where, underneath, the brazen floor doth glass
Silver pilasters, which with grace uphold
Lintel of silver framed; the ring was burnished gold.
And dogs on each side of the doors there stand,
  Silver and gold, the which in ancient day
Hephæstus wrought with cunning brain and hand,
  And set for sentinels to hold the way.
  Death cannot tame them, nor the years decay.
And from the shining threshold thrones were set,
  Skirting the walls in lustrous long array,
On to the far room, where the women met,
With many a rich robe strewn and woven coverlet.

There the Phæacian chieftains eat and drink,
  While golden youths on pedestals upbear
Each in his outstretched hand a lighted link,
  Which nightly on the royal feast doth flare.
  And in the house are fifty handmaids fair;
Some in the mill the yellow corn grind small;
  Some ply the looms, and shuttles twirl, which there
Flash like the quivering leaves of aspen tall;
And from the close-spun weft the trickling oil will fall.

— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

King Alcinous is charmed with Ulysses at first sight, and asks him to remain in Phæacia and become the husband of Nausicaa, whom he does not know that the stranger has ever seen. Ulysses tells him of their meeting in the morning, and praises her highly; but says that his one desire is to make his way back to his wife at home. The King prom-

ises to aid him in this; and bids him to a magnificent entertainment to be given the next day in his honor. Among the company is the blind bard Demodocus, in whom some have fancied Homer pictures himself.

DEMODOCUS, THE BLIND BARD OF PHÆACIA.

Him the Muse loved, and gave him good and ill: —
Ill, that of light she did his eyes deprive;
  Good, that sweet minstrelsies divine, at will,
  She lent him, and a voice men's ears to thrill.
For him Pontonous's silver-studded chair
  Set with the feasters, leaning it with skill
Against the column, and with tender care
Made the blind fingers feel the harp suspended there.
— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

The repast is followed by games of strength and skill, in which Ulysses outdoes all the other competitors. After the games comes a banquet; and here we have our second and last sight of Nausicaa.

THE ADIEUS OF NAUSICAA AND ULYSSES.

He from the bath cleansed from the dust of toil,
  Passed to the drinkers; and Nausicaa there
  Stood, moulded by the gods exceeding fair.
She on the roof-tree pillar, leaning, heard
  Ulysses; turning, she beheld him near.
Deep in her breast admiring wonder stirred,
And in a low sweet voice she spake this winged word:
"Hail, stranger guest! When fatherland and wife
  Thou shalt revisit, then remember me,
Since to me first thou owest the price of life."
  And to the royal virgin answered he:
  "Child of a generous sire, if willed it be
By Thunderer Zeus, who all dominion hath,
  That I my home and dear return yet see,

There at thy shrine will I devote my breath,
There worship thee, dear maid, my saviour from dark death."

— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

Among the lays which Demodocus sings is that of the siege of Troy. Ulysses asks him to tell the story of the Wondrous Horse. He complies, taking up the story at about the point where the *Iliad* leaves it off; and of all that follows the hero is Ulysses of Ithaca. Ulysses is deeply moved; and the King inquires who he is, and why he is so strangely moved. Ulysses replies: "The story will be a long one, and sad to tell. I am Ulysses, son of Lærtes." He then begins to tell what had befallen him since the fall of Troy.

The geography of the *Odyssey* is nearly all purely imaginary. Only two points are capable of identification — the island of Ithaca and the site of Troy. Ithaca lies off the western coast of the mainland of Greece in about latitude 39°; Troy was in Asia Minor, in about latitude 40°. The distance in a straight line is about 350 miles; by sea about 600 miles. To sail from Troy to Ithaca Ulysses had to cross the Archipelago, skirt down the eastern side of the mainland of Greece, round its southern point and sail about 200 miles up the western coast. While rounding this southern point of Greece a storm drove them westward over unknown seas, until on the tenth day they reached the land of the Lotus-eaters. Leaving this they come to the island inhabited by the Cyclopes, a race of monsters in human form, but having only one eye in the middle of their foreheads. Ulysses and some of his comrades go ashore and come to a cavern which proved to be the abode of Polyphemus, a son of Nep-

tune, the hugest of all the Cyclopes. He is not at home, and the Greeks hide in the recesses of the cave awaiting his return. Polyphemus coming in the evening, discovers the intruders, seizes two of them, whom he devours on the spot. Next morning he eats a couple more for breakfast. Ulysses, by some prudent forethought, had brought with him a goat-skin of excellent wine, which he asks the giant to taste. Polyphemus does so, gulps down the whole bottle. Polyphemus then lies down to sleep off the effects of the potent wine. Ulysses finds a large sharpened stake, hardens the point in the fire, and with it he and his comrades bore out the giant's eye, "as the shipwright bores with an auger," and make their escape from the cave. The blinded giant comes out roaring with pain, and calls upon his father, Neptune, to take vengeance upon the destroyer of his sight. Hence arose the wrath of the Sea-god, which was the occasion of all the misfortunes which thereafter befell Ulysses.

Sailing on he reached the island abode of Æolus, god of the winds, where he remained a month, and gained the good-will of Æolus so much that on parting he bestowed upon him a gift which would ensure for him a safe voyage. This was a leather bag in which all the winds were tied up, except the West Wind, which would waft him straight to Ithaca, toward which they steered for nine days. They came so close that Ulysses could see the smoke arising from the herdsmen's fires on the heights. Then he fell asleep on the deck; and his comrades, curious to know what was contained in the mysterious bag, untied it. Forth rushed the imprisoned winds, driving the vessel back to the realms of Æolus, who would have

nothing more to do with a wretch who manifestly lay under the divine wrath. Pursuing his voyage as best he might, Ulysses, after being in danger of being devoured by the cannibal Læstrygonians, reaches the island where dwelt the enchanter Circe, "bright-haired daughter of the Sun."

CIRCE AND HER PALACE.

Wolves of the mountain all around the way
  And lions softened by the spell divine,
As each her philter had partaken, lay
  These cluster round the men's advancing line
  Fawning like dogs who, when their lord doth dine,
Wait till he issues from the banquet-hall,
  And for the choice gifts which his hands assign
Fawn, for he ne'er forgets them: So these all
Fawn on our friends, whom much the unwonted sights
      appal.
  Soon at her vestibule they pause, and hear
A voice of singing from a lovely place,
  Where Circe weaves her great web year by year,
So shining, slender, and instinct with grace
As weave the daughters of immortal race.
— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

Ulysses cannot resist the blandishments of Circe; and he remains with her for a year. Then he takes leave of her and their child. In parting she assures him that toils and dangers await him; and that if he would know his future fate, he must visit the Regions of the Dead, and there consult with the Shade of the great prophet Tiresias. Taking ship, he sails all day, voyaging along the regions of the "dark Cimmerian tribe, who skirt the realms of Hades."

THE ENTRANCE TO HADES.

Forthwith from Erebus a phantom crowd
  Loomed forth, the shadowy People of the Dead: —
Old men, with load of early anguish bowed,
  Brides in their bloom cut off, and youth unwed,
  Virgins whose tender eyelids then first shed
True sorrow; men with gory arms renowned,
  Pierced by the sharp sword on the death-plain red,
All these flock darkling with a hideous sound,
Lured by the scent of blood, the open trench around.
— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

At last Tiresias appears, and tells Ulysses what his future fate will be. On a certain coast he would find the herds and flocks of the Sun at pasture. If they were left uninjured he and his comrades would speedily reach Ithaca; if they were harmed he alone would escape, after long sufferings. Proceeding along he encounters the Shades of heroes and heroines. He also saw, enduring perpetual torment, those who had been notorious offenders against the majesty of the gods.

TANTALUS AND SISYPHUS IN HADES.

There also Tantalus in anguish stood,
  Plunged in the stream of a translucent lake,
And to his chin welled ever the cold flood;
  But when he rushed, in fierce desire to break
  His torment, not one drop could he partake.
For as the old man stooping seems to meet
  That water with his fiery lips, and slake
The frenzy of wild thirst, around his feet,
Leaving the wet earth dry, the shuddering waves retreat.

Also the thick-leaved arches overhead
  Fruit of all savor in rich profusion flung,

And in his clasp rich clusters seemed to shred.
  Rich citrons waved, with shining fruitage hung,
  Pears and pomegranates, olive ever young,
And the sweet mellowing fig; but whenso'er
  The old man, fain to cool his burning tongue,
Clutched with his fingers at the branches fair,
Came a strong wind and whirled them skyward through the air.

And I saw Sisyphus in a travail strong
  Shove with both hands a mighty sphere of stone;
With feet and laboring wrists he, laboring long,
  Just pushed the vast globe up, with many a groan;
  But when he thought the huge mass to have thrown,
Clear o'er the summit, the enormous weight
  Back to the nether plain rolled tumbling down.
He, straining, the great toil resumed, while sweat
Bathed each laborious limb, and his brow smoked with heat.

— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

Passing out of the gloomy portals of Hades, Ulysses took ship and sailed past the island where the twin sister Sirens lay couched in flowers, luring to inevitable destruction everyone who listened to their song. Ulysses, forwarned by Circe, stopped the ears of his men with wax, so that no one of them could hear the song, which, however, he was resolved to hear. So he ordered his men to bind him to the mast, and not to unbind him, however much he might command, threaten, or entreat. He sailed close along the shore, and heard the song of the Sirens — the only man who ever heard it and lived.

THE SONG WHICH THE SIRENS SANG.

Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise;
Ulysses, stay that ship, and that song hear,

That none passed ever, but it bent his ear,
But left him ravish'd and instructed more
By us, than any ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labor'd; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd
By those high issues that the gods ordain'd.
And whatsoever all the earth can show,
T' inform a knowledge of desert, we know.
— *Translation of* CHAPMAN.

Soon they reached the shore where the oxen of the Sun were pastured. Ulysses, much against his own judgment, was persuaded to allow his weary crew to go ashore, after exacting a solemn vow that the sacred herds should not be molested. While Ulysses was asleep, his men began to slay the sacred oxen. Ominous prodigies ensued. When the vessel of Ulysses put to sea, Zeus shattered it with a thunder-bolt, and all on board perished except Ulysses, who clung to the broken mast, upon which he floated nine days. He was at length cast ashore upon Calypso's island, where, after seven years, we find him at the opening of the poem.

King Alcinous fits the hero out magnificently for his homeward voyage to Ithaca, which was to be performed in one of those magic galleys peculiar to the Phæacians — the full secret of which remains to be discovered — and which are thus described by the King:

THE PHÆACIAN GALLEYS.

For unto us no pilots appertain,
Rudder nor helm, which other barks obey.
These ruled by reason, their own course essay,

Sharing men's minds. Cities and climes they know,
And through the deep sea-gorge cleaving way,
Wrapt in an ambient vapor, to and fro,
Sail in a fearless scorn of scathe or overthrow.
— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

They set out on the voyage in the evening and reach Ithaca early in the morning, before Ulysses has awakened. The Phæacians land him, still asleep, lay him under an olive-tree, placing all his treasure by his side, and take their departure, no man having perceived their coming or going. When he awakes he sees by his side a shepherd, who asks him who he is and whence he came. Ulysses, who does not recognize this as his own Ithaca, invents a plausible tale; whereupon the shepherd changes form, and appears as Pallas. She compliments him upon the cleverness with which he had made up a story which would have imposed upon anyone but the Goddess of Wisdom. She gives him tidings of his son and wife — the first which he had received for ten years — and promises to aid him in the work which lies before him. She waves her magic wand over him, when his appearance is at once transformed into that of an aged beggar, gray, bent, wrinkled, and clad in squalid rags. Thus disguised, so that no one could recognize him, she directs him to seek present refuge with his own swineherd — or rather overseer — Eumæus, who, not suspecting who he is, gives him a kindly reception.

Telemachus had on that very evening got back to Ithaca. Mooring his vessel in a quiet bay, so that he might have time to learn how things had been going on, he goes to the cabin of Eumæus. The swineherd welcomes him with open arms and wet eyes.

EUMÆUS TO TELEMACHUS.

Thou, O Telemachus, my life and light!
Returnest; yet my soul did often say
That never, never more, should I have sight
Of thy sweet face, since thou didst sail away,
Enter, dear child, and let my heart allay
Its yearnings; newly art thou come from far;
Thou comest all too seldom — fain to stay
In the thronged city, where the suitors are,
Silently looking on, while foes thy substance mar.
— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

The seeming beggar is sitting in the cabin, and Telemachus, after greeting him courteously, sends Eumæus to announce to his mother his own safe return. Then Pallas appears — seen only by Ulysses and the dogs, who cower and whine at the celestial appearance. She bids Ulysses to reveal himself to his son. At her touch the beggar's rags fall off, a royal robe takes their place; and the hero stands up in all his stately proportions. For the first time since he was a babe in his mother's arms does Telemachus look upon his father. The plan of operation is soon formed. Telemachus is not to inform his mother of her husband's return until they can discover who among the household can be relied upon to aid them in exterminating the throng of imperious suitors and their armed retinues.

The suitors within are holding high carnival. Ulysses goes around the tables, soliciting some scraps to fill his beggar's wallet. None refuse except Antinous, the most stalwart of them all, who bids the old man to get out of the way. Ulysses expresses some wonder that a spirit so mean should inhabit a body so fair; whereat Antinous hurls a heavy stool

at his head. Ulysses moves quietly to the door-way, and raises his voice in solemn imprecation to the powers Divine who are the protectors of the stranger and the poor.

THE IMPRECATION OF ULYSSES.

Hear me, ye suitors of the queen divine!
  Men grieve not for the wounds they take in fight,
Defending their own wealth, white sheep or kine:
  But me — bear witness — doth Antinous smite
  Only because I suffer hunger's bite,
Fount to mankind of evils evermore.
  Now may Antinous, ere his nuptial night —
If there be Gods and Furies of the poor —
Die unavenged, unwept, upon the palace floor.
— *Translation of* WORSLEY.

Amphinomus, one of the suitors, of less ignoble spirit than the rest, is indignant at this outrage upon a poor old man, and utters a righteous rebuke to Antinous — the only decent word spoken by any of that vile crew whose doom is so close at hand.

AMPHINOMUS REBUKES ANTINOUS.

Not to thine honor hast thou now let fall,
  Antinous, on the wondering poor this blow.
Haply a god from heaven is in our hall,
And thou art ripe for ruin; I bid thee know,
  Gods in the garb of strangers to and fro
Wander the cities, and men's ways discern;
  Yea, through the wide earth in all shapes they go,
Changed, yet the same, and with their own eyes learn
How live the sacred laws — who hold them, and who
    spurn. — *Translation of* WORSLEY.

The next day is the day of retribution. It is the feast of Apollo, and the suitors celebrate it with even

more than their wonted revelry and insolence. They even insult Telemachus upon his father's own hearthstone. Penelope — still ignorant of the return of Ulysses — has come to the sad conclusion that she will be forced to make choice of one of the hated suitors. But she bethinks herself of an expedient which may at least put off the hated moment. There is one noted feat which she had seen Ulysses perform in olden days. This is to shoot an arrow through the eyes of twelve axe-heads set up in a line. She brings down the mighty bow, which Ulysses had not taken with him to Troy, and promises that she will accept as her future lord the suitor who can bend that bow, and send the arrow through the axe-eyes. One after another makes the attempt; but not one of them can even bend the bow. Then the seeming beggar — who has in the meantime revealed himself to a few in whom he has found that he may confide — makes request that he may make trial of this wonderful bow. The suitors fling fierce abuse upon him for his audacity. But Telemachus, whose authority in his father's house they are not quite prepared to deny, gives permission. Ulysses takes the bow, examines it carefully to see that wood and string are in proper order, fits the arrow to the notch, and without even rising from his seat draws the bow to its full stretch, and sends the arrow through the whole line of axe-heads.

THE RETRIBUTION OF ULYSSES.

"Behold the mark is hit,
Hit without labor! The old strength cleaves fast
Upon me, and my bones are stoutly knit —
Not as the suitors mock me in their scornful wit.
Now is it time their evening meal is set
Before the Achaians, ere the sun goes down.

And other entertainment shall come yet:
  Dance and the song, which are the banquet's crown."
  He spake, and with his eyebrows curved the frown.
Seizing his sword and spear Telemachus came,
  Son of Ulysses, chief of high renown,
And, helmeted with brass like fiery flame,
Stood by his father's throne, and waited the dire aim.
Stripped of his rags then leapt the godlike king
  On the great threshold, in his hand the bow
And quiver, filled with arrows of mortal sting.
  These with a rattle he rained down below,
  Loose at his feet, and spoke among them so:
  "See at the last our matchless bout is o'er!
  Now for another mark, that I may know
If I can hit what none hath hit before,
And if Apollo hear me in the prayer I pour."
—*Translation of* WORSLEY.

He aims the first arrow at Antinous. It pierces his throat, and he falls with the untasted goblet at his lips. The suitors stand aghast for a moment, when Ulysses declares himself and his purpose. They look around for the weapons which are wont to hang upon the walls; but they have been secretly removed by Ulysses and his son. Unarmed as they are, the suitors make a rush. But Amphinomus, who is foremost — and for whom one would have hoped a better fate — falls by the spear of Telemachus. Ulysses plies his fatal arrows until the quiver is exhausted; and then he and Telemachus, aided by Eumæus and another faithful retainer who have just come into the hall, complete the work of death.

Penelope, who had retired to her distant chamber before the axe-eye trial had begun, and knew nothing of what had since taken place, is now told of it by the nurse. She goes down to the fatal hall, from which the bodies had been removed. She cannot at

first believe that Ulysses has come back, but apprehends that someone had assumed his name. And she is not fully assured that it is really her husband until he recalls to her recollection a domestic incident of which only she and he could have had any knowledge.

PENELOPE'S RECOGNITION OF ULYSSES.

Then from the eyelids the quick tears did start,
And she ran to him from her place, and threw
Her arms about his neck, and a warm dew
Of kisses poured upon him, and thus spake:
"Frown not, Ulysses, thou art wise and true!
But God gave sorrow, and hath grudged to make
Our path to old age sweet, nor willed us to partake
Youth's joys together. Yet forgive me this,
Nor hate me that when first I saw thy brow,
I fell not on thy neck, and gave no kiss,
Nor wept in thy dear arms, as I do now.
For in my breast a bitter fear did bow
My soul, and I lived shuddering day by day,
Lest a strange man come hither, and avow
False things, and steal my spirit, and bewray
My love: such guile men scheme to lead the pure astray."

—*Translation of* WORSLEY.

Here, with the twenty-third Book, the story of the *Odyssey* properly comes to an end. There is another Book, however, which is so decidedly inferior to the others that some critics are inclined to question its authenticity.

HOOD, EDWIN PAXTON, an English clergyman and biographer; born in 1820; died in 1885. For many years he was pastor of an Independent Chapel in London and was a popular lecturer on literary and social subjects. He edited the *Eclectic Review,* and the *Preacher's Lantern.* Among his works are *Wordsworth, a Biography; The Age and Its Architects; A Life of Swedenborg; The Peerage of Poverty; Dream Land and Ghost Land; Genius and Industry; Mental and Moral Philosophy of Laughter; The Uses of Biography, Romantic, Philosophic, and Didactic; Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets,* lectures on the preacher's vocation; *Blind Amos; Life of the Rev. Thomas Binney; Oliver Cromwell: His Life, Times, Battle-fields, and Contemporaries* (1882); *Scottish Characteristics* (1883), and an *Exposition of the Life and Genius of Thomas Carlyle.* He also edited *The World of Anecdote,* and *The World of Religious Anecdote.*

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

The orders of the Scots were to extinguish their matches, to cower under the shocks of corn, and seek some imperfect shelter and sleep; to-morrow night, for most of them, the sleep will be perfect enough, whatever the shelter may be. The order to the English was, to stand to their arms, or to lie within reach of them all night. Some waking soldiers in the English army were holding prayer-meetings too. By moonlight, as the gray heavy morning broke over St. Abb's Head its first faint streak, the first peal of the trumpets ran along the Scottish host. But how unprepared were they then for the loud reply of the English host, and for the thunder of their cannons upon their lines. Terrible was the awaken-

ing of the Scottish soldiers; and their matches all out: the battle cry rushed along the line — "The Covenant!" "The Covenant!" — but it soon became more and more feeble, while yet high and strong, amid the war of the trumpets and the musketry, arose the watchword of Cromwell: "The Lord of Hosts!" "The Lord of Hosts!" The battle cry of Luther was in that hour the charging word of the English Puritans.

Terrible! but short as terrible! A thick fog had embarrassed their movements. But now over St. Abb's Head the sun suddenly appeared, crimsoning the sea, scattering the fogs away. The Scottish army were seen flying in all directions — flying, and so brief a fight! "They run!" said Cromwell; "I protest they run!" and catching inspiration, doubtless, from the bright shining of the daybeam — "inspired," says Mr. Forster, "by the thought of a triumph so mighty and resistless, his voice was again heard, 'Now let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!'" It was a wonderful victory; wonderful even among wonderful triumphs! To hear the shout sent up by the united English army; to see the general make a halt, and sing the 117th Psalm upon the field. Wonderful that that immense army should thus be scattered — 10,000 prisoners taken, 3,000 slain, 200 colors, 15,000 stand of arms, and all the artillery! — and that Cromwell should not have lost of his army twenty men.—*Oliver Cromwell.*

---

HOOD, THOMAS, an English poet and humorist; born at London, May 23, 1799; died there, May 3, 1845. After the death of his father, a bookseller, he was in his fifteenth year apprenticed to a wood-engraver, and acquired some facility as a comic draughtsman. He wrote verses for periodicals while a mere boy. In 1822 the London *Magazine* passed into the hands of publishers with whom Hood

THOMAS HOOD.

was acquainted, and who made him their sub-editor. This position brought him into connection with De Quincey, Hazlitt, Lamb, Hartley Coleridge, Proctor, and other contributors to the magazine. In 1824, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, J. H. Reynolds, published a small volume of *Odes and Addresses to Great People.* In 1826 he wrote the first series of *Whims and Oddities,* illustrated by himself. In 1827 he published *National Tales,* and a volume of *Poems,* among which were *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies; Nero and Leander,* and *Lycus, the Centaur,* all of a serious character. He edited the annual called *The Gem* for 1829, in which appeared *The Dream of Eugene Aram.* In 1829 he brought out a second series of *Whims and Oddities.* In 1830 he began the publication of the *Comic Annual,* of which eleven volumes appeared, the last being in 1842. In 1831 he wrote *Tilney Hall,* his only novel. Pecuniary difficulties and impaired health induced him in 1837 to take up his residence on the Continent, where he remained three years, writing *Up the Rhine.* Returning to England in 1841, he became for two years the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine.* He then started *Hood's Magazine,* which he kept up until close upon his death. He was also a contributor to *Punch,* in which appeared in 1844 *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs,* both composed upon a sick-bed from which he never rose. Hood's broken health during the three or four later years of his life rendered his pecuniary condition an embarrassed one; but he accepted the situation bravely and uncomplainingly. In 1841 the members of the "Literary Fund" offered him a present of £50, which he declined in the following letter:

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

The adverse circumstances to which allusion is made are unfortunately too well known from the public announcement in the *Athenæum* by my precocious executor and officious assignee. But I beg most emphatically to repeat that the disclosures so drawn from me were never intended to bespeak the world's pity or assistance. Sickness is too common to humanity, and poverty too old a companion of my order, to justify such an appeal. The revelation was merely meant to show, when taunted with "my creditors," that I had been striving in humble imitation of an illustrious literary example, to satisfy all claims upon me, and to account for my imperfect success. I am too proud of my profession to grudge it some suffering. I love it still — as Cowper loved England — "with all its faults," and I should hardly feel as one of the fraternity, if I had not my portion of the calamities of authors. More fortunate than many, I have succeeded not only in getting into print, but occasionally in getting out of it; and surely a man who has overcome such formidable difficulties may hope and expect to get over the commonplace ones of procuring bread-and-cheese.

I am writing seriously, gentlemen, although in a cheerful tone, partly natural and partly intended to relieve you of some of your kindly concern on my account. Indeed, my position at present is an easy one compared with that of some eight months ago, when out of heart, and out of health, helpless, spiritless, sleepless, childless. I have now a home in my own country, and my little ones sit at my hearth. I smile sometimes, and even laugh. For the same benign Providence that gifted me with the power of amusing others has not denied me the ability of entertaining myself. Moreover, to mere worldly losses I profess a cheerful philosophy, which can jest "though china fall," and for graver troubles a Christian faith that consoles and supports me even in walking through something like the valley and the shadow of Death.

My embarrassment and bad health are of such standing,

that I am become as it were seasoned. For the last six years I have been engaged in the same struggle, without seeking, receiving, or requiring any pecuniary assistance whatever. My pen and pencil procured not only enough for my own wants, but to form a surplus besides — a sort of "literary fund" of my own, which at this moment is "doing good by stealth." To provide for similar wants there are the same means and resources — and may it only last long enough! In short, the same crazy vessel for the same foul weather; but I have not yet thought of hanging my ensign upside down.

Fortunately, since manhood I have been dependent solely on my own exertions — a condition which has exposed and enured me to vicissitude, whilst it has nourished a pride which will fight on, and has yet some retrenchments to make ere its surrender. Your welcome sympathy is valued in proportion to the very great comfort and encouragement it affords me. Your kind wishes for my better health — my greatest want — I accept and thank you for with my whole heart; but I must not and cannot retain your money. I really do not feel myself to be yet a proper object for your bounty; and should I ever become so, I fear that such a crisis will find me looking elsewhere: to the earth beneath me for final rest, and to the heaven above me for final justice.

The respite from his pulmonary disease was only temporary. A year before his death his straitened circumstances were brought to the notice of Sir Robert Peel, then Premier, through whom a pension of £100 a year was awarded to Hood, and afterward continued to his wife. His daughter, in a letter to Mr. S. C. Hall, describes his dying hour: "He called us round him — my mother, my little brother, and myself — to receive his last kiss and blessing, tenderly and fondly given; and gently clasping my mother's hand, he said: 'Remember, Jane, I forgive them all — *all!*' He lay for some time calmly and quietly,

but breathing painfully and slowly; and my mother bending over him, heard him murmur faintly, 'O Lord, say, Arise, take up thy cross and follow me!'" Perhaps the last poem by Hood is the following, composed a few weeks before his death:

FAREWELL AND HAIL TO LIFE.

Farewell, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night;
Colder, colder, colder still
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows:—
I feel the mould above the rose.

Welcome life! The spirit strives;
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold:—
I smell the rose above the mould.

A LAMENT FOR THE DECADENCE OF CHIVALRY.

Well hast thou said, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!
That iron age, which some have thought
Of metal overwrought,
Is now all overcast.

Ay! where are those heroic knights
Of old — those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest?
Great Charlemagne and all his Peers
Are cold — enjoying, with their spears,
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound;
So sleep his Knights who gave that Round
Old Table such *éclât!*
Oh! Time has plucked that plumy brow;
And none engage at tourneys now
But those that go to law.

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans,
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now with powder puffs!

The curtal-axe is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends to Fate;
'Tis gone the archer's craft;
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride — in lieu
Of Death — upon the shaft.

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood — if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again:
Alas! the casque is out!

No iron crackling now is scored,
By dint of battle-axe and sword,
To find a vital place:
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile before they kill a friend,
To labor through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might —
Crusader, errant squire, and knight!
Our coats and customs, soften.
To rise would only make you weep:
Sleep on in rusty iron, sleep
As in a safety coffin!

### MISS KILMANSEGG'S ADVENT.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree,
To the very root of the family tree,
  Were a task as rash as ridiculous;
Though antediluvian mists as thick
As a London fog such a line to pick
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick,
  Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the Kil-man, perchance to Cain;
  But waiving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore,
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore
  Who was famed for his great possessions.

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give and gold to lend,
  And reversions of gold *in futuro.*
In wealth the family revelled and rolled,
Himself and wife and sons so bold;
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold,
  *O bella era del' oro!* . . .

What different dooms our birthdays bring!
For instance, one little manikin thing!
  Survives to wear many a wrinkle;
While death forbids another to wake,
And a son that took nine moons to make
  Expires without even a twinkle.

One is littered under a roof —
Neither wind nor water-proof —
  That's the prose of Love in a Cottage —
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,
Though Robbins himself drew up the sketch,
  The bid of a "mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly ushered in
To a prospect all bright and burnished:
No tenant he for life's back slums,
He comes to the world as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnished.

And the other sex — the tender — the fair —
What wide reverses of fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes,
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street —
She hates the smell of roses!

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg!
She was not born to steal or beg,
Or gather cresses in ditches;
To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,
Or sit all day to hem and sew,
As females must, and not a few,
To fill their insides with stitches.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon
In her mouth, not a wooden ladle:
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
And Midas rocked the cradle.

At her *début* she found her head
On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,
With a damask canopy over;
For although by the vulgar popular saw,
All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"
Some children are born in clover. . . .

Like other babes, at her birth she cried;
Which made a sensation far and wide,
Ay, for twenty miles around her;
For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar

Of a fifty thousand pounder;
It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry, "Confound her!" . . .

O, happy hope of the Kilmanseggs!
Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs,
That her parents had such full pockets!
For had she been born of want and thrift
For care and nursing all adrift,
It is ten to one she had had to make shift
With rickets instead of rockets! . . .

And when she took to squall and kick —
For pain will wring and pins will prick
Even the wealthiest nabob's daughter —
They gave her no vulgar Dally or gin,
But liquor with leaf of gold therein,
*Videlicet* — Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
And drest in the best from the very first,
To please the genteelest censor;
And then, as soon as strength would allow,
Was vaccinated, as babies are now,
Witn virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
Of Lord Althorpe's — now Earl Spenser.

AN IDEAL HONEYMOON.

The moon — the moon, so silver and cold —
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
Now shady, now bright and sunny;
But, of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange
And takes the most eccentric range,
Is the moon — so called — of honey!

To some a full-grown orb revealed,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted;

To others as dull, and dingy, and damp
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest things appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender;
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post or a pump,
A current-bush or gooseberry-clump,
With a halo of dreamlike splendor.

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear
When the magic of love is present:
Love that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face;
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
And Garlic Hill to Mount Pleasant.

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding;
Love, that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an emperor's match
To dance at a penny wedding!

O, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs in spite of the serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers.

### THE MORAL OF MISS KILMANSEGG'S STORY.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!—
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;

Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold;
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
  How widely its agencies vary
To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —
  As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
  And now of a Bloody Mary.
    — *Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg.*

NOVEMBER.

  No sun — no moon —
  No morn — no noon —
No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
  No sky — no earthly view —
  No distance looking blue —
No road — no street — no "other side the way" —
  No end to any Row —
  No indications where the Crescents go —
No top to any steeple —
No recognitions of familiar people —
  No courtesies for showing 'em —
  No knowing 'em —
No travelling at all — no locomotion —
No inkling of the way — no notion —
"No go" by land or ocean —
  No mail — no post —
  No news from any foreign coast —
No Park — no Ring — no afternoon gentility —
No company — no nobility —
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease —
  No comfortable feel in any member —
No shade — no shine — no butterfles — no bees —
No fruits — no flowers — no leaves — no trees —
  November!

### THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

A spade! a rake! a hoe! a pickaxe or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow, a flail, or what ye will:
And here's a ready hand to ply the needful tool,
And skilled enough, by lessons rough, in Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch, to lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swath on the sultry field, or plough the stubborn lea;
The harvest stack to bind, the wheaten rick to thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find the tinder or the match. . . .

A spade! a rake! a hoe! a pickaxe or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow, a flail, or what ye will:
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash, the market-team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover-side, and leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work and then you need not fear
That I shall snare his Worship's hare, or kite his Grace's deer;
Break into his Lordship's house, to steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse to welter in the ditch.

My only claim is this, with labor stiff and stark
By awful turn my living to earn, between the light and dark;
My daily bread and nightly bed, my bacon, and drop of beer:
But all from the man that holds the land, and none from the overseer!

No parish money or loaf, no pauper badges for me;—
A son of the soil by right of toil entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task; here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man, to work and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs, though doomed by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals as honest labor can —
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God, and little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a hoe! a pickaxe or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow, a flail, or what ye will:—
Whatever the tool to ply, here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb — and woe to him who does their pay begrudge!

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags;
Plying her needle and thread.—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt:—

Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work!

Work — work — work!
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work — work — work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stich
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grizzly bone;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own:
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;—
O God! that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are the wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags!
That shattered roof, and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work — work — work,
As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seem,
  Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed
  As well as the weary hand.

Work — work — work!
  In the dull December light!
And work — work — work,
  When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their pretty backs,
  And twit me with the Spring.

O! but to breathe the breath
  Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
With the sky above my head,
  And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
  And the walk that costs a meal!

O! but for one short hour!
  A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
  But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
  But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
  Hinders needle and thread!—

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch —
Would that its tone could reach the rich —
  She sang this Song of the Shirt!

HOOFT, Pieter Corneliszoon, a Dutch poet, dramatist and historian; born at Amsterdam, March 16, 1581; died at The Hague, May 21, 1647. His father was a burgomaster, and was well known throughout Holland as a patron of literature. At the age of seventeen Hooft became a member of the Eglantine Chamber of Rhetoric and produced his *Achilles and Polyxena.* The same year he left home on an extensive tour of France, Italy, and Germany; during which he sent to the Eglantine a metrical *Letter,* dated July, 1600, which marks an epoch in the development of the poetry of the Netherlands. Returning home in 1601, he produced his tragedy of *Ariadne* (1602), and finished his drama of *Granida* (1605). In 1606 he began the study of law at Leyden; and three years later he took up his final residence at Muiden, under the patronage of the Prince of Orange, who made him Lord of Weesp. In 1610 he married Christina van Erp, the celebrated botanist. During the following eight years he produced his *Geeraerdt van Velsen* (1612), a national tragedy of the time of Count Floris V.; *Ware-nar* (1614), a comedy after Plautus; *Baeto, or The Origin of the Dutch* (1618). In 1618 he turned his attention to the writing of history, and published thereafter his *History of Henry the Great* (1626); *Miseries of the Princes of the House of Medici* (1638); and *Dutch History* (1642).

Hooft is considered one of the most influential writers in the history of Dutch literature; after Vondel, perhaps he is the brightest literary figure that Holland has produced. His verses describing the way in

which his friend Tesselschade Visscher, the most renowned of Dutch female poets, spent her time while visiting him at Muiden, are in his happiest vein.

TESSELSCHADE AT MUIDEN.

Love-god, stern of sovereignty,
Mark the maiden of the Y,
Who in her proud youth and story
Robs thy mother of her glory;
Blushing cheek, and winsome guile.
And a lovely artless smile!

What employs her leisure so?
Thoughts are working, fingers go:
Busy are her eyes, drooped sweetly,
Throat and lips are warbling featly,
Youth and joy can have no fence
'Gainst such dangerous diligence.

Now she makes the diamond pass
O'er the dumb face of the glass;
Now with golden thread she lingers,
Painting cloth with nimble fingers;
Now the pencil bears, and pen,
Kindly charming idle men.

See, she curves her slender throat's
Outline up and down the notes!
Or to words her eyes she's liming,
All her soul gone out in rhyming!
Or she bends her gracious tongue
To the French or Roman song!

—*Translation of* EDMUND GOSSE.

ANACREONTIC.

Three long years have o'erwhelmed me in sadness,
Since the sun veiled his vision of gladness:
Sorrow he banished — for sorrow is dreary;

Sorrow and gloom but outweary the weary.
In my heart I perceive the day breaking;
I cannot resist its waking.

On my brow a new sun is arisen,
And bright is its glance o'er my prison;
Gayly and grandly it sparkles about me,
Flowingly shines it within and without me:
Why, why should dejection disarm me —
My fears or my fancies alarm me?

Laughing light, lovely life, in the heaven
Of thy forehead is virtue engraven;
Thy red coral lips, when they breathe an assenting,
To me are a dawn which Apollo is painting;
Thy eyes drive the gloom, with their sparkling,
Where sadness and folly sit darkling.

Lovely eyes, then the beauties have bound them,
And scattered their shadows around them;
Stars, in whose twinklings the virtues and graces,
Sweetness and meekness, all hold their high places,
But the brightest of stars is but twilight,
Compared with that beautiful eye-light.

Fragrant mouth — all the flowers Spring is wreathing
Are dull to the sweets thou art breathing;
The charms of thy song might summon the spirit
To sit on the ears all-enchanted to hear it:
What marvel, then, if in its kisses,
My soul is o'erwhelmed with sweet blisses?

O how blest, how divine the employment!
How heavenly, how high the enjoyment!
Delicate lips, and soft, amorous glances,—
Kindling, and quenching, and fanning sweet fancies,—
Now, now to my heart's centre rushing,
And now through my veins they are gushing.

Dazzling eyes, that but laugh at our ruin,
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing,—

Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,
How do ye scatter the dark mists before ye!
Can my weakness your tyranny bridle?
O no! all resistance is idle.

Ah! my soul — ah! my soul is submitted;
Thy lips,— thy sweet lips,—they are fitted
With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affection
The dreamings of hope and of gay recollection:
And, sure, never triumph was purer;
And, sure, never triumph was surer.

I am bound to your beauty completely,
I am fettered and fastened so sweetly;
And blessed are the tones, and the looks, and the mind, too,
Which my senses control, and my heart is inclined to:
While virtue, the holiest and brightest,
Has fastened love's fetters the tightest.

—BOWRING'S *Translation.*

---

HOOK, THEODORE EDWARD, an English novelist; born at London, September 22, 1788; died there, August 24, 1841. He was educated at Harrow. His father, a musical composer, delighted in exhibiting the boy's extraordinary talent for improvisation and mimicry. In 1805 he produced a comic opera, *The Soldier's Return,* which instantly became popular. *Catch Him Who Can,* a musical farce (1806), completed his conquest of the public. His brother, a clergyman, endeavored to induce him to quit the stage for college, and had him entered as a student at Oxford; but vainly looked for him there. For ten years he gave himself to the pleasures of Lon-

don life, and was the wonder of the town. His power of improvising witty verses, applicable to everyone he met, never failed. In 1820 he issued the first number of the Tory paper, *The John Bull,* which attained a wide circulation, and brought him a large income. Between 1824 and 1841 he published thirty-eight volumes, edited *The John Bull* weekly, and for some years *The New Monthly Magazine.* His books include *The Invisible Girl* (1806); *Trial by Jury* and *Darkness Visible* (1811); *Exchange no Robbery* and *Tentamen* (1820); *Sayings and Doings,* three series (1824–28); *Maxwell,* regarded as his best novel (1830); *The Parson's Daughter* (1833); *Gilbert Gurney* (1835); *Jack Brag* (1837); *Gurney Married* (1839); *Cousin Geoffrey, the Old Bachelor* (1840); and *Father and Sons* (1841).

The stories of his best impromptus represent him as sitting at the piano among a few select friends, reeling off extempore song, tune, and recitativo by the hour. It is said that when Stephen Price heard the following off-hand song, he offered Hook £40 a night to appear at Drury Lane:

IMPROMPTU SONG ON PRICE THE MANAGER.

Come, fill your glasses up, while I sing a song of *prices,*
And show men's market-value at the date of last advices;
For since 'tis pretty clear, you know, that ev'ry man has *his* price,
'Tis well to make inquiries before the terms are *riz,* Price.

Some shabby rogues there are, that are knocked down at a low price,

Some blockheads so superlative, they can't be sold at no price;
Some, free of soul in youth, sell in middle life at half-price,
And some go when they're old — why the devil don't you laugh, Price?

The world is but an Auction;— if to-day we fetch a shy price,
To-morrow turns the lot about, and shows us worth a high price;
You want to know what Learning's worth — you ask me what is Wit's price?
I answer, "Push the claret here, whatever may be *its* price!"

The shortest actors now contrive to get a rather long price,
And singers, too, although sometimes they're hardly worth a song, Price;
With fiddlers, dancers, fresh from France, well liking a John Bull price,
Though some, when they get nothing, may be said to fetch their full price.

Where'er you sell, whate'er you sell, when selling seek a higher price;
But times are changed, I need not say, when you become the buyer, Price;
For then this truth should in your mind be uppermost and clear, Price,
There are some things and persons that at nothing would be dear, Price.

Don't buy a politician, don't have him at a loan, Price;
Nor lawyers, when they tell you you may take them at your own price;
Nor doctors, who, if fashionable, always fetch an even price;
And clear of these, the "de'il himsell" shall never fetch a Stephen Price.

Your sneaking, sour, insidious knaves — I hope you won't find many, Price,—
Your Cantwells on the stage of life, don't buy 'em in at any price;
Go, sell your brains, if brains you have, and sell 'em at a fair price;
But *give* your hearts away, my boys — don't sell *them* at whate'er price.

And be men's prices what they may, I now shall just make bold, Price,
To sing it in your presence,— there is nothing like the Old Price;
As each man has his own, since the days of Madam Eve, Price,
Why, we have *ours* — and here he is! — Your health, my jolly Steph. Price!

— *Reported by* Lord William Lenox.

### GETTING READY FOR COMPANY.

In a family like Mr. Palmer's the non-arrival of the "company" would have been a severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of fortune, used to everything "nice and comfortable;" she kept her own carriage, her men-servants, and all that; and, therefore, they must be very particular, and have everything uncommonly nice for *her,* and so Mr. Palmer the night before had a white basin of hot water up into the parlor to bleach almonds, with which to stick a "tipsy cake," after the fashion of a hedgehog, and Mrs. Palmer sent to the pastry cook's for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly-glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers; and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane-whisk to put on their tops like shining lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper and curled them with the scissors to put round the "wax ends" in the glass lustres on the chimney-piece: and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid set to clean it on a pair of rickety steps; and the cases were taken off the

bell-pulls, and the picture-frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables all in honor of the approaching *fête*.

Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o'clock of the day itself; when the drawing-room chimney smoked, and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen as if the cod's head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor; that cod's head and shoulders which Mr. Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy, and in determining the excellence of which had poked his fingers into fifty cods, and forty turbots, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best; and then the tremor caused by the stoppages of different hackney-coaches in the neighborhood — not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the salad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the disagreeable discovery just made that the lamps on the staircase would not burn; the slight inebriation of the cook bringing into full play a latent animosity toward the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighboring green-grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the male Pomona of the neighborhood, had just stepped out to the public house to fetch "the porter." The door was of course opened by the housemaid. The afternoon being windy, the tallow candle which she held was instantaneously blown out; at the same instant the back-kitchen door was blown to with a tremendous noise, occasioning, by the concussion, the fall of a pile of plates, put on the dresser read to be carried up into the parlor, and the overthrow of a modicum of osters in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season into sauce, for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Meux and Co.'s Entire, upon the tops of which stood heads not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams — open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the "heads" of the porter-pots into the faces of the refined Major Overall and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

The Major, who was a man of the world, and had seen society in all its grades, bore the pelting of this pitiless storm with magnanimity and without surprise; but Jane, whose sphere of motion had been somewhat more limited, and who had encountered very little variety either of scenery or action, beyond the every-day routine of a quiet country house, enlivened periodically by a six week's trip to London, was somewhat astounded at the noise and confusion, the banging of doors, the clattering of crockery, and the confusion of tongues, which the untimely arrival of the company and the porter at the same time had occasioned. Nor was the confusion less confounded by the thundering double-knock of Mr. Olinthus Crackenthorpe, of Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, who followed the beer (which, as Shakespeare has it, "was at the door") as gravely and methodically as an undertaker.

Up the precipitous and narrow staircase were the Major and Mrs. Overall ushered, she having been divested of her shawl and boa by the housemaid, who threw her "things" into a dark hole yclept the back-parlor, where boots and umbrellas, a washing-stand, the canvas bag of the drawing-room lamp, the table covers and "master's" great-coats, were all huddled in one grand miscellany. Just as the little procession was on the point of climbing, Hollingsworth, the waiter, coming in, feeling the absolute necessity of announcing all the company himself, sets down the porter-pots upon the mats in the passage, nearly pushes down the housemaid, who was about to usurp his place, and who in her anxiety to please Mr. Crackenthorpe (who was what she called a "nice gentleman"), abandons her position at the staircase, and flies to the door for the purpose of admitting

him. In her zeal and activity to achieve this feat, she unfortunately upsets one of the porter-pots and inundates the little passage, miscalled the hall, with a sweeping flood of the afore-mentioned mixture of Messrs. Meux and Co.

Miss Engelhart of Bernard Street, Russell Square, who had been invited to meet the smart folks, because she was a smart person herself, arrived shortly after; indeed, so rapid did she, like Rugby, follow Mr. Crackenthorpe's heels, that he had but just time to deposit his great-coat and goloshes (in which he had walked from chambers) in the black hole where everything was thrust, before the lovely Charlotte made her appearance. Here, then, at length, was the snug little party assembled, and dinner was forthwith ordered.—*Maxwell.*

---

HOOKER, Sir Joseph Dalton, an English botanist; born at Halesworth, Suffolk, in 1817. He was the son of Sir William Jackson Hooker, Regius Professor of Botany in Glasgow University, and later Director of the Kew Gardens. He was educated in the High School and University of Glasgow. He then accompanied the Antarctic expedition commanded by Sir James Ross, for the investigation of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism near the South Pole. In 1846 he was appointed botanist to the Geological Survey of Great Britain. The next year he set out for the Himalayas, to investigate the plants of tropical countries. This expedition occupied nearly four years. In 1855 he became Assistant Director of the Kew Gardens, and ten years afterward succeeded his father as director. He traveled in Syria, Morocco, and the United States, and in 1878 pub-

lished a *Journal of a Tour in Morocco and the Great Atlas.* His other works are *Botany of the Antarctic Voyage* (6 vols., 1847–60); *Rhododendrons of the Sikkim-Himalaya* (1849–51); *Himalayan Journals* (1854); *Genera Plantarum* (1862); *The Student's Flora of the British Isles* (1870); *The Flora of British India* (1874), and *North American Flora* (1878).

### THE MANUFACTURE OF OPIUM.

The East India Company grant licenses for the cultivation of the poppy, and contract for all the produce at certain rates varying with the quality. No opium can be grown without this license, and an advance equal to about two-thirds of the value of the produce is made to the grower. This produce is made over to district collectors, who approximately fix the worth of the contents of each jar, and forward it to Patna, where rewards are given for the best samples, and the worst are condemned without payment; but all is turned to some account in the reduction of the drug to a fit state for the market.

The poppy flowers in the end of January and beginning of February, and the capsules are sliced in February and March with a little instrument like a saw, made of three iron plates with jagged edges tied together. The cultivation is very carefully conducted, nor are there any very apparent means of improving this branch of commerce and revenue. During the northwest or dry winds, the best opium is procured, the worst during the moist, or east and northeast, when the drug imbibes moisture, and a watery bad solution of opium collects in cavities of its substance, and is called *passewa,* according to the absence of which the opium is generally prized.

At the end of March the opium-jars arrive at the stores by water and by land, and continue accumulating for some weeks. Every jar is labelled and stowed in a proper place, separately tested with extreme accuracy, and valued. When the whole quantity has been received, the

contents of all the jars are thrown into great vats, occupying a very large building, whence the mass is distributed, to be made up into balls for the markets. This operation is carried on in a long paved room, where every man is ticketed, and many overseers are stationed to see that the work is properly conducted. Each workman sits on a stool, with a double stage and a tray before him. On the top stage is a tin basin, containing opium enough for three balls; in the lower another basin, holding water; in the tray stands a brass hemispherical cup, in which the ball is worked. To the man's right hand is another tray with two compartments, one containing thin "pancakes" of poppy-petals pressed together, the other a cupful of sticky opium-water, made from refuse opium. The man takes the brass cup, and places a pancake at the bottom, smears it with opium-water, and with many piles of the pancakes makes a coat for the opium. Of this he takes about one-third of the mass before him, puts it inside the petals, and agglutinates many other coats over it: the balls are then again weighed, and reduced or increased to a certain weight if necessary. At the day's end, each man takes his work to a rack with numbered compartments, and deposits it in that which answers to its own number; thence the balls (each being put in a clay cup) are carried to an enormous drying-room, where they are exposed in tiers, and constantly examined and turned, to prevent their being attacked by weevils, which are very prevalent during moist winds, little boys creeping along the racks all day long for this purpose. When dry, the balls are packed in two layers of six each in chests, with the stalks, dried leaves, and capsules of the plant, and sent down to Calcutta. A little opium is prepared of very fine quality for the Government Hospitals, and some for general sale in India; but the proportion is trifling, and such is made up into square cakes. A good workman will prepare from thirty to fifty balls in a day, the total produce being 10,000 to 12,000 a day; during one working season 1,335,000 balls are manufactured for the Chinese market alone.

The poppy-petal pancakes, each about a foot radius, are made in the fields, by women, by the simple opera-

tion of pressing the fresh petals together. They are brought in large baskets, and purchased at the commencement of the season. The liquor with which the pancakes are agglutinated together by the ball-maker, and worked into the ball, is merely inspissated opium-water, the opium for which is derived from the condemned opium (*passewa*), the washing of the utensils and of the workmen, every one of whom is nightly laved before he leaves the establishment, and the water is inspissated. Thus not a particle of opium is lost. To encourage the farmers, the refuse stalks, leaves, and heads are bought up to pack the balls with; but this is far from an economical plan; for it is difficult to keep the refuse from damp and insects.—*Himalayan Journals.*

---

HOOKER, Richard, an English theologian; born at Heavitree, Exeter, about 1553; died at Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury, in 1600. He became a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1573, a Fellow and Master of Arts in 1577, and Deputy Professor of Hebrew in 1579. In 1585 he received the Mastership of the Temple in London. His colleague was Walter Travers, who tended toward Arminianism, while he held to the Calvinistic theory. In order to "unbeguile and win over Mr. Travers's judgment," Hooker designed to write a treatise of the Church's power to make canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose an obedience to them as upon her children." To gain the requisite leisure for the preparation of this work, he requested to be transferred to some country parsonage; and in 1591 was presented to the rectorage of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, and in the following year to that of Bishopsbourne.

The first four books of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* were published in 1594; the last four books were published at intervals, three of them after Hooker's death. The sixth book is lost — that which passes for it not being genuine; and the eighth book appears to be incomplete.

### THE NATURE AND MAJESTY OF LAW.

That which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is notwithstanding, itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws; all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them, to be discovered. Which, because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable: and the matters which we handle seem, by reason of newness (till the mind grows better acquainted with them), dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general. All things that are have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for

is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form of measure of working, the same we term a *Law*. So that no certain end could ever be obtained unless the actions whereby it is obtained were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end by some canon, rule, or law.

Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: "God said, let there be light; let there be a firmament; let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place; let the earth bring forth; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven." Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain or labor? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with Himself that which did outwardly proceed from Him; secondly, to show that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural?

And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labor hath been to do His will. "He made a law for the rain, he gave His decree unto the sea, that the water should not pass His com-

mandment." Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion, and by irregular volubilities turn themselves anyway as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run its unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture; the winds breathe out their last gasp; the clouds yield no rain; the earth be defeated of heavenly influence; the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world? . . .

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—*Ecclesiastical Polity.*

HOOKER, WORTHINGTON, an American physician and educator; born at Springfield, Mass., March 3, 1809; died at New Haven, Conn., November 6, 1867. He was educated at Yale, from which he was graduated in 1825. He afterward studied medicine at Harvard; and in 1829 settled as a physician at Norwich, Conn. Here he wrote several works on medicine, including a little book entitled *Physician and Patient* (1849)—"a valuable addition," said the *Medical Examiner,* "to our medical literature." This was followed by *The Medical Profession and the Community; Lessons from the History of Medical Delusions;* and *Homœopathy, an Examination of its Doctrines and Evidences,* the latter being a prize essay published in 1852. In this year he became Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine at Yale; which position he occupied until his death. During the first six years of his professorship he published a number of medical books and scientific books for the young, including a *First Book in Physiology* (1854); *Human Physiology for Colleges and Schools* (1854), which has been used very extensively in American seminaries; *Rational Therapeutics* (1857), a prize essay; and two children's books, entitled *The Child's Book of Nature* (1857), and *The Child's Book of Common Things* (1858). In 1864 he became vice-president of the American Medical Association.

THE CURATIVE POWER OF NATURE.

This tendency in the system, the existence of which is equally recognized by the professional and the non-professional observer, has received a variety of names. It is the *Phusis* of Hippocrates, the *Archeus* of Van Hel-

mont, the *Anima* of Stahl, and the *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ* of Cullen. It has given rise to many erroneous ideas, and doctrines, and theories. The doctrine of Hippocrates was that disease is a violent effort of nature for the benefit of the constitution to expel a morbific cause. And to this doctrine Sydenham, who has been sometimes called the English Hippocrates, gave his assent. This idea in regard to the operation of the curative power of nature, it is curious to observe, was for the most part practically rejected by both of these eminent men at the bedside of the sick; for both made use of such active means as bleeding, emetics, and purgatives, in counteracting some of the operations of disease. Want of knowledge and skill on this point is continually leading physicians to thwart the salutary operations of nature, on the one hand, and to neglect, on the other, to modify or control the movements of disease.

The idea of Stahl was that the curative power of nature is an immaterial principle, added to matter, and thus imparting life to what is otherwise passive and inert. This principle, he taught, superintends all the operations of the body. I need not stop to expose the fallacy of this once popular theory. All that has as yet been proved is the bare fact that there is in the system a tendency to spontaneous restoration in case of injury or disease; and this tendency may be, and probably is, the result of various powers combined instead of one alone. That such a tendency exists is indisputable, and it is convenient to have a name for it, which shall not be regarded as explanatory of the nature or cause of the fact indicated, just as the term gravitation is merely expressive of a general fact, without regard to its nature or cause.—*Medical Delusions.*

HOPE, Thomas, an English novelist and antiquarian; born at London about 1770; died there, February 3, 1831. His great riches enabled him to travel in Europe, Asia, and Africa, studying ancient and mediæval architecture, and collecting statuary, paintings, and bric-à-brac. On his return to England he bought a house in London, and one near Dorking, and stored them with his treasures, and became a liberal patron of the fine arts. Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, was indebted to him for the early recognition of his genius. Chantry, who painted the portraits of so many notables of the early part of the nineteenth century, owed much to Thomas Hope for the direction of his taste, and Flaxman, whose work has been favorably compared with that of Phidias and Raphael, received much encouragement from him. In 1807 he published *Household Furniture and External Decorations,* which produced a marked change in the furnishing of houses in England. *The Costume of the Ancients* (1809), embellished with three hundred and twenty-one plates, and *Designs of Modern Costume* (1812), was followed in 1819 by a novel, *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek,* which was at first attributed to Lord Byron, who is said to have declared that he would give two of his most approved poems to be its author. *An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man* (1831), and a *Historical Essay on Architecture* (1837), were published after his death.

THE CEMETERIES OF SCUTARI.

The merit of the new design I had conceived; the wisdom of thus founding the whole fabric of my earthly happiness on my gratification, still continued the ruling theme of my self-applauding thoughts, when I began to discover Scutari, and in the neighborhood of that city — harshly edging the horizon — the black streak of cypresses that mark its immense cemeteries, the last resting-place of those who, dying in Constantinople, fear that their bones may some day be disturbed, if laid in the unhallowed ground of Europe.

A dense and motionless cloud of stagnant vapors ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar a chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts; and as he enters them an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and exhaling a cold and clammy sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow ground, which shakes as he treads it, and loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step. So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this chosen spot — so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents, that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarce counts a single breathing inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of blooming sepulchres stretch far away on every side, across the brow of the hills and the bend of the valleys: already are the avenues which cross each other at every step in this domain of death so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, still finds before him many a dreary mile of road between marshalled tombs and fournful cypresses ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end; and yet, every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay still exhibit a rapidly increasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young

plantations, growing up between new flower-beds of graves.—*Anastasius.*

---

HOPKINS, JOHN HENRY, an American theologian; born at Dublin, Ireland, January 30, 1792; died at Rock Point, Vt., January 9, 1868. He removed to the United States when he was eight years old. He was educated in Philadelphia, and began the practice of law in Pittsburg. In 1823 he entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, preached in Pittsburg and in Boston, and in 1832 was made Bishop of Vermont. He was an active worker in educational affairs, and a vigorous defender of Church doctrines. Among his works are *Christianity Vindicated: The Primitive Creed Examined and Explained* (1834); *The Primitive Church Compared with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Present Day* (1835); *Essay on Gothic Architecture* (1836); *Sixteen Lectures on the Causes, Principles, and Results of the British Reformation* (1844); *The End of Controversy Controverted* (1854); *Scriptural, Ecclesiastical, and Historical View of Slavery* (1864); *The American Citizen: His Rights and Duties According to the Spirit of the Constitution; The Law of Ritualism* (1868), and numerous *Sermons.*

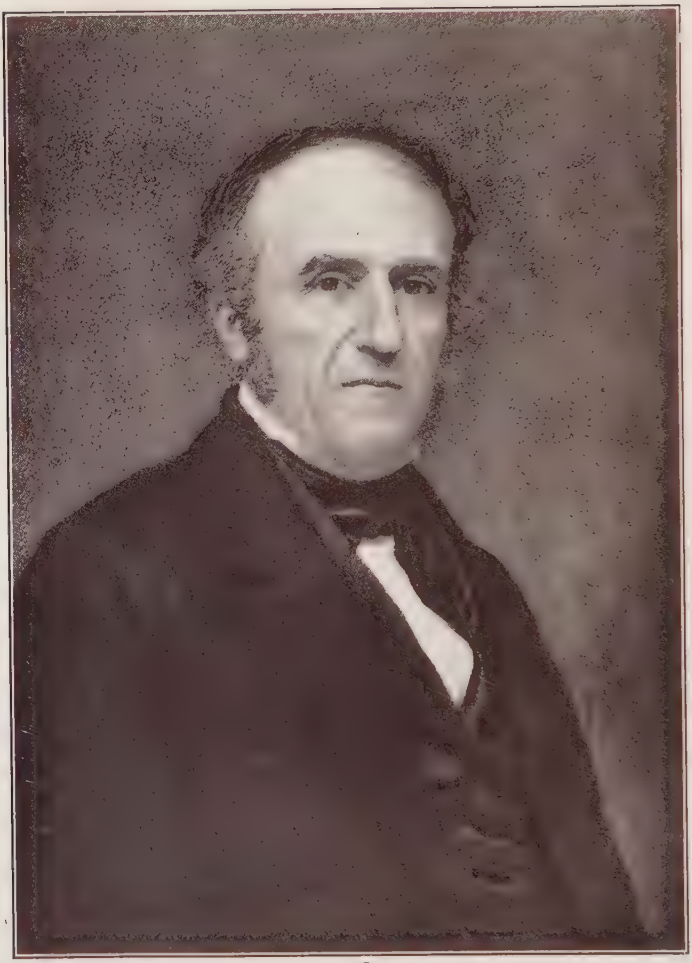
PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

So simple, yet so strong, is the basis for this practice of the Primitive Christian Church, that even the yearnings of the natural heart are compelled to do it homage. For we know how powerfully it operates on the worldly mind itself. Can anyone fail to see that the longing for

posthumous veneration forms one of the highest incentives to the acquisition of fame? Can anyone doubt that the patriots of the Revolution, for example, derived a true and intense satisfaction from the knowledge that when the people, in after ages, should come together to celebrate the national independence, their names would be commemorated with grateful triumph, and thanks and praises in their honor would be uttered from the lips of thousands of orators in every quarter of the land for which they toiled and bled? And has not the same feeling animated the breasts and nerved the efforts of heroes and sages, since the world began?

Thus loudly does nature herself plead in behalf of this universal feeling. It is the instinct of love. It is the witness of immortality, written on the heart, and no effort of false philosophy can overcome it altogether. But the Christian faith explains it, sanctifies it, ennobles it, and gives it the only true and proper elevation. For here we learn that death is no real separation to the children of God. Here we imbibe the spiritual love that lasts forever. Here we enter into the grand society which shall be united before the eternal throne. Why should the departed saint be supposed to forget that Church, for which he toiled and prayed, and in which were formed by the grace of the Holy Spirit, the principles and the character of holiness? Why should the Church on earth be supposed to forget him who is an everlasting member of their own body? And therefore, when they meet together, they *take comfort* in knowing that he is still united to them in soul. And he *takes comfort* in knowing that they never fail to commemorate him in these precious words: "And we also bless Thy holy name, for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace to follow their good examples, that with them, we may be partakers of Thy Heavenly kingdom."

Surely then, we have here a rational foundation for the custom of the primitive Christians, and the sentiments of the early fathers, without being in any sense obliged to connect the consolation taken by the departed with



MARK HOPKINS.

the horrible idea of Purgatory.—*The End of Controversy Controverted.*

---

HOPKINS, MARK, an American educator and philosopher; born at Stockbridge, Mass., February 4, 1802; died at Williamstown, Mass., June 17, 1887. He was educated at Williams College, graduating in 1824; was tutor there for two years, then studied medicine, and began practice in New York. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric at Williams, and in 1836 President of the college. He resigned the presidency in 1872, but continued to teach mental and moral philosophy in the college until his death. He was a prominent educator of his time, and drew students from all parts of the country. In 1846 he published *Evidences of Christianity,* a course of the Lowell Lectures, delivered the preceding year. He also published a volume of *Miscellaneous Essays and Discourses* (1847); *Lectures on Moral Science* (1862); *Baccalaureate Sermons and Occasional Discourses* (1863); *The Law of Love, and Love as a Law,* and *The Outline Study of Man* (1873); *Strength and Beauty* (1874); *The Scriptural Idea of Man* (1883); and *Teachings and Counsels* (1884).

THE BIBLE COINCIDENT WITH NATURE.

The Bible is coincident with Nature, as now known, in its teachings respecting the natural attributes of God. The New Testament seldom dwells upon the natural attributes of God; but when it does to any extent, as in the ascription of Paul, "To the King, eternal, immortal,

invisible, the only wise God," it plainly recognizes and adopts the doctrines of the Old, and they may, therefore, for this purpose, be fairly taken together. Let us go back, then, to those ancient prophets. If we exclude this idea of revelation, nothing can be more surprising than the ideas of God expressed by them. These ideas, of themselves, are sufficient to give the stamp of divinity to their writings. Even now, when Science has brought her report from the depths of infinite space, and told us of the suns and systems that glow and circle there, how can we better express our emotions than to adopt the language of Isaiah, and say, "Lift up your eyes on high and behold who hath created these things. He calleth them all by names by the greatness of His might; for that He is strong in power, not one faileth." And when Science has turned her glance in another direction, and discovered in the teeming drop wonders scarcely less than those in the heavens; when she has analyzed matter; when she has disentangled the rays of light, and shown the colors of which its white web is woven; when the amazing structure of vegetable and animal bodies is laid open; what can we say of Him who worketh all this, but that He is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working!" "There is no searching of His understanding."

And when, again, we can look back over near three thousand years more, in which the earth has rolled on in its appointed way, and the mighty energies by which all things are moved have been sustained, what can we do but to ask, "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" With them we find no tendency, as among the ancient philosophers, to ascribe eternity to matter.

Now that men undistinguished from others around them by learning in an age of prevalent polytheism and idolatry, and of great ignorance of physical science, should adopt such doctrines respecting the natural attributes of God, as to require no modification when science has been revolutionized and expanded as it were into a new universe, does seem to me no slight evidence that they were inspired

by that God whose attributes they set forth.— *Evidences of Christianity.*

---

HOPKINSON, Francis, an American jurist and humorist, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; born at Philadelphia, September 21, 1737; died there, May 9, 1791. He was graduated from the College of Pennsylvania, studied law, and after a stay of two years in England, took up his residence at Bordentown, N. J. In 1776 he was sent to the American Congress as one of the representatives from New Jersey. In 1779 he was appointed a Judge of Admiralty of Pennsylvania, holding the office until the formation of the Federal Government of the United States in 1789, when he was appointed by Washington District Judge for Pennsylvania. His political writings were very effective during the War of the Revolution. Among them is *The Battle of the Kegs,* a humorous ballad, and *The New Roof,* a song for Federal mechanics. A collection of his *Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings,* in three volumes, appeared in 1792. Many of his satirical and humorous writings have been frequently reprinted.

"The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant wood, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

"The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from every quarter;

Why sure, thought they, the de'il's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water.

"The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conq'ering British troops, sir.

"From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porridge."

—*The Battle of the Kegs.*

A CASE LEGALLY ADJUDGED.

This was an action on the statute called "The Statute of Nails," which prohibits all subjects within the realm from cutting or paring their nails on a Friday, under the penalty of twenty shillings for every offence, to be recovered by the overseers of the poor of the county in which the offence should be committed. The overseers of the poor for the county brought their action, under the statute, against the defendant. And it was in proof that the defendant had paired his thumb-nails and his great-toe-nails on Friday, to wit, the —— day of ——, at twelve o'clock in the night of the same day.

Counsel for the defendant demurred to the facts, observing that, as this was a penal law, it ought to be strictly construed; and thereupon took three points of defence, viz: *first,* it was urged that night is not *day,* and the statute expressly says Fri-*day,* and not Fri-*night;* and proof is that the cutting was at night. *Secondly,* it was contended that twelve o'clock on Friday night is, in fact, the beginning of Saturday morning, and therefore not within the statute. And, *thirdly,* that the words of the statute are "*Ungues Digitorum*"— Anglice, "the nails of the fingers," and the testimony only affects thumbs and great-toes.

The jury gave in a special verdict; whereupon, after long advisement, the judges were of unanimous opinion,

on the first point, that, in construction of law, day is night and night is day; because a day consists of twenty-four hours, and the law will not allow a fraction of a day:—"*De minimus non curat lex;*" in English, "the law don't stand upon trifles." On the second point, that twelve o'clock at night, being the precise line of division between Friday night and Saturday morning, is a portion or point of time which may be considered as belonging to both, or to either, or to neither, at the discretion of the Court. And *thirdly,* that, in the construction of law, fingers are thumbs and thumbs are fingers, and thumbs and fingers are great-toes and little-toes, and great-toes and little-toes are thumbs and fingers: And so judgment for the plaintiff.

---

HOPKINSON, Joseph, an American jurist and poet; son of Francis Hopkinson; born at Philadelphia, November 12, 1770; died there, January 15, 1842. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, studied law in Philadelphia, where he attained a high rank in his profession. He was the leading counsel for Dr. Rush in his famous libel suit against William Cobbett in 1799, and was also employed in the trials under the alien and sedition laws before Judge Chase in 1800, and in the impeachment of the latter on charges of misdemeanor in connection with those trials before the United States Senate in 1805. From 1815 to 1819 he was a Member of the United States House of Representatives, where he distinguished himself as a speaker, particularly in opposition to the United States Bank and on the Seminole War. In 1828 he was appointed Judge of the United States Court for the Eastern District

of Pennsylvania, which position he held until his death. As an author he is known almost solely by his national song, *Hail Columbia,* written in 1798 for the benefit of an actor named Fox.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!
  Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
  Who fought and bleed in Freedom's cause.
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
  Let Independence be our boast,
  Ever mindful what it cost;
  Ever grateful for the prize;
  Let its altar reach the skies.
    Firm, united, let us be,
    Rallying round our Liberty;
    As a band of brothers joined,
    Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your right; defend your shore.
  Let no rude foe with impious hand,
  Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
  While offering peace sincere and just
  In heaven we place a manly trust,
  That truth and justice will prevail,
  And every scheme of bondage fail.
    *Firm, united, let us be,* etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
  Ring through the world with loud applause,
  Ring through the world with loud applause.
Let every clime to Freedom dear,

Listen with a joyful ear!
With equal skill and godlike power
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
*Firm, united, let us be,* etc.

Behold the chief who now comands,
Once more to serve his country stands —
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue firm and true
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day
His steady mind from changes free
Resolved on death or liberty.
*Firm, united, let us be,* etc.

---

HORACE (QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS), a Roman poet; born at Venusia, in 65 B.C.; died at Rome in 8 B.C. His father was a freedman, who appears to have been a *servus publicus,* or bondman of the community, who took his distinctive name from the Horatian tribe to which the community belonged. After his manumission he was made a *coactor,* a term designating a collector of the revenue and an auctioneer at public sales. The elder Horace appears to have exercised both these functions, and acquired a moderate competency, including a small farm, upon which his son was born. When the boy was about twelve his father took him to Rome, his means being sufficient to give him the education of a gentleman. It does not appear that either father or

son ever revisited their former home. Of this slave-born father, Horace, as will be seen, speaks in terms of the highest admiration and veneration. At about eighteen Horace was sent by his father to Athens to complete his education. For some four years he devoted himself to the study of philosophy. After the assassination of Julius Cæsar (44 B.C.), Brutus arrived at Athens on his way to the Eastern provinces, to the command of which he had been assigned, in conjunction with Cassius. Brutus remained some time at Athens, ostensibly engaged in philosophical studies, but really recruiting officers for his army from the young Romans who were studying there. Among those whom he enlisted was Horace, who was made a military tribune, and placed in command of a legion, at the head of which he took part in the battle of Philippi (42 B.C.). Believing that there was no hope of continuing the struggle, Horace "threw away his shield," and made his way back to Rome. The general amnesty which had been proclaimed assured him personal safety. But as he himself says:

> "Bated in spirit, and with pinions clipped,
> Of all the means my father left me stripped,
> Want stared me in the face, so then and there
> I took to scribbling verse in sheer despair."

His first productions were lampoons, of which he soon became thoroughly ashamed, designating them as "smart and scurrilous lines," most of which he succeeded in suppressing. But one poem, written in 40 B.C., when he was in his twenty-fourth year, and addressed to "The Roman People," is pitched on a loftier key than anything else which he ever wrote. The civil war was raging with more fierceness than

ever, and there was reason to apprehend that Rome itself would be taken and sacked by the hostile faction. Horace urged all worthy citizens to flee from the doomed city, and take ship and sail for those Islands of the Blest which were fabled to lie far out in the unknown Western Ocean.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Another age in civil wars will soon be spent and worn,
And by her native strength our Rome be wrecked and overborne:—
That Rome the Marcians could not crush, who border on the lands,
Nor the shock of threatening Porsena with his Etruscan bands,
Nor Capua's strength that rivalled ours, nor Spartacus the stern,
Nor the faithless Allobrogian, who still for change doth yearn.
Ay, what Germania's blue-eyed youth quelled not with ruthless sword,
Nor Hannibal by our great sires detested and abhorred,
We shall destroy with ruthless hands imbued in brothers' gore,
And wild beasts of the wood shall range our native land once more.
A foreign foe, alas! shall tread the City's ashes down,
And his horse's ringing hoofs shall smite her places of renown;
And the bones of great Quirinius, now religiously enshrined,
Shall be flung by sacrilegious hands to the sunshine and the wind.
And if ye all from ills so dire ask how yourselves to free,
Or such at least as would not hold your lives unworthily—
No better counsel I can urge than that which erst inspired
The stout Phocæans when from their doomed city they retired,

Their fields, their household gods, their shrines surrendering as a prey
To the wild boar and ravening wolf: so we in our dismay,
Where'er our wandering steps may chance to carry us should go,
Or where'er across the sea the fitful winds may blow.
How think ye then? If better course none offer, why should we
Not seize the happy auspices, and boldly put to sea?
The circling ocean waits us: then away, where Nature smiles,
To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the rich and happy isles,
Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untilled land with sheaves,
And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her leaves;
Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er untrue,
And the russet fig adorns the trees that graffshoot never knew;
Where honey from the hollow oaks doth ooze, and crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet from the sky-dividing hills? —
There to the pails the she-goats come, without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the friendly herd;
There round the fold no surly bear its midnight prowl doth make,
Nor teems the rank and heaving soil with the adder and the snake;
There no contagion smites the flocks, nor blight of any star,
With fury of remorseless heat, the sweltering herds doth mar.
Nor are the swelling seeds burnt up within the thirsty clods —
So kindly blends the seasons there the King of all the gods.

That shore the Argonautic bark's stout rowers never
gained,
Nor the wily She of Colchis with step unchased profaned;
The sails of Sidon's galleys ne'er were wafted to that
strand,
Nor ever rested on its slopes Ulysses's toil-worn band;
For Jupiter, when he with brass the Golden Age alloyed,
That region set apart by the good to be enjoyed;
With brass and then with iron he the ages seared; but ye,
Good men and true, to that bright home arise, arise and
follow me.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN

The fortunes of Horace began to mend. His books sold — for there were booksellers and publishers in those days; so that there must have been a considerable class of book-buyers. Horace was enabled to get an appointment to some official position, the emoluments of which were sufficient to maintain him. He also made the acquaintance of the rising men of letters, among whom were Varius, of whom we know little more than that Quintilian said that his tragedy of *Thyestes* was not unworthy to be ranked with the best tragedies of Greece; and Virgil, some five years older than Horace. These two took him to the house of the wealthy Mæcenas, whose name has come to be the synonym for an enlightened patron of letters and art. A few years afterward, Horace, addressing Mæcenas, recalls the incidents of their first acquaintanceship, which ripened into a lifelong friendship.

HORACE TO MÆCENAS.

Lucky I will not call myself, as though
Thy friendship I to mere good fortune owe.
No chance it was secured me thy regards,
But Virgil first — that best of men and bards;

And then kind Varius mentioned what I was.
Before you brought, with many a faltering pause,
Dropping some few brief words (for bashfulness
Robbed me of utterance) I did not profess
That I was sprung of lineage old and great
Or used to canter round my own estate
On a Satureian barb; but what and who
I was, as plainly told. As usual, you
Brief answer make me. I retire, and then —
Some nine months after — summoning me again,
You bid me 'mongst your friends assume a place;
And proud I feel that thus I won your grace;
Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
But by my life, and heart devoid of blame.
—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

To this period evidently belongs the picture which Horace gives of his daily routine of life at Rome: evidently that of a bachelor in comfortable but by no means in affluent circumstances; yet quite contented with his condition and surroundings:

DAILY ROUTINE.

I walk alone, by mine own fancy led,
Inquire the price of pot-herbs and of bread,
The circus cross, to see its tricks and fun,
The forum too, at times near set of sun;
With other fools there do I stand and gape
Round fortune-tellers' stalls; thence home escape
To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse and pease;
Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.
Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
A goblet, and two beakers; near at hand
A common ewer, patera, and bowl:
Campanias' potteries produced the whole.
To sleep then I. . . .
I keep my couch till ten, then walk awhile,
Or having read or writ what may beguile
A quiet after-hour, anoint my limbs

With oil — not such as filthy Natta skims
From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,
Warn me to quit the field and hand-ball play,
The bath takes all my weariness away.
Then having lightly dined just to appease
The sense of emptiness — I take mine ease,
Enjoying all home's simple luxury.
This is the life of bard unclogged, like me,
By stern ambition's miserable weight,
So placed, I own, with gratitude, my state
Is sweeter, aye, than though a quæstor's power
From sire and grandsires had been my dower.
—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

Horace had often wished for a place in the country to which he might retire from time to time, and especially during the hot summer months; and in a poem which is altogether autobiographical, he pictures the kind of place which he would like:

"My prayers with this I used to charge —
A piece of land not very large,
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where, to crown the whole, there should
A patch be found of growing wood."

One day, about four years after their first acquaintance, when Horace was about thirty-two, the munificent Mæcenas presented him with just such an estate as he had desiderated. This estate, which he modestly designates as his "Sabine farm," was situated on high land about thirty miles from Rome; so that he had but to mount his "bob-tailed ambling mule," and an easy day's ride would take him from the city to the farm or from the farm to the city. Of the extent of this farm we can form an approximate

estimate. It consisted of arable land, meadow land, and woodland; was cultivated under the superintendence of a bailiff, by five families of free *coloni,* consisting presumably of about a score of individuals, besides which was the domestic establishment of eight slaves. Here Horace built a modest villa, the site of which is still shown; and there is a piece of massive pavement which is credibly asserted to have been a part of the villa of Horace. This is lightly covered over with earth, and the peasants make many an honest penny by shovelling away the soil so as to show the pavement to frequent tourists. Within a few hundred yards from the villa site, and probably within the bounds of what was once the Sabine farm, there is still a copious spring of cold water, which can scarcely be other than the "Fountain of Bandusia," which the poet has immortalized.

THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

Bandusia's fount, in clearness crystalline,
O worthy of the wine, the flowers we vow!
To-morrow shall be thine
A kid, whose crescent brow

Is sprouting, all for love and victory,
In vain; his warm red blood, so early stirred,
Thy gelid stream shall dye,
Child of the wanton herd.

Thee the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,
Forbears to touch; sweet cool thy waters yield
To ox with ploughing tired,
And flocks that range afield.

Thou too one day shalt win proud eminence
'Mid honored founts, while I the ilex sing

Crowning the cavern, whence
Thy babbling waters spring.
—*Translation of* CONINGTON.

Horace, in one of his *Epistles,* written some time after he had taken up his residence there, thus describes this Sabine farm:

THE SABINE FARM.

About my farm, dear Quinctius: You would know
What sort of produce for its lord 'twill grow;
Plough-land is it, or meadow-land, or soil
For apples, vine-clad elms, or oil? —
So (but you'll think me garrulous) I'll write
A full description of its form and site:
In long continuous lines the mountains run,
Cleft by a valley, which twice feels the sun —
Once on the right, when first he lifts his beams;
Once on the left, when he descends in streams.
You'd praise the climate; well, and what d'ye say
To sloes and cornels hanging from the spray?
What to the oak and ilex which afford
Fruit to the cattle, shelter to the lord?
What, but rich Tarentum must have been
Transplanted nearer Rome, with all its green?
Then there's a fountain, of sufficient size
To name the river that there takes its rise:
Not Thracian Hebrus colder or more pure,
Of power the head's and stomach's ills to cure.
This sweet retirement — nay, 'tis more than sweet —
Insures my health even in September's heat.
—*Translation of* CONINGTON.

The "cattle" who fed upon the acorns were, of course, swine; and, as appears over and over again, "bacon and greens" was a favorite dish of Horace, who lived mainly on fruit and vegetables of one kind or another. In his *Ode* written for the opening of

the Temple of Apollo, erected by Augustus, he puts up this petition in his own behalf:

HORACE'S PETITION TO APOLLO.

Let olives, endive, mallows light,
  Be all my fare: and health
Give thou, Apollo, so I might
  Enjoy my present wealth!
Give me but these, I ask no more:
  These, and a mind entire;
An old age not unhonored, nor
  Unsolaced by the lyre.
— *Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

At one time, while at Rome, he gives expression of his longing to get back to his Sabine farm, and describes his way of life there.

HORACE AT HOME.

When, when shall I the country see,
Its woodlands green — oh, when be free
With books of great old men, and sleep,
And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
Into oblivion sweet of life,
Its agitations and its strife?
When on my table shall be seen
Pythagoras's kinsman bean,
And bacon — not too fat — embellish
My dish of greens, and give it relish?
Oh happy nights, oh feasts divine,
When with the friends I love I dine
At mine own hearth-fire, and meat
We leave gives my bluff hinds a treat!
  No stupid laws our feasts control,
But each guest drains or leaves the bowl
Precisely as he feels inclined.
If he be strong, and have a mind
For bumpers, good! If not he's free

To sip his liquor leisurely.
And then the talk our banquet rouses!
But not about our neighbors' houses,
Or if 'tis generally thought
That Lepus dances well or not?
But what concerns us nearer, and
Is harmful not to understand:
Whether by wealth or worth 'tis plain
That men to happiness attain?
By what we're led to choose our friends —
Regard for them, or our own ends?
In what does good consist, and what
Is the supremest form of that?
And then friend Cervius will strike in
With some old grandam's tale, akin
To what we are discussing. Thus
If someone have cried up to us
Avellius's wealth, forgetting how
Much care it costs him, "Look you now,
Once on a time," he will begin,
"A country mouse received within
His rugged cave a city brother,
As one old comrade would another."

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

And here follows the well-known parable of "The Country Mouse and the City Mouse." Even upon extraordinary occasions Horace seems to have made no attempts at unusual display. Upon one occasion (it was the anniversary of the birthday of Mæcenas), he thus invites Phyllis — a brisk young woman who belonged to the better sort of that class whom the Greeks and Romans called *hetairæ*, which may be fairly represented by "women of pleasure" — to visit him at his farm, and describes the preparations which had been made for her entertainment.

INVITATION TO PHYLLIS.

I have laid in a cask of Albanian wine,
  Which nine mellow summers have ripened and more.
In my gardens, dear Phyllis, thy brows to entwine,
  Grows the brightest of yellow parsley in plentiful store;
There's ivy to gleam on thy dark glossy hair:
  My plate, newly burnished, enlivens my rooms,
And the altar, athirst for its victim, is there
  Enwreathed with chaste vervain and choicest of blooms.

Every hand in the household is busily toiling,
  And hither and thither boys bustle and girls;
Whilst, up from the hearth-fires careering and coiling,
  The smoke round the rafter-beams languidly curls.
Let the joys of the revel be parted between us!
  'Tis the Ides of Young April, the day which divides
The month, dearest Phyllis, of ocean-spring Venus —
  A day to me dearer than any besides.

And well may I prize it, and hail its returning —
  My own natal day not more hallowed or dear;
For Mæcenas, my friend, dates from this happy morning
  The life which has swelled to a lustrous career.
So come, my own Phyllis, my heart's latest treasure —
  For ne'er for another this bosom shall long —
And I'll teach, while your love voice re-echoes the measure,
  How to charm away care with the magic of song.
—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

At another time he invites the magnificent Mæcenas to come out and take pot-luck with him at that Sabine farm for which he was indebted to his expected guest.

INVITATION TO MÆCENAS.

Our common Sabine wine shall be
The only drink I'll give to thee.
  In modest goblets too;

'Twas stored in crock of Grecian delf,
Dear knight Mæcenas, by myself,
That very day when through
The theatre thy plaudits rang,
And sportive echo caught the clang,
And answered from the banks
Of thine own dear paternal stream,
Whilst Vatican renewed the theme
Of homage and of thanks!
Old Cæcuban, the very best,
And juice in vats Falerian pressed,
You drink at home, I know.
My cups no choice Falerian fills,
Nor unto them do Formiæ's hills
Impart a tempered glow.
—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

To Mæcenas he promises, if he will come out to the farm, "simple dinners neatly dressed"; and in inviting another wealthy friend he says he must be content with vegetables and homely crockery; but everything shall be nicely served, the napery shall be clean and neatly ironed, and the cups and platters polished so that one could see his face in them; the wine should be good of its kind, though not of any of the famous growths. These "little dinners" of Horace must have been very enjoyable affairs, if Horace himself fairly answered to his idea of what a host should be.

A MODEL HOST.

The proper thing is to be cleanly and nice,
And yet so as not to be over-precise;
To be neither constantly scolding your slaves,
Like that old prig Albutus, as losels and knaves,
Nor, like Nævius, in such things who's rather too easy,
To the guests at your board present water that's greasy.
—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

Horace was fond of sneering in his quiet way at rare and costly dishes which were greatly in vogue among the great folks at Rome. Thus he puts into the mouth of Ofellus, a stout old yeoman from the Apulian hills, such moralizing as this:

A LECTURE ON GASTRONOMY.

When your butler's away and the weather's so bad
That there's not a morsel of fish to be had,
A crust with some salt will soothe not amiss
The ravening stomach. You ask, "How is this?"
Because for delight, at the best, you must look
To yourself, and not to your wealth or your cook.
To yourself, and not to your wealth or your cook.
The man that's with over-indulgence oppressed,
White-livered and pursy, can relish no dish,
Be it ortolans, oysters, or finest of fish.
Still I scarcely can hope, if before you there were
A peacock and capon, you would not prefer
With the peacock to tickle your palate, you're so
Completely the dupes of mere semblance and show.
For to buy the rare bird only gold will avail,
And he makes a rare show with his fine painted tail,
As if this had to do with the matter the least!
Can you make of the feathers you prize so a feast?
And when the bird's cooked, what becomes of its splendor?
Is his flesh than the capon's more juicy or tender?
Mere appearance, not substance, then, clearly it is
Which bamboozles your judgment so much, then, for this.
So were anyone now to assure us a treat
In cormorants roasted, as tender and sweet,
The young men of Rome are so prone to what's wrong,
They'd eat cormorants all to a man before long.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

Horace, from early manhood an intimate in the best society of Rome, loved by Virgil and Varius, honored

and loved by Mæcenas, liked and admired even by the great Augustus — was never ashamed of his humble origin. In one of his poems addressed to Mæcenas, shortly after the beginning of their intimacy, he thus speaks of his slave-born father; and it would be hardly possible to find a nobler tribute paid by a son to a father.

HORACE'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FATHER.

If pure and innocent I live, and dear
To those I love (self-praise is venial here),
All this I owe my father, who, though poor,
Lord of some few acres, and no more,
Was loath to send me to the village school,
Where the sons of men of mark and rule —
Centurions and the like — were wont to swarm,
With slate and satchel on sinster arm,
And the poor dole of scanty pence to pay
The starveling teacher on the quarter-day:
But boldly took me, when a boy, to Rome,
There to be taught all arts that grace the home
Of knight and senator. To see my dress,
And slaves attending, you'd have thought no less
Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
Had furnished forth the charges of my state.
When with my tutors, he would still be by,
Nor ever let me wander from his eye;
And, in a word, he kept me chaste (and this
Is virtue's crown) from all that was amiss.
Nor such in act alone, but in repute,
Till even scandal's tattling voice was mute.
No dread had he that men might taunt or jeer,
Should I, some future day, as auctioneer,
Or, like himself, as tax-collector, seek
With petty fees my humble means to eke.
Nor should I then have murmured. Now I know
More earnest thanks, and loftier praise I owe.
Reason must fail me ere I cease to own

With pride that I have such a father known.
Nor shall I stoop my birth to vindicate,
By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,
That I was not of noble lineage sprung:
Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue.
For now should Nature bid all living men
Retrace their years, and live them o'er again,
Each culling, as his inclination bent,
His parents for himself — with mine content,
I would not choose whom men endow, as great,
With the insignia and seats of state;
And, though I seemed insane to vulgar eyes,
Thou wouldst perchance esteem me truly wise
In thus refusing to assume the care
Of irksome state I was unused to bear.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

PATERNAL ADMONITIONS.

Should then my humorous vein run wild, some latitude allow.
I learned the habit from the best of fathers, who employed
Some living type to stamp the vice he wished me to avoid.
Thus temperate and frugal when exhorting me to be,
And with the competence content which he had stored for me,
"Look, boy," he'd say, "at Albius's son — observe his sorry plight!
And Barrus, that poor beggar there! Say, are not these a sight
To warn a man from squandering his patrimonial means?
The reasons why this should be shunned, and that be sought
The sages will explain. Enough for me if I uphold
The faith and morals handed down from our good sires of old;
And while you need a guardian, keep your life pure, and your name.

When years have hardened, as they will, your judgment
and your frame,
You'll swim without a float."
And so, with talk like this, he won
And moulded me while yet a boy. Was something to be
done,
Hard it might be—"for this," he'd say, "good warrant
you can quote."
And then as model pointed to some public man of note.
Or was there something to be shunned, then he would
urge, "can you
One moment doubt that acts like these are base and
futile too,
Which have to him and his such dire disgrace and trouble
bred?"
And as a neighbor's death appals the sick, and by the
dread
Of dying forces them to put upon their lusts restraint,
So tender minds are oft deterred from vices by the taint
They see them bring on others' names; 'tis thus that I
from those
Am all exempt, which bring with them a train of shame
and woes.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

The poems of Horace were published by him under the respective heads of *Satires, Odes,* and *Epistles.* But only a small part of the first class are "Satires," in our usual acceptation of the word. The poem in which his father is so tenderly spoken of, appears among the *Satires,* as does also the one in which he describes his daily life at his Sabine farm. In the latter poem, however, there are several purely satirical passages. The cleverest of these is where Davus, his servant, to whom he is no hero, ridicules his master for sundry foibles.

### HORACE'S SATIRE UPON HIMSELF.

[DAVUS *loquitur.*]

You're praising up incessantly
The habits, manners, likings, ways,
Of people in the good old days;
Yet, should some god this moment give
To you the power like them to live,
You're just the man to say, "I won't!"
Because in them you either don't
Believe, or else the courage lack
The truth through thick and thin to back;
And rather than its heights aspire,
Will go on sticking in the mire.
  At Rome, you for the country sigh;
When in the country, to the sky
You — flighty as the thistle's down —
Are always crying up the town.
If no one asks you out to dine,
Oh, then the *pot-au-feu's* divine!
You "go out on compulsion only —
'Tis so delightful to be lonely;
And drinking bumpers is a bore
You shrink from daily more and more."
  But only let Mæcenas send
Command for you "to meet a friend;"
Although the message comes so late
The lamps are being lighted, straight,
"Where's my pomade? Look sharp!" you shout;
"Heavens! is there nobody about?
Are you all deaf?" And storming high
At all the household, off you fly.
When Milvius, and that set, anon
Arrive to dine, and find you gone,
With vigorous curses they retreat —
Which I had rather not repeat.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

A "Satire," in Horace's use of the word, is a picture of Men and Manners, as he saw them from time to time. Sometimes he lashes great crimes and criminals with a severity hardly less indignant than that of Juvenal. But as a rule he flies at lower game — at the foibles and weaknesses of society — at fops, fools, and bores, and the like.

A WOULD-BE LITERARY BORE.

It chanced that I, the other day
Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
And musing, as my habit is,
Some trivial random fantasies,
When there comes rushing up a wight
Whom only by his name I knew.
"Ha! my dear fellow, how d'ye do?"
Grasping my hand, he shouted. "Why,
As times go, pretty well," said I;
"And you, I trust, can say the same."
But after me as still he came,
"Sir, is there anything," I cried,
"You want of me?" "Oh," he replied,
"I'm just the man you ought to know:
A scholar, author!" "Is it so?
For this I'll like you all the more!"
Then, writhing to escape the bore,
I'll quicken now my pace, now stop,
And in my servant's ear let drop
Some words; and all the while I feel
Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
"Oh, for a touch," I moaned in pain,
"Bolanus, of thy madcap vein,
To put this incubus to rout!"
As he went chattering on about
Whatever he descries or meets —
The city's growth, it's splendor, size.
"You're dying to be off," he cries:
(For all the while I'd been stock dumb);
"I've seen it this half-hour. But come,

Let's clearly understand each other;
It's no use making all this pother.
My mind's made up to stick by you;
So where you go, there I go too."
"Don't put yourself," I answered, "pray,
So very far out of your way.
I'm on the road to see a friend
Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
Away beyond the Tiber far,
Close by where Cæsar's gardens are."
"I've nothing in the world to do,
And what's a paltry mile or two?
I like it; so I'll follow you!"
Down dropped my ears on hearing this
Just like a vicious jackass's,
That's loaded heavier than he likes,
But off anew my torment strikes:
"If well I know myself, you'll end
With making of me more a friend
Than Viscus, ay, or Varius; for
Of verses who can run off more,
Or run them off at such a pace?
Who dance with such distinguished grace?
And as for singing, zounds!" says he,
"Hermogenes might envy me!"
Here was an opening to break in:
"Have you a mother, father, kin,
To whom your life is precious?" "None;
I've closed the eyes of every one."
Oh, happy they, I inly groan;
Now I am left, and I alone.
Quick, quick despatch me where I stand;
Now is the direful doom at hand,
Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
Shaking her magic urn, foretold
In days when I was yet a boy:
"Him shall no poison fell destroy,
Nor hostile sword in shock of war,
Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
In fulness of time his thread

Shall by a prate-apace be shred;
So let him, when he's twenty-one,
If he be wise, all babblers shun."
—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

The *Odes* of Horace cover a great variety of topics, grave and gay. Many of them are love-songs ostensibly addressed to several of his "attachments," though it is not altogether certain that Barine, Chloe, Glycera, Lalage, Leuconoe, Lydia, Phyllis, Pyrrha, Tyndaris, and the others were all of them real personages. But it is certain that he formed intimacies, of more or less duration, with not a few of the *hetairæ*, who were, after all, about the only intelligent women with whom a middle-aged Roman bachelor would be likely to come in contact. None of these love-poems are gross, and in few of them is there displayed any great depth of passion. One of the most characteristic of these poems is the following colloquy in which "He" is supposed to represent Horace himself, and the "She" the charming, though not over-constant, Lydia.

HE AND SHE.

*He.*

Whilst I was dear, and thou wert kind,
And I — and I alone — might lie
Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
Not Persia's king so blest as I.

*She.*

Whilst I to thee was all in all,
Nor Chloe might with Lydia vie,
Renowned in ode or madrigal,
Not Roman Ilia famed as I.

*He.*

I now am Thracian Chloe's slave,
With hand and voice that charm the air,
For whom even death itself I'd brave,
So Fate the darling girl would spare.

*She.*

I dote on Calaïs; and I
Am all his passion, all his care,
For whom a double death I'd die,
So Fate the darling boy would spare.

*He.*

What if our ancient love return,
And bind us with a closer tie,
If I the fair-haired Chloe spurn,
And, as of old, for Lydia sigh?

*She.*

Though lovelier than yon star is he,
And lighter thou than cork — ah, why?
More churlish too than Adria's sea,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.
—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

Many of the *Odes* of Horace can hardly be considered lyrical, but are rather grave ethical reproofs. The following is directed against the two great vices which threatened the existence of the Roman State — the luxury and avarice of the rich, and the turbulence of the lower classes.

INTACTIS OPULENTIOR.

Though India's virgin mine,
And wealth of Araby be thine;
Though thy wave-circled palaces

Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas,
When on thy devoted head
The iron hand of Fate has laid
The symbols of eternal doom,
What power shall loose the fetters of the dead?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb?

Happy the nomad tribes whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains;
Happier the Gætan horde
To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free:
For one short year they toil,
Then claim once more their liberty,
And yield to other hands the unexhausted soil.

The tender-hearted stepdame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care
The orphan babe: no wealthy bride
Insults her lord, or yields her heart
To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
The maiden's dower is purity,
Her parents' worth, her womanly pride,
To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
Chastely to live, or, if dishonored, die.

Breathes there a patriot, brave and strong,
Would right his erring country's wrong,
Would heal her wounds and quell her rage?
Let him, with noble daring, first
Curb Faction's tyranny accurst,
So may some future age
Grave on his bust with pious hand,
The Father of his Native Land.
Virtue yet living we despise,
Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

Cease idle wail!
The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail?
How weak the laws by man ordained
If Virtue's law be unsustained

A second sin is thine! The sand
Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
The desolate regions of Hyperborean ice,
Call with one voice to wrinkled Avarice:
He hears; he feels no toil, nor sword nor sea,
Shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty.

Forth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
  Thy precious gems, thy wealth untold;
Into the seas or temple fling
  Thy vile, unprofitable gold.
Roman, repent, and from within
Eradicate thy darling sin;
Repent, and from thy bosom tear
The sordid shame that festers there.

Bid thy degenerate sons to learn
In rougher schools a lesson stern.
  The high-born youth, mature in vice,
Pursues his vain and reckless course,
  Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice.
But shuns and dreads the horse.
  His perjured sire, with jealous care
  Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
  Despised, disgraced, supremely blest,
  Cheating his partner, friend, and guest,
Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill;
But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.
—*Translation of* Sir Stephen de Vere.

Once upon a time Horace had come to Rome as the honored guest of Mæcenas, had stayed there rather longer than he liked, and wished to get away. By way of apology to his wealthy and munificent friend and patron he frames the following apologue:

THE LIVELY CIT TURNED FARMER.

Philip, the famous counsel, on a day
(A burly man, and wilful in his way)

From court returning, somewhere about two,
And grumbling — for his years were far from few —
That his home in Ship-Street was so distant, though
But from the Forum half a mile or so,
Described a fellow in a barber's booth
All by himself, his chin shaved fresh and smooth,
Trimming his nails, and with the easy air
Of one uncumbered by a wish or care,
"Demetrius!" ('twas his page, a boy of tact,
In comprehension swift, and swift of act,)
"Go ascertain his rank, name, fortune; track
His father, patron!" In a trice he's back.
"An auction-crier, Volteius Mena, sir,
Means poor enough, no spot on character;
Good or to work or idle, get or spend,
Has his own house, delights to see a friend.
Fond of the play, and sure, when work is done,
Of those who crowd the campus to make one."
"I'd like to hear all from himself. Away!
Bid him come dine with me — at once — to-day!"
Mena some trick in the request divines,
Turns it all ways, then civilly declines.
"What! says me nay?" "'Tis, even so, sir, why,
Can't say. Dislikes you, or, more likely, shy."
Next morning Philip searches Mena out,
And finds him vending to a rabble rout
Old crazy lumber, frippery of the worst,
And with all courtesy salutes him first.
Mena pleads occupation, ties of trade,
His services else he would by dawn have paid
At Philip's house; was grieved to think that how
He should have failed to notice him till now.
"On one condition I accept your plea.
You come this afternoon and dine with me."
"Yours to command." "Be there, then, sharp at four.
Now go, work hard, and make your little more!"
At dinner Mena rattled on, expressed
Whate'er came uppermost, then home to rest.
The hook was baited craftily, and when
The fish came nibbling ever and again,
At morn a client, and when asked to dine,

Not now at all in humor to decline.
Philip himself one holiday drove him down
To see his villa some few miles from town.
Mena keeps praising up the whole way there
The Sabine country and the Sabine air,
So Philip sees his fish is fairly caught,
And smiles with inward triumph at the thought;
Resolved at any price to have his whim,
For that is best of all repose to him.
Several hundred pounds he gives him there and then,
Proffers on easy terms as much again;
And so persuades him that, with tastes like his,
He ought to buy a farm. So bought it is.
Not to detain you longer than enough
The dapper cit becomes a farmer bluff.
Talks drains and subsoils, ever on the strain,
Grows lean, and ages with the lust of gain.
But when his sheep are stolen, when murrains smite
His goats, and his best crops are killed with blight,
When at the plough his oxen drop down dead,
Stung with his losses, up one night from bed
He springs, and on a cart-horse makes his way
All wrath to Philip's house, by break of day.
"How's this?" cries Philip, seeing him unshorn
And shabby. "Why, Volteius, you look worn.
You work, methinks, too long upon the stretch."
"Oh, that's not it, my patron. Call me wretch;
That is the only fitting name for me.
Oh by the Genius, by the gods that be
Thy hearth's protectors, I beseech, implore,
Give me, oh, give me back my life of yore!"
If for the worse you find you've changed your place,
Pause not to think, but straight your steps retrace.
In every state the maxim still is true,
On your own last take care to fit your shoe.

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

The health of Horace was always delicate, and he began to age rapidly. At forty-four his black hair

had turned to gray. We find him anxiously inquiring for the healthiest and most comfortable places to visit.

A VALETUDINARIAN'S INQUIRIES.

Which place is best supplied with corn, d'ye think?
Have they rain water or fresh springs to drink?
Their wines I care not for; when at my farm,
I can drink any sort without much harm;
But at the sea I need a generous kind
To warm my veins and pass into my mind,
Enrich me with new hopes, choice words supply
And make me comely in a lady's eye.
Which tract is best for game? On which sea-coast
Urchins and other fish abound the most?
That so, when I return my friends may see
A sleek Phæacian come to life in me:
These things you needs must tell me, Vala dear,
And I no less must act on what I hear.

—*Translation of* CONINGTON.

THE COMMON LOT.

Let not the frowns of fate
  Disquiet thee, my friend,
Nor when she smiles on thee, do thou elate
  With vanishing thoughts ascend
Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
For Dellius thou must die, become a clod of earth.

Thy woods, thy treasured pride,
  Thy mansion's pleasant seat,
Thy lawns washed by the Tiber's yellow tide,
  Each favorite retreat,
Thou must leave us all — all, and thine heir shall run
In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won.

One road, and to one bourne
  We all are goaded. Late
Or soon will issue from the urn
  Of unrelenting Fate

The lot, that in yon bark exiles us all,
To undiscovered shores, from which is no recall.
—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

A PRAYER FOR HEALTH AND CONTENT.

For me, when freshened by my spring's pure cold,
Which makes my villagers look pinched and old,
What prayers are mine? "Oh, may I yet possess
The goods I have, or if Heaven pleases, less."

Let the few years that Fate may grant me still
Be all my own, not held at others' will!
Let me have books, and stores for one year hence,
Nor make my life one flutter of suspense.

You're not a miser: has all other vice
Departed in the train of avarice?
Or do ambitious longings, angry fret,
The terror of the grave torment you yet?

Do you count up your birthdays by the year,
And thank the gods with gladness and good cheer,
O'erlook the failings of your friends, and grow
Gentler and better as your sands run low?

But I forbear; sufficient 'tis to pray
To Jove for what he gives and takes away;
Grant life, grant fortune, for myself I'll find
That best of blessings, a contented mind.
—*Translation of* CONINGTON.

The longest and one of the latest of the poems of Horace is the Epistle to the Pisos, generally known as the *Ars Poetica,* of which the summation is:

Of writing well, be sure the secret lies
In wisdom: therefore study to be wise.

Not long after the *Ars Poetica* was published, Mæcenas died at the age of about sixty-five. Almost with his parting breath he commended his friend to the kindly remembrance of Augustus: "*Horati Flacci ut mei esto memor* — Let Horatius Flaccus be borne in memory as myself." Mæcenas died at midsummer. Before the year ended Horace also passed into the Hereafter. He had neither kith nor kin, and left what modest means he possessed to Augustus Cæsar. He was buried on the slope of the Esquiline, hard by the tomb of his friend Mæcenas. The marble tomb has long since crumbled to dust; but the poet had built for himself a monument which will outlast all marble or bronze.

HORACE'S MONUMENT.

I've reared a monument — my own —
  More durable than brass;
Yea, kingly pyramids of stone
  In height it doth surpass.

Rain shall not sap, nor driving blast
  Disturb its settled base,
Nor countless ages rolling past
  Its symmetry deface.

I shall not wholly die. Some part,
  Nor that a little, shall
Escape the dark Destroyer's dart,
  And his grim festival.

For long as with his Vestals mute,
  Rome's Pontifex shall climb
The Capitol, my fame shall shoot
  Fresh buds through future time.

Where howls loud Aufidus and came
  Parched Daunus erst, a horde
Of mystic boors to sway, my name
  Shall be a household word.

As one who rose from mean estate,
  The first with poet's fire,
Æolic song to modulate
  To the Italian lyre.

Then grant, Melpomene, thy son
  Thy guerdon proud to wear,
And Delphic laurels, duly won,
  Bind thou upon my hair.
— *Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

---

HORNE, RICHARD HENRY, or HENGIST, an English dramatist, poet and essayist; born at London, January 1, 1803; died at Margate, March 13, 1884. He was educated at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, served in the Mexican army during the war between Mexico and Spain, traveled in the United States and Canada, and on his return to England devoted himself to literature. In 1837–38 he published three tragedies: *Cosmio de Medici; The Death of Marlowe;* and *The Death Fetch.* These were followed by *The Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers Excluding Men of Genius from the Public* (1838); *Gregory the Seventh,* a Tragedy (1840); *Judas Iscariot,* a Miracle Play (1840); *The Life of Napoleon* (1841); *Orion,* an Epic Poem (1843), first sold at a farthing a copy — the author's way of expressing his sense of the low estimation in which epic

poetry was held; *A New Spirit of the Age* (1844); *Ballads and Romances,* and *The Spirit of Peers and People,* a tragic-comedy (1846); *The Poor Artist, or Seven Eyesights and One Object* (1850); *The Dreamer and the Worker,* a novel (1851); *The Good-Natured Bear,* a story for children; and *Prometheus the Fire Bringer,* a lyrical drama. In 1852 he went to Australia, where he lived for twelve years. After his return to England he published *Laura Dibalzo,* a tragedy; *John the Baptist, or the Valor of a Soul;* and *The Apocryphal Book of Job's Wife.*

### THE ASCENT OF ORION.

The cloud expanded darkly o'er the heavens,
Which, like a vault preparing to give back
The heroic dead, yawned with its sacred gloom,
And iron-crowned Night her black breath poured around,
To meet the clouds that from Olympus rolled
Billows of darkness with a dirging roar,
Which by gradations of high harmony
Merged in triumphal strains. Their earnest eyes
Filled with the darkness, and their hands still clasped,
Kneeling the Goddesses' bright rays perceived,
Reflected, glance before them. Mute they rose
With tender consciousness; and, hand in hand,
Turning, they saw slow rising from the sea
The luminous Giant clad in blazing stars,
New-born and trembling from their Maker's breath —
Divine, refulgent effuence of Love.
With pale gold shield, like a translucent Moon
Through which the Morning with ascending cheek
Sheds a soft blush, warming cerulean veins; —
With radiant belt of glory, typical
Of happy change that o'er the zodiac round
Of the world's monstrous phantasies shall come;
And in his hand a sword of peaceful power,
Streaming like a meteor to direct the earth
To victory over life's distress, and show

The future path whose light runs through death's glooms;—
In grandeur, like the birth of Motion, rose
The glorious Giant, tow'rd his place in heaven;
And, while ascending, thus his Spirit sang:
"I came into the world a mortal creature,
Lights flitting upward through my unwrought clay,
Not knowing what they were, nor whither tending,
But of some goodness conscious in my soul.
With earth's rude elements my first endeavor
I made; attained rare mastery, and was proud,
Then felt strange longings in the grassy woodlands,
And hunted shadows under the slant sun. . . .
"Thou Earth, whom I have left, and all my brothers!
Followers of Time through steep and thorny ways;
Wrestlers with strong calamity, and falling
Forever, as with generations new
Ye carry on the strife — deem it no loss
That in full vigor of his fresh designs,
Your Worker and your Builder hath been called
To rest thus undesired. Though for himself
Too soon, and not enough of labor done
For high desires; sufficient yet to give
The impulse ye are fitted to receive:
More, were a vain ambition. Therefore strive,
My course without its blindness to pursue,
So that ye may through night, as ye behold me,
And also through the day by faithful hope,
Ascend to me; and he who faints half-way,
Gains yet a noble eminence o'er those
Whose feet still plod the earth with hearts o'erdusted.
"Then with aspiring love behold Orion!
Not for his need, but for thine own behoof:
He loved thy race, and calls thee to his side.
That substance-bearing Shadow, if with a soul
That to an absolute unadulterate truth
Aspires, and would make active through the world,
He hath resolved to plant for future years.
And thus, in the end, each soul may to itself,
With truth before it as its polar guide,
Become both Time and Nature, whose fixt paths

Are spiral, and when lost will find new stars,
Beyond man's unconceived infinities,
And in the Universal Movement join."
The song ceased, and at once a chorus burst
From all the stars in heaven, which now shone forth!
The moon ascends in her rapt loveliness;
The ocean swells to her forgivingly:
Bright comes the dawn, and Eos hides her faces,
Glowing with tears divine, within the bosom
Of great Poseidon, in his rocking car
Standing erect to gaze upon his son,
Installed midst golden fires, which ever melt
In Eos's breath and beauty; rising still
With nightly brilliance, merging in the dawn —
And circling onward in eternal youth.

— *Orion.*

---

HORNE, THOMAS HARTWELL, an English clergyman; born at London, October 20, 1780; died there, January 27, 1862. His first work, *A Brief View of the Necessity and Truth of the Christian Religion,* published in 1800, passed through several editions. His great work, *Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures,* appeared in 1818. The next year he was admitted to the ministry of the Anglican Church. In 1833 he was given a rectorship in London. Forty-five volumes were published by him, on commerce, law, theology, and art. Of some he was editor, of others translator, of others author. Among them are *The Lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland; The Works of William Hogarth Elucidated by Descriptions, Critical, Moral, and Historical; A Protestant*

*Memorial; Mariolatry; The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity; Deism Refuted; A History of the Mohammedan Empire in Spain,* and *A Manual of Biblical Biography.*

THE MORAL TEACHINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

From the ignorance and uncertainty, which prevailed among some of the greatest teachers of antiquity, concerning those fundamental truths which are the great barriers of virtue and religion, it is evident that the heathens had no perfect scheme of moral rules for piety and good manners. Thus, with the exception of two or three philosophers, they never inculcated the duty of loving our enemies and of forgiving injuries; but, on the contrary, they accounted revenge to be not only lawful, but commendable. Pride and the love of popular applause (the subduing of which is the first principle of true virtue) were esteemed the best and greatest incentives to virtue and noble actions; suicide was regarded as the strongest mark of heroism; and the perpetrators of it, instead of being branded with infamy, were commended and celebrated as men of noble minds. But the interior acts of the soul — the adultery of the eye and the murder of the heart were little regarded. On the contrary, the philosophers countenanced both by arguments and example, the most flagitious practices. Thus theft, as is well known, was permitted in Egypt and in Sparta. The exposure of infants, and the putting to death of children who were weak or imperfect in form, was allowed at Sparta by Lycurgus. At Athens, the great seat and nursery of philosophers, the women were treated and disposed of as slaves, and it was enacted that "infants which appeared to be maimed should either be killed or exposed"; and that "the Athenians might lawfully invade and enslave any people, who in their opinion were fit to be made slaves."

Corresponding with such principles was the moral conduct of the ancients — the most distinguished philos-

ophers and heroes not excepted — whose lives are recorded by Plutarch in a manner the most favorable to their reputation. Many of them, it is true, entertained a high sense of honor, and possessed a large portion of patriotism. But these were not *morality,* if by that term we are to understand such dispositions of the mind as are right, fit and amiable. Their sense of honor was not of that kind which made them scorn to do evil; but, like the false honor of modern duellists, consisted merely in a dread of disgrace. Hence many of them not only pleaded for self-murder (as Cicero, Seneca, and others) but carried about with them the means of destruction, of which they made use rather than fall into the hands of their adversaries, as Demosthenes, Cato, Brutus, Cassius, and others did. And their patriotism, generally speaking, operated not merely in the preservation of their country, but in endeavors to extend and aggrandize it at the expense of other nations. It was a patriotism inconsistent with justice and goodwill to mankind. Truth was but of small account among many, even of the best heathens; for they taught that, on many occasions, a lie was to be preferred to the truth itself. To which we may add, that the unlimited gratification of their sensual appetites, and the commission of the most unnatural crimes, was common even among the most distinguished teachers of philosophy.— *Introduction to the Holy Scriptures.*

---

HORNUNG, Ernest William, an English novelist and journalist; born at Middlesborough, June 7, 1866. He was educated at Uppingham School, and in 1884 went to Australia where he remained several years. His novels include *A Bride from the Bush* (1890); *Under Two Skies* (1892); *Tiny Luttrell* (1893); *The Boss of Taroom-*

*ba* (1894); *The Unbidden Guest* (1894); *The Rogue's March* (1895); *Irralie's Bushranger* (1896); *My Lord Duke* (1897); *Young Blood* (1898); *The Shadow of the Rope* (1900); *Raffles* (1902); *Denis Dent* (1903); *The Amateur Cracksman* (1904); and *Stingaree* (1905).

A reviewer in the New York *Times* thus writes of *Stingaree:*

THE MUSICAL HIGHWAYMAN.

If a man is an outlaw, yet loves music, he may well hunger and thirst for it in the wilderness, therefore if he holds up a concert of amateurs in a convenient town and calls for a song at the point of two enormous pistols, who shall blame him? Especially if he spares the concert-goers' pockets and makes the occasion serve to introduce to the notice of an eminent composer a girl with a wonderful voice. That is exactly the performance of Mr. Hornung's *Stingaree,* who is not a gentleman burglar, but belongs to an older nobility of crime — the gentry of the road. *Stingaree* operates with excellent manners, gentlemanly feeling, a monocle and high theatric effect in Australia. He "sticks up" (that's Australian for hold up) not only concerts of amateurs but mail coaches, banks — even officers of the Victorian police. When he "sticks up" the mail the first thing he does when he reaches a quiet, safe place is to pick Punch out of the ruck and read it. For he has been a London clubman and the jests of the old town are dear to him. When he is caught it is, of course, when he is upon an errand of mercy, but jails cannot hold him. He does not pass out of this series of ingenious tales before he has heard the girl of his first musical adventures sing again. In point of fact, he steps (with only time for a bath and getting into evening clothes) straight from the prison to the town hall, where the lady, bloomed into a prima donna, is charming all the good provincials.

HOUGH, EMERSON, an American novelist; born at Newton, Iowa, June 28, 1857. He was graduated from the Iowa State University in 1880, traveled extensively in the west and southwest, and later took up his residence in Chicago. His publications include *The Singing Mouse Stories* (1895); *The Story of the Cowboy* (1896); *The Girl at Half-Way House* (1900); *The Mississippi Bubble* (1902); *The Way to the West* (1903); and *The Law of the Land* (1904). In his latest book, Mr. Hough writes a romance of the Mississippi Delta, dealing with the famous Loisson mystery, and involving the most vital expression of the Southerner's view of the race problem that has yet appeared in fiction. The author describes the "black volcano," over which white Southerners live, in a realistic manner. His knowledge of the white man's burden, his keen descriptions of Northern misapprehension, equal his tremendous power as a story-teller and his elemental sense of humor.

THE RETURNED TRAVELER.

"Gentlemen, this is America!"

The speaker cast upon the cloth-covered table a singular object, whose like none of those present had ever seen. They gathered about and bent over it curiously.

"This is that America," the speaker repeated. "Here you have it, barbaric, wonderful, abounding!"

With sudden gesture he swept his hand among the gold coin that lay on the gaming table. He thrust into the mouth of the object before him a handful of louis d'or and English sovereigns. "There is your America," said he. "It runs over with gold. No man may tell its richness. Its beauty you cannot imagine."

"Faith," said Sir Arthur Pembroke, bending over the table with glass in his eye, "if the ladies of that land have feet for this sort of shoon, methinks we might well emigrate. Take you the money of it. For me, I would see the dame could wear such shoe as this."

One after another this company of young Englishmen, hard players, hard drinkers, gathered about the table and bent over to examine the little shoe. It was an Indian moccasin, cut after the fashion of the Abenakis, from the skin of the wild buck, fashioned large and full for the spread of the foot, covered deep with the stained quills of the porcupine, and dotted here and there with the precious beads which, to the maker, had more worth than any gold. A little flap came up for cover to the ankle, and a thong fell from its upper edge. It was the ancient foot-covering of the red race of America, made for the slight but effectual protection of the foot, while giving perfect freedom to the tread of the wearer. Light, dainty and graceful, its size was much less than that of the average woman's shoe of that time and place.

"Bah! Pembroke," said Castleton, pushing up the shade above his eyes till it rested on his forehead, "'tis a child's shoe."

"Not so," said the first speaker. "I give you my word 'tis the moccasin of my sweetheart, a princess in her own right, who waits my coming on the Ottawa. And so far from the shoe being too small, I say as a gentleman that she not only wore it so, but in addition used somewhat of grass therein in place of hose."

The earnestness of this speech in no wise prevented the peal of laughter that followed.

"There you have it, Pembroke," cried Castleton. "Would you move to a land where princesses use hay for hosiery?"

"'Tis curious done," said Pembroke, musingly, "none the less."

"And done by her own hand," said the owner of the shoe, with a certain proprietary pride.

Again the laughter broke out. "Do your princesses engage in shoemaking?" asked a third gamester as he pushed into the ring. "Sure it must be a rare land.

Prithee, what doth the king in handicraft? Doth he take to saddlery, or, perhaps, smithing?"

"Have done thy jests, Wilson," cried Pembroke. "Mayhap there is somewhat to be learned here of this New World and of our dear cousins, the French. Go on, tell us, Monsieur du Mesne — as I think you call yourself, sir?— tell us more of your new country of ice and snow, of princesses and little shoes."

The original speaker went a bit sullen, what with his wine and the jests of his companions. "I'll tell ye naught," said he. "Go see for yourselves, by leave of Louis."

"Come now," said Pembroke, conciliatingly. "We'll all admit our ignorance. 'Tis little we know of our own province of Virginia, save that Virginia is a land of poverty and tobacco. Wealth — faith, if ye have wealth in your end of the continent, 'tis time we English fought ye for it."

"Methinks you English are having enough to do here close at home," sneered Du Mesne. "I have heard somewhat of Steinkirk, and how ye ran from the half-dressed gentlemen of France."

Dark looks followed this bold speech, which cut but too closely to the quick of English pride. Pembroke quelled the incipient outcry with calmer speech.

"Peace, friends," said he. "'Tis not arms we argue here, after all. We are but students at the feet of Monsieur du Mesne, who hath returned from foreign parts. Prithee, sir, tell us more."

"Tell ye more — and if I did, would ye believe it? What if I tell ye of great rivers far to the west of the Ottawa; of races as strange to my princess's people as we are to them; of streams whose sands run in gold, where diamonds and sapphires are to be picked up as ye like? If I told ye, would ye believe?"

The martial hearts and adventurous souls of the circle about him began to show in the heightened color and closer crowding of the young men to the table. Silence fell upon the group.

"Ye know nothing, in this old rotten world, of what there is yet to be found in America," cried Du Mesne.

"For myself, I have been no farther than the great falls of the Ontoneagrea — a mere trifle of a cataract, gentlemen, into which ye might pitch your tallest English cathedral and sink it beyond its pinnacle with ease. Yet I have spoke with the holy fathers who have journeyed far to the westward, even to the vast Messasebe, which is well known to run into the China sea upon some far-off coast not yet well charted. I have also read the story of Sagean, who was far to the west of that mighty river. Did not the latter see and pursue and kill in fair fight the giant unicorn, fabled of Scripture? Is not that animal known to be a creature of the East, and may we not, therefore, be advised that this new country takes hold upon the storied lands of the East? Why, this holy friar with whom I spoke, fresh back from his voyaging to the cold upper ways of the Northern tribes, who live beyond the far-off channel at Michilimackinac — did he not tell of a river of the name of the Blue Earth, and did he not himself see turquoises and diamonds and emeralds taken in handfuls from this same blue earth? Ah, bah! gentlemen, Europe for you if ye like, but for me, back I go, so soon as I may get proper passage and a connection which will warrant me the voyage. Back I go to Canada, to America, to the woods and streams. I would see again my ancient Du L'hut, and my comrade Pierre Noir, and Tête Gris, the trapper from the Mistasing — free traders all. Life is there for the living, my comrades. This Old World, small and outworn, no more of it for me."

"And why came you back to this little Old World of ours, an you loved the New World so much?" asked the cynical voice of him who had been called Wilson.

"By the body of God!" cried Du Mesne, "think ye I came of my own free will? Look here, and find your reason." He stripped back the opening of his doublet and under waistcoat, and showed upon his broad shoulder the scar of a red tri-point, deep and livid upon his flesh. "Look! There is the fleur-de-lis of France. That is why I came. I have rowed in the galleys, me — me a free man, a man of the woods of New France!"

Murmurs of concern passed among the little group.

Castleton rose from his chair and leaned with his hands upon the table, gazing now at the face and now at the bared shoulder of this stranger, who had by chance become a member of their nightly party.

"I have not been in London a fortnight since my escape," said the man with the brand. "I was none the less once a good servant of Louis in New France, for that I found many a new tribe and many a bale of furs that else had never come to the Mountain for the robbery of the lying officers who claim the robe of Louis. I was a soldier for the king as well as a traveler of the forest. Was I not with the Le Moynes and the band that crossed the icy North and destroyed your robbing English fur posts on the Bay of Hudson? I fought there and helped blow down your barriers. I packed my own robe on my back, and walked for the king, till the *raquette* thongs cut my ankles to the bone. For what? When I came back to the settlements at Quebec I was seized for a *coureur de bois*, a free trader. I was herded like a criminal into a French ship, sent over seas to a French prison, branded with a French iron, and set like a brute to pull without reason at a bar of wood in the king's galleys — the king's hell!"

"And yet you are a Frenchman," sneered Wilson.

"Yet am I not a Frenchman," cried the other. "Nor am I an Englishman. I am no man of a world of galleys and brands. I am a man of America!"

"'Tis true what he says," spoke Pembroke. "'Tis said the minister of Louis was feared to keep these men in the galleys, lest their fellows in New France should become too bitter, and should join the savages in their inroads on the starving settlements of Quebec and Montréal."

"True," exclaimed Du Mesne. "The *coureurs* care naught for the law and little for the king. As for a ruler, we have discovered that a man makes a most excellent sovereign for himself."

"And excellent said," cried Castleton.

"None of ye know the West," went on the *coureur*. "Your Virginia, we know well of it — a collection of beggars, prostitutes and thieves. Your New England — a lot of cod-fishing, starving snivelers, who are most con-

cerned how to keep life in their bodies from year to year. New France herself, sitting ever on the edge of an icy death, with naught but bickerings at Quebec and naught but reluctant compliance from Paris — what hath she to hope? I tell ye, gentlemen, 'tis beyond, in the land of the Messasebe, where I shall for my part seek out my home; and no man shall set iron on my soul again."

He spoke bitterly. The group about him, half amused, half cynical and all ignorant, as were their kind at this time of the reign of William, were none the less impressed and thoughtful. Yet once more the sneering voice of Wilson broke in.

"A strange land, my friend," said he, "monstrous strange. Your unicorns are great, and your women are little. Methinks to give thy tale proportion thou shouldst have shown shoon somewhat larger."

"Peace! Beau," said Castleton, quickly. "As for the size of the human foot — gad! I'll lay a roll of louis d'or that there's one dame here in London town can wear this slipper of New France."

"Done!" cried Wilson. "Name the one."

"None other than the pretty Lawrence whom thou hast had under thine ancient wing for the past two seasons."

The face of Wilson gathered into a sudden frown at this speech. "What doth it matter" — he began.

"Have done, fellows!" cried Pembroke, with some asperity. "Lay wagers more fit at best, and let us have no more of this thumb-biting. Gad! the first we know, we'll be up for fighting among ourselves, and we all know how the new court doth look on that."

"Come away," laughed Castleton, gaily. "I'm for a pint of ale and an apple; and then beware! 'Tis always my fortune, when I come to this country drink, to win like a very countryman. I need revenge upon Lady Betty and her lap-dog. I've lost since ever I saw them last."— *The Mississippi Bubble* (Copyright 1902 by EMERSON HOUGH).

HOUGHTON, Richard Monckton Milnes, Baron, an English poet; born near Pontefract, Yorkshire, June 19, 1809; died at Vichy, France, August 11, 1885. He was educated at Oxford, and was prominent in Parliament as a moderate Conservative. He was raised to the peerage in 1863. In 1848 he published a *Life of Keats* and later issued several volumes of verse. Several of his poems have been set to music, among them *I Wandered by the Brookside.* The following is a complete list of his works: *Memorials of a Tour in Greece* (1833); *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent* (1838); *Poems of Many Years* (1838); *Poetry for the People* (1840); *Poems, Legendary and Historical* (1844); *Keats's Life, Letters, and Literary Remains* (1848); *Boswelliana* (1855); *Essays on Reform* (1867); *Monographs, Personal and Social* (1873).

THE BOOKWORM.

He never read Dame Nature's book —
  The finch's nest, the moldwarp's burrow,—
Nor stood to mark the careful rook
  Peer sidelong down the newest furrow;
He never watched the warbler dart
  From stem to stern among the sedges,
But, hands behind him, paced apart
  Between the tall-cut hornbeam hedges.

And so his blameless years rolled by,
  To-day the double of to-morrow,
No wish to smile, no need to sigh,
  No heart for mirth, no time for sorrow;

His forehead wore a deeper frown,
  Eyes grew more dim and cheeks more hollow,
Till friendly Death one day stepped down,
  And lightly whispered, 'Rise and follow.'

But Fame, victorious maid, resists
  The doom for which gray Time intends us,
Immortal titles crowd the lists
  Which Mr. Quaritch kindly sends us!
'Twixt Drelincourt and Dryden thrust,
  What name confronts you lone and chilling?
'The works of Gilbert Dryasdust;
  Quarto; 3 vols.;—old calf: a shilling.'

---

HOUSMAN, LAURENCE, an English poet and artist; born at London, July 14, 1867. He has written *A Farm in Fairyland* (1894); *The House of Joy* (1895); *Green Arras* (1896); *All Fellows* (1896); *Gods and Their Makers* (1897); *The Field of Clover* (1898); *The Little Land* (1899); *Rue* (1899); *The Seven Young Goslings* (1900); *Love Letters of an English Woman* (1901); *Bethlehem* (1902); and *Sabrina Warham,* a novel (1904).

### THE BLUE EYES OF MARGRET.

What would I not give,
  What summer noons and skies
Of the years yet left to live,
  Day and night to behold her eyes!
    (And spake the blue eyes of Margret,
    While heart's memories met,
    "Look, and forget me not yet!")

As a cast-off glove from my hand,
  I would give the gold from my brow;
I would give the land that mine eyes behold,
  Day and night, to be with her now.
    (And spake the blue eyes of Margret,
    Where heart's memories met,
    "Look: look: and forget me not yet!")

There came a voice, which cried,
  "Thus wilt thou give? Even so
"Thy way is to her side:
  "So shalt thou give, and go."
    (While spake the blue eyes of Margret,
    Where heart's memories met,
    "Look: look: look: and forget me not yet!")

"Thou must give the glove from thy hand,
  "Thou must give the gold from thy brow,
"Thou must give the land that thine eyes behold,
  "Day and night to be with her now;
"And summer noons and skies,
"If thou would behold her eyes;
  "And the years yet left to live:
  "These also thou must give."
    (And spake the blue eyes of Margret,
    While life's memories met,
    "Look: look: and forget me not yet!")

Then I gave off my hand
  The glove that clothes the bone,
Also from off my brow
  The gold that had there grown,
Also the land
  Of promise, and the years,
  And all hopes and fears:
To see, when all was done,
A white small skeleton
  Set in a narrow grave;
And piteous hollow eyes,
Looking in such strange wise,
  As a dead echo gave

The greeting I did crave.
There spake the blue eyes of Margret,
While heart's memories met,
*"Look: look: look: and forget me not yet!"*
*— Green Arras.*

ANTÆUS.

Down in her darkness felt the Earth
The feet go by of one, whose birth
Claimed her his mother: when, as dumb,
Those foot-falls stayed, she whispered from
The inmost places of her womb,
"How so, Beloved, art thou come?"
And he: "Do not my feet lie bare
"Upon thy breast? Thou knowest where
"I am, sweet Mother, and of whom
"I hail that speak. Yea, from thy loom
"My raiment is; my locks are bound
"With foster-brethren of the ground,
"Sown by the burial of the rains."

She said: "Thou seest the level plains,
"The hills, and the all-folding blue
"Of heaven, and those high wells of dew
"Wind-drifted o'er it chariot-wise:
"Let me have speech of them, sweet eyes,
"Yea, through thine eyes to me teach sight:
"Lean near my heart and tell me!"

"It is night,"
Antæus answered her, "All stars show fair,
"Light-studded, harnessing the crystal air;
"Wind stirs the tree-tops, but it stirs not these:
"They look, and see my Father's palaces
"Shine in blue fathoms underneath the bay:
"There with long wands like pilgrims enter they,
"And feast."

Therewith he ceased;
And through her veiling leaves she found his breath

And kisses on her, and made sure that death
Touched him not yet. Then said he: "Strength of thee
"I come to draw, as the Hyblæan bee
"Draws honey in the brakes of Sicily.
"Oft times he comes, and each time finds fresh wells
"Of sustenance on seaward-dipping fells:
"So come I, Mother, to gain strength of thee."
"Yea," answered she, "of me!"

And silence, like a shroud between them, drew
His face from hers, till suddenly she knew
Trample, and tread, and fierce contending beat
Of terrible feet.
Then fear divine made manifest,
To loud heart-leapings in her breast,
A fierce earth-vintage that ran pressed,
Foot-beaten from her blood like wine:
With starting saps, and flame-like dew,
Lava of love, and travailing fire,
Strivings of fear, and strong desire,
She succoured the loved feet she knew:
Clasped them — and felt, at sudden spur, how sprung
Victory among
The enlacing limbs for him, and on the foe sprung
Downfall and overthrow:
Lost them, and felt her son mown like a wave
Down to her breast; and, at each summons, gave
With panic-smitten heart: he rose, he dropt,
Leapt upward, overtopped
His fate, and cried victoriously in air.
She heard: another cry went strangling to despair;
Then, on a sudden, all the conflict stopt.

Down, down, prone down,
Onto the dear brown
Breast from which he was born:
Bent, rent, all spent, the forlorn
Blind mother held him again;
Asking, ever in vain,
Of that Unknown, news of her own.
"Your form is fair,"

She sighed: "there are flowers in your hair,
"And the smell of your raiment is sweet.
"I had hold of his feet.
"He left me; I heard how his cry
"Of conquest rang scaling the sky;
"Then to my side
"You dropped, you surrendered, you died.
"You, I say, were his foe,
"You, and he laid you low:
"You, whom I do not know."

But when she drew him down
Into her earth-breast brown,
Heart knew heart. "Oh! undone!"
She wept, "You, you were my son!"

— *Green Arras.*

---

HOUSSAYE, Arsène, a French novelist and critic; born at Bruyères, March 28, 1815; died at Paris, February 26, 1896. When he was sixteen years of age he served in the army. On his return he found life on the farm and in the mill distasteful, and gave himself to writing verses. At length he resolved to seek his fortune in Paris. His first resource was the composition of extravagant romances for wandering minstrels. He later made the acquaintance of Théophile Gautier, who introduced him to Gerard de Nerval and other literary men, and he became one of a company of poets, artists, and litterateurs, who inhabited a large house in the Rue Doyenne, made celebrated by Gautier and others. He wrote novels, poems, and sketches of art, literature, and society. Among his early productions are *La Couronne de Bluets; Le Serpent sous l'Herbe; Les*

ARSENE HOUSSAYE.

*Revenants; Mademoiselle de Vaudeuil,* and *Mademoiselle de Krouart.* In 1843 he bought the journal of *L'Artiste,* of which he assumed the editorship. From 1849 to 1856 he was director of the *Comédie Française,* and in 1856 he was appointed Inspector-General of the works of art and the museums. Among his writings are two volumes of poems: *Les Sentiers Perdus* (1841), and *Poésie dans les Bois* (1845). Other works: *Galerie de Portraits du XVIIIme Siècle* (1844), translated under title of *Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century; Philosophers et Comédiennes* (1850); *Romans, Contes, et Voyages* (1846); *Le Pantoufle de Cendrillon* and *Le Voyage à ma Fenêtre* (1851); *Les Femmes sous la Régence et sous la Terreur* (1852); *Le Violon de Franjolé* (1856); *Le Roi Voltaire* (1858); *Histoire de l'Art Français* (1860); *Notre Dame de Thermidor* (1865); *Nos Grandes Dames* (1868); *Les Parisiennes* (1869–70); *Les Confessions: Souvenirs d'un Demi-Siècle 1830–1880* (1885); *Cleopatra* (translated by A. F. L., 1890); *Love and Fears* (1892); *Mlle. de la Vallière et Mme. de Montespan* (1895); *Bianca* (1895); *Les Charmeresses* (1895).

### THE ELDER CRÉBILLON AND HIS WIFE.

True wisdom does not inhabit the world in which we live. Crébillon collected all the superfluities of luxury about him. In vain did his wife strive with both hands to restrain him on the brink of ruin; in vain she reminded him of the frugal repasts and plain furniture of their small house in the Place Maubert, "so gay on sunny days."—"True," said he, "and if we are forced to return to it, I shall not complain; what matter if the wine is not so good, if you still pour it out for me?"

Happily, Crébillon in the same year secured victory

after victory; the representation of *Electre* were given, which gained the suffrages of all, and astonished even the critics. Crébillon had softened down his brutalities, and preserving all his grandeur, had shown himself more natural and more true. *Electre* was followed by *Rhadamiste,* which passed then for a powerful and boldly drawn masterpiece. There is a certain savage grandeur in the style which is the true characteristic of Crébillon's genius. It was this tragedy that gave Voltaire the idea that it was better on the stage to strike a strong, than a well-directed blow. All the spectators enthusiastically decided that Crébillon delineated hate as Racine did love. The aged Boileau, who was near his end, and would have been glad to have had French literature terminate with himself, said that this success was scandalous. "I have lived too long!" he cried, in violent ill-humor. "To what Visigoth do I leave the French stage a prey! The Pradons, whom we have so often ridiculed, were eagles compared to these." Boileau had some resemblance to old Nestor in the *Iliad,* who said to the Greek kings, "I counsel you to listen to me, for I formerly associated with men who were better than yourselves."

The parterre avenged Crébillon for Boileau's bitter critique, for in eight days two editions of *Rhadamiste* were exhausted. Nor was this all; the piece, when played at Versailles was applauded to the echo. During the rehearsals of *Rhadamiste,* Crébillon told his friends that he was going to surprise the public by a master-stroke. He was anything but modest, and spoke of his genius as another man would of his wine or his horses. Nevertheless, at the end of the second act he trembled for his success, for if the spectators were surprised, it was that they did not understand what was going on. But at last, when the curtain fell, Crébillon's name was received with acclamation. The vigorous beauties of his pencil had triumphed over his faults of style and composition. . . .

The poet was not long, however, in exhausting all his resources. He borrowed three thousand crowns from Baron Hoguer, who was the Providence of Literature under the regency; he sold his copyright of a tragedy

to a usurer before it was written, wishing to put off as far as possible the moment when he should be forced to change his mode of living. He calculated on the success of *Xercès*, but that tragedy was hissed. Crébillon was a man of heart and courage. He entered his house with a calm and smiling countenance. "Well?" asked Madame Crébillon, who had been anxiously awaiting his return. "Well, they have hissed my piece. To-morrow we will resume our old habits."

The next day Crébillon returned to the Place Maubert, where he found small apartments near his father-in-law's, who in evil days could still offer his son a corner of his table. Out of all his splendid establishment, Crébillon only reserved a dozen dogs and cats. As D'Alembert says, "he passed without an effort, like Alcibiades of old, from the luxuries of Persia to the austerities of Sparta, and found himself, as Alcibiades doubtless did not, happier in his latter estate than in his former."

Charlotte Péaget carried to her retreat the same manner she had shown in society. Not once did she repine. Perhaps she appeared still more charming to the hissed and penniless poet. The poor woman concealed their wretchedness from him with touching delicacy. She spread such a charm over the gloomy house, that he believed himself almost rich; like King Midas, she had the art of changing everything she touched to gold; that is to say, of giving everything life and gayety by her adorable grace. Blessed are the poets who, like Crébillon, have learned that charms and beauty are an inexhaustible fortune. Madame Crébillon never complained; she was proud of the poet's glory, she ever encouraged him in his lofty character, she listened with pious resignation of all his dreams of triumph; she knew the right moment to throw herself in his arms, when he declared that he had nothing more to expect from the world. For all this, she ventured one day when there was no money in the house, on seeing him come in with a dog under each arm, to say, "Take care, Monsieur de Crébillon; we have eight dogs, we have fifteen cats."—"Well, Madame, don't I know it? But see what a pitiful air these two dogs have? Could I leave them to die

of hunger in the streets?"—"Do you not foresee, Monsieur de Crébillon, that they will die of hunger here? I appreciate your love and pity for the poor animals, but it will not do to make your house an hospital for lost dogs."—"Why do you despair? God does not abandon genius and beauty. There is a report that I am to be admitted a member of the Academy."—"I do not think you will," said Madame de Crébillon, "Fontenelle and La Motte, who are only wits, would not permit a man like you to sit beside themselves, for if you were in the Academy, would you not be its king?" Crébillon made his application for membership in the Academy; but, as his wife had foreseen, Fontenelle and La Motte succeeded in excluding him.

Although Crébillon hated libels and satire, he could not restrain himself one day when in good spirits from rhyming off, in marotic verse, a fable, very bitter in its application against La Motte, Dauchet and Fontenelle. La Motte was designated under the name of a mole; he had already become blind. Dauchet, who was a Hercules in stature, was painted as a camel; Fontenelle, in allusion to his finesse, wore a fox's skin. The satire ran all over Paris. The three comrades no longer contented themselves in closing the avenues of the Academy to Crébillon, but sought to ruin him in public estimation. They had no trouble at the Court in succeeding in this odious design. Apropos to this I find these lines in D'Alembert: "It is well to remark as a trial worthy of preservation in the history of human follies, that the enemies of Crébillon, not being able to bring any charge against the man, set to work to find in his plays proofs of the perversity of his character. None but a black-hearted man, according to them, could choose the subjects he did."

All these literary thorns only gave the greater charm to Crébillon's home, but we are opening the most touching page of his life. One evening, on returning after a discussion more noisy than literary at the Café Procope, Crébillon found his wife very much agitated, pressing to her bosom their sleeping infant. "Charlotte, what has happened?"—"I am afraid," she said, shuddering and looking toward the bed.—"What folly! you are afraid

of shadows like a child."—"Yes, I am afraid of shadows: a little while ago I was about retiring: you see, I am but half-dressed. In drawing aside the curtain I saw a spectre glide past the foot of the bed; I almost fainted, and scarcely had strength enough to reach the child's cradle."—"You are a child yourself, you saw only the shadow of the curtain."—"No, no," said the young wife, seizing the poet's hand, "it was Death; I recognized him, for it is not the first time he has approached me. Ah, my friend, with what grief and terror I shall lay me down beneath the ground! If you love me as I do you, do not quit me any more for an instant: help me to die. If you are near me, I shall think that I am but going to sleep."

Crébillon, pale and shuddering, took his son and laid him in his cradle. He returned to his wife, embraced her, and in vain sought for words to divert her attention, and lead her to less sombre thoughts. He persuaded her, with difficulty, to go to rest; she slept but little. He remained silent before the bed, praying in his soul, for he believed, perhaps more than Charlotte, in presentiments. Finding that she was at last asleep, he lay down himself. When he awoke in the morning, he found Charlotte, in a partially raised posture, watching his sleep. He was terrified at her worn, pale look, and the supernatural brilliancy of her eyes. As easily moved as an infant, he could not restrain his tears. She threw herself despairingly into his arms, and covered him with tears and kisses. "It is over," she said in a broken voice, "see, my heart beats too violently to beat long. But I shall die uncomplaining; for I see well, by your tears, that you will remember me."

Crébillon rose, and ran for his father-in-law. "Alas!" said the poor apothecary, "the mother, who was as good and fair as the daughter, died at twenty-six. It was the heart that killed the mother, and it will kill the daughter."

All the celebrated physicians were called in; but before they had agreed on a course of treatment, Marie Charlotte Péaget quietly expired at eleven o'clock the following evening. Crébillon, inconsolable, was not

afraid of ridicule in weeping for his wife; he mourned for her for half a century, that is to say, until the end of his life. For the space of two years he was scarcely to be seen at the Comédie Française. He had the air of a man of another age, so much did he seem a stranger to all that was passing about him. It might be said that he still lived with his divine Charlotte. The beloved dead live in our hearts; he saw and conversed with her incessantly. After fifteen years of mourning, he was surprised in his solitude talking aloud to Charlotte, relating to her his vexations, reminding her of their happy days. "Ah, Charlotte, they all talk to me of my fame, but I think only of thee."— *Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century.*

---

HOVEY, RICHARD, an American poet; born at Normal, Ill., May 4, 1864; died at New York, March 24, 1900. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1885, went abroad and led a bohemian life, being in turn actor, journalist, dramatist and poet, and finally lecturer on English Literature in Barnard College, New York. His verse is of the idealistic school, being strongly marked with the influence of Ibsen and Maeterlinck. His works are: *Launcelot and Guenevere* (1880); *Taliesin: a Masque* (1900); *Seaward: an Elegy* (1893); *The Laurel* (1897); *Along the Trail* (1898); and with W. Bliss Carman he wrote *Songs from Vagabondia* (1893); and *More Songs from Vagabondia* (1896).

Curtis H. Page writes of Hovey's verse: "Richard Hovey has the full technical equipment of the poet, and he has a poet's personality to express, a personality new and fresh, healthy and joyous, manly, vig-

orous, earnest. Added to this . . . he has the power of creating personality outside of himself, in a word, the dramatic power, which is essential to a broad poetic endowment. Even in his lyrics, . . . even in his sonnets, to some of which the new name, dramatic sonnets, might be applied, this power appears. It is true that his work is uneven; that he is sometimes carried away by opinion into regions where poetry cannot abide; that his rhythmic expression is sometimes too complex, unfamiliar, or irregular to appeal at once to a casual reader. But these faults — if they are faults, are not the examples or results of breadth of power — are unimportant beside his positive endowments and his positive personality. He is master of his art and master of life. He is the poet of joy and belief in life. He is the poetic of comradeship and courage."

LAURANA'S SONG.

Who'll have the crumpled pieces of a heart?
Let him take mine!
Who'll give his whole passion for a part,
And call 't divine?
Who'll have the soiled remainder of desire?
Who'll warm his fingers at a burnt-out fire?
Who'll drink the lees of love and cast i' the mire
The nobler wine?

Let him come here, and kiss me on the mouth,
And have his will!
Love dead and dry as summer in the South
Where winds are still
And all the leafage shrivels in the heat!
Let him come here and linger at my feet
Till he grow weary with the over-sweet,
And die, or kill.

### THE MESSENGER.

(For the Picture by G. F. Watts.)

Strong angel of the peace of God,
Not wholly undivined thy mien;
Along the weary path I trod
Thou hast been with me though unseen.

My hopes have been a mad turmoil,
A clutch and conflict all my life,
The very craft I loved a toil,
And love itself a seed of strife.

But sometimes in a sudden hour
I have been great with Godlike calm,
As if thy tranquil world of power
Flowed in about me like a psalm.

And peace has fallen on my face,
And stillness on my struggling breath;
And, living, I have known a space
The hush and mastery of Death.

Stretch out thy hand upon me, thou
Who comest as the still night comes!
I have not flinched at buffets; now
Let Strife go by, with all his drums.

### WORLD AND POET.

"Sing to us, Poet, for our hearts are broken;
Sing us a song of happy, happy love,
Sing of the joy that words leave all unspoken, —
The lilt and laughter of life, oh sing thereof!
Oh, sing of life, for we are sick and dying;
Oh, sing of joy, for all our joy is dead;
Oh, sing of laughter, for we know but sighing;
Oh, sing of kissing, for we kill instead!"
How should he sing of happy love, I pray,

Who drank love's cup of anguish long ago?
How should he sing of life and joy and day,
Who whispers Death to end his night of woe?
And yet the Poet took his lyre and sang,
Till all the dales with happy echoes rang.

### BARNEY M'GEE.

Barney McGee, there's no end of good luck in you,
Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you,
Wild as a bull-pup and all of his pluck in you,—
Let a man tread on your coat and he'll see!—
Eyes like the lakes of Killarney for clarity,
Nose that turns up without any vulgarity,
Smile like a cherub, and hair that is carroty,—
Wow, you're a rarity, Barney McGee!
Mellow as Tarragon,
Prouder than Aragon—
Hardly a paragon,
You will agree—
Here's all that's fine to you!
Books and old wine to you!
Girls be divine to you,
Barney McGee!

Lucky the day when I met you unwittingly,
Dining where vagabonds came and went flittingly.
Here's some *Barbera* to drink it befittingly,
That day at *Silvio's,* Barney McGee!
Many's the time we have quaffed our Chianti there,
Listened to Silvio quoting us Dante there,—
Once more to drink *Nebiolo spumante* there,
How we'd pitch Pommery into the sea!
There where the gang of us
Met ere Rome rang of us,
They had the hang of us,
To a degree.
How they would trust to you!
That was but just to you.
Here's o'er their dust to you,
Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, when you're sober you scintillate,
But when you're in drink you're the pride of the intellect;
Divil a one of us ever came in till late,
Once at the bar where you happened to be —
Every eye there like a spoke in you centering,
You with your eloquence, blarney, and bantering —
All Vagabondia shouts at your entering,
King of the Tenderloin, Barney McGee!
There's no satiety
In your society
With the variety
Of your *esprit.*
Here's a long purse to you,
And a great thirst to you!
Fate be no worse to you,
Barney McGee!

Och, and the girls whose poor hearts you deracinate,
Whirl and bewilder and flutter and fascinate!
Faith, it's so killing you are, you assassinate,—
Murder's the word for you, Barney McGee!
Bold when they're sunny and smooth and when they're showery,—
Oh, but the style of you, fluent and flowery!
Chesterfield's way, with a touch of the Bowery!
How would they silence you, Barney *machree?*
Naught can your gab allay,
Learned as Rabelais
(You in his abbey lay
Once on the spree).
Here's to the smile of you,
(Oh, but the guile of you!)
And a long while of you,
Barney McGee!

Facile with phrases of length and Latinity,
Like *honorificabilitudinity,*
Where is the maid could resist your vicinity,
Wiled by the impudent grace of your plea?
Then your vivacity and pertinacity
Carry the day with the divil's audacity;

No mere veracity robs your sagacity
Of perspicacity, Barney McGee.
When all is new to them,
What will you do to them?
Will you be true to them?
Who shall decree?
Here's a fair strife to you!
Health and long life to you!
And a great wife to you,
Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, you're the pick of gentility;
Nothing can phase you, you've such a facility;
Nobody ever yet found your utility,—
That is the charm of you, Barney McGee;
Under conditions that others would stammer in,
Still unperturbed as a cat or a Cameron,
Polished as somebody in the Decameron,
Putting the glamour on prince or Pawnee!
In your meanderin',
Love, and philanderin',
Calm as a mandarin
Sipping his tea!
Under the art of you,
Parcel and part of you,
Here's to the heart of you,
Barney McGee!

You who were ever alert to befriend a man,
You who were ever the first to defend a man,
You who had always the money to lend a man,
Down on his luck and hard up for a V!
Sure, you'll be playing a harp in beatitude
(And a quare sight you will be in that attitude)—
Some day, where gratitude seems but a platitude,
You'll find your latitude, Barney McGee.
That's no flim-flam at all,
Frivol or sham at all,
Just the plain — Damn it all,
Have one with me!
Here's luck and more to you!

Friends by the score to you,
True to the core to you,
Barney McGee!

---

HOWARD, BRONSON, an American journalist and dramatist; born at Detroit, Mich., October 7, 1842. From 1867 to 1872 he was employed on the New York *Tribune, Evening Mail* and other newspapers. In 1864 he had written a drama called *Fantine* which was produced in Detroit, but the first important play was *Saratoga* produced by Augustin Daly in 1870. This was the first of a long list of successful plays which gave him a foremost position among American playwrights. His works include: The *Banker's Daughter* (1878); *Young Mrs. Winthrop* (1882); *The Henrietta* (1886); *Met by Chance* (1887); *Shenandoah* (1889); *Aristocracy* (1892); and *Peter Stuyvesant* (with J. Brander Matthews.)

HIS METHODS OF WORK.

I never contract to write a play until I have a motive for one. By motive you will understand that I mean a central idea around which the play is constructed. The idea in *The Henrietta* was the Wall Street madness. That in *Aristocracy* was our American aristocracy compared with the European aristocracy, of course, and the play voiced my sentiments. I never take less than a year to write a play. At least, the first six months are spent in thinking out my plot — for instance, Mr. Charles Frohman is to produce a comedy of mine on January 1, which must be ready by December 15, and I should consider myself very foolish if I began writing on this play before

the middle of August. I throw away scene after scene and character after character as they come to my mind until I have what I want. I try that every character shall have a place, shall play a part in carrying out my motive. I have tried to put two of the funniest characters I have ever met in my last three plays — quite all my characters are from real life — but they would not fit, and so were dismissed. At how many doors they will yet have to knock before their credentials will gain them admission, I do not know. Perhaps I shall never be able to use them.— *From an Interview.*

STAGE REALISM.

"I think that the word 'realism' has been perverted. It must be truthful. The new school of realists pretend to strive for truthfulness. But realism does not always mean truthfulness. The dramatist wants to convey a truthful impression to the audience. It does not matter whether or not the trees on the stage are painted or real, so that this end is accomplished. Perhaps the dramatists of the realist school may insist that some of the trees on the stage shall be real. The scenic artist will tell him that they will not go well with the painted trees, and will produce an impression of unreality, when if all the trees were painted it would produce a truthful impression. If we go intensely into realism, we shall be vulgar, we must be vulgar. We must reproduce things which go beyond the delicate barrier which divides decency from indecency — and that would not produce a truthful impression. But art is broad. It includes all who give the world masterpieces, no matter what may be the school of fiction to which they belong. I cannot sympathize with the different schools of fiction and of the drama, each one of which says: 'All that we do is great; all that all others do is not great.' I do not think that this bickering is in the interest of art. Art is broad enough to receive them all — impressionists, realists, romanticists — so long as they produce artistic work. In reference to the fact that an artificial means may often produce a truthful impression and a real means an untruthful one,

I may cite you an instance in *Shenandoah.* When we came to stage the piece we saw that if the ladies wore gowns of the period, so outrageously at odds with modern styles, the audiences would have an impression — well, that they were hardly ladies. That would have been a false impression. So we gowned them in modern styles. I expected that the critics would make a cry in the morning papers, so I armed myself with a line from Thackeray, in which he explains that in the illustrations of one of his books the ladies' gowns are modern, because were they of the period in which the story is laid his female readers would have considered them scandalously improper. The impression was so truthful that not one of the critics said a word."— *From an Interview.*

---

HOWE, EDGAR WATSON, an American journalist and novelist; born at Treaty, Ind., May 3, 1854. At the age of twelve he entered a printing office, and at nineteen was editor of the *Globe* at Golden, Col. Ten years later he became editor and publisher of the *Daily Globe* at Atchison, Kan. He has written *The Story of a Country Town* (1884); *The Mystery of the Locks* (1885); *A Moonlight Boy* (1887); *A Man Story* (1888); *An Ante-Mortem Statement* (1889); *The Confession of John Whitlock* (1890); *Lay Sermons,* and *Paris and the Exposition.*

THE HELL QUESTION, AND THE REV. JOHN WESTLOCK.

My father's religion would have been unsatisfactory without a hell.

It was a part of his hope of the future that worldly men who scoffed at his piety would be punished, and this was as much a part of his expectation as that those who were faithful to the end would be rewarded. Everybody saved,

to my father's thinking, was as bad as nobody saved, and in his well-patronized Bible not a passage for pleasurable contemplation which intimated universal salvation was marked, if such exists.

The sacrifices he made for religion were tasks, and his reward was a conviction that those who refused to make them would be punished, for he regarded it as an injustice of which the Creator was incapable to do as well by His enemies as by His friends. I believe that he would rather have gone to Heaven without the members of his family than with them, unless they had earned salvation as he had earned it, and traveled as steadily as himself the hard road marked on his map as leading heavenward.

One of the best evidences to his mind of a compassionate and loving Saviour was the belief that all thought of unfortunate friends in torment was blotted from the memory of the redeemed, and the lake of fire he thought of as a remedy for the great number of disagreeable people with whom he was compelled to come in contact below, and of whom he would be happily rid above. Religion as a misery to be endured on earth, that a reward might be enjoyed after death. A man must spend the ages of his future either in a very pleasant place, with comfortable surroundings and pleasant associates, or in a very unpleasant place, with uncomfortable surroundings and all the mean people turned into devils and imps for companions. It was the inevitable law; every man of moderate sense should be able to appreciate the situation at a glance, and do that which would insure his personal safety. If there was a doubt — the thought was too absurd for his contemplation, but admitting a doubt — his future would be equal to that of the worldly man, for one cannot rot more easily than another, or be more comfortable as dust; but if there was no doubt — and all the authorities agree that there was none — then the difference would be in his favor.

It was the best thing offering under the circumstances, and should therefore be accepted without hesitation. If the conditions were hard, he could not help it; he might have suggested changes in the plan of salvation had his

judgment been invited, but the plan had been formulated before his time, and there was nothing left for him but obedience. If he thought he deserved credit for all he possessed (and he was a man very likely to be seized with that suspicion), the Bible said it came from God; that settled the matter finally and forever — he gave thanks (for a punishment was provided if he did not, and a reward if he did), and pretended to have had nothing to do with accumulating his property.

Religion was a matter of thrift and self-interest as much as laying away money in youth and strength for old age and helplessness, and he called upon sinners to flee the wrath to come because he had been commanded to go out and preach to all the world, for it mattered little to him whether the people were saved or not. They had eyes, therefore let them see; ears, therefore let them hear. The danger was so plain that they ought to save themselves without solicitation.

That which he most desired seldom came to pass; that which he dreaded, frequently, but no matter; he gave thanks to the Lord because it was best to do so, and asked no questions. There were jewels for those who earned them, and as a thrifty man he desired a greater number of these than any other citizen of Fairview. He was the principal man in his neighborhood below, and desired to be a shepherd rather than a sheep above; therefore he was foremost in the church, and allowed no one to be more zealous in doing the service of the hard master he had, after careful thought and study, set out to serve, believing the reward worth the service, and determined to serve well if he served at all, as was his custom in everything else.

If I do him an injustice I do not intend it, but I have thought all my life that he regarded children as troublesome and expensive — a practical sort of punishment for sin, sent from time to time as the case seemed to require; and that he had been burdened with but two was no doubt evidence to his mind that his life had been generally blameless, if, indeed, this opinion was not confirmed by the circumstance that one of them had been taken from

him in return for good service in the holy cause. Once they had arrived, however, he accepted the trust to return them to their Maker as nearly like they came as possible, for that was commanded of him.

Because he frequently referred to the road to Heaven as narrow and difficult, and the highway in the other direction as broad and easy, I came to believe that but for his religion he would have been a man much given to money-getting, and ambitious for distinction, but he put such thoughts aside, and toiled away at his work as if to get out of temptation's way. When he talked of the broad and easy road it was with a relish, as though he could enjoy the pleasant places by the wayside if he dared; and in his preaching I think he described the pleasures of the world so vividly that his hearers were taken with a wish to enjoy them, though it is not probable that he knew anything about them except from hearsay, as he had always been out of temptation's way — in the backwoods during his boyhood, and on the prairie during his maturer years. But when he talked of the narrow and difficult path, his manner changed at once; a frown came upon his face; he looked determined and unforgiving, and at every point he seemed to build signposts marked "Duty!" It has occurred to me since that he thought of his religion as a vigorous, healthy, successful man thinks in his quiet moments of a wife sick since their marriage; although he may deserve a different fate, and desire it, he dares not complain, for the more wearisome the invalid, the louder the call of duty.

I think he disliked the necessity of being religious, and only accepted and taught religion because he believed it to be the best thing to do, for it did not afford him the peace he professed. To all appearances he was a most miserable man, although he taught that only the sinful are miserable, and the few acquaintances he had who were not equally devout (strangers passing through, or those he met at the country town, for all were pious in Fairview) lived an easy and contented life which he seemed to covet, but nobody knew it, for he reproved them with all the more vigor because of his envy.

When not engaged in reading at night, as was his custom, he sat for hours looking steadily into the fire, and was impatient if disturbed. I never knew what occupied his thoughts at these times; it may have been his preaching, or his daily work, but more likely he was seeing glimpses of forbidden pictures; caravans of coveted things passing in procession, or of hopes and ambitions dwarfed by duty. Perhaps in fancy he was out in the world mingling with people of a class more to his taste than Fairview afforded, and was thinking he could enjoy their pleasures and occupations if they were not forbidden, or wondering if, after all, his principles were not mistakes. I believe that during these hours of silent thinking he was tempted and beckoned by the invisible and mysteriously potent forces he pretended to despise, and that he was convinced that, to push them off, his religion must be made more rigorous and pitiless.

That he coveted riches could be easily seen, and but for his fear of conscience he could have easily possessed himself of everything worth owning in Fairview, for with the exception of Theodore Meek, the next best man in the neighborhood, he was about the only one among the people who read books and subscribed for newspapers. None of them was his equal in intelligence or energy, and had he desired he could have traded them out of what little they possessed, and sold it back again at a comfortable profit. But, "do unto others as you would have others do unto you," was commanded of him by his inexorable master, and he was called upon to help the weak rather than rob them; therefore he often gave them assistance which he could but poorly afford. This limited him so much that he had no other hope of becoming well-to-do than that the lands which he was constantly buying would finally become valuable by reason of the development and settlement of the country. This he regarded as honorable and fair, and to this work he applied himself with great energy.

I heard little of his father, except that he was noted where he lived as a man of large family, who provided them all with warm clothes in winter and plenty to eat

all the year round. His early history was probably as unimportant and eventless as my own. He seldom mentioned his father to any one, except in connection with a story which he occasionally told, that once, when his house was on fire, he called so loud for help that he was heard a mile. Evidently the son succeeded to this extraordinary pair of lungs, for he sang the religious songs common in that day with such excellence that no man attempted to equal him. While his singing was strong and loud, it was melodious, and he had as great a reputation for that as for piety and thrift. His was a camp-meeting voice, though he occasionally sang songs of little children, as "Moses in the Bulrushes," of which there were thirty-eight verses, and the cradle song commencing, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," written by a noted hymn-writer, otherwise my father would not have patronized him. Besides a thorough familiarity with all the common, long, short, and particular metres, he had a collection of religious songs preserved in a leather-bound book, the notes being written in buckwheat characters on blue paper fast turning yellow with age, and the words on the opposite page. Feeling the necessity of a knowledge of notes once, he had learned the art in a few weeks, in his usual vigorous way, and sang at sight; and after that he preserved his old songs, and all the new ones he fancied, in the book I have mentioned. The songs to which I refer I have never seen in print, and he sang them on special occasions, as at a camp-meeting when a tiresome preacher had allowed the interest to flag. "Behold Paul a Prisoner," a complete history of the Apostle requiring almost an afternoon in its performance, or "Christ in the Garden," nearly as long, never failed to start the interest anew in an emergency, and if the case were very desperate, he called the members of his family into the pulpit, and sang a quartet called "The Glorious Eighth of April," using for the words the first hymn in the book.

This was usually sufficient to start some one to shouting, and after a short prayer he preached as vigorously and loudly as he sang, and with an equally good effect.

Of his brothers and sisters, although he had a great number, he seldom talked, and I scarcely knew the names of the States in which they lived, as they were scattered in every direction. I had heard him mention a Samuel, a Joseph, a Jacob, an Elias, a Rebecca, a Sarah, a Rachel, and an Elizabeth, from which I came to believe that my grandfather was a religious man (his own name was Amos), and I once heard that his children on Sundays carried their shoes to the brook near the meeting-house before putting them on, that they might last the longer, which confirmed the belief that there had been religion in his family as there was in ours.

Of his mother he said nothing at all, and if they had neighbors he never mentioned them. In short, he did not seem proud of his family, which caused us to wonder why he was so much like his father, which we had come to believe without exactly knowing why. We were certain he was like his father in religion; in the hard way in which he worked; in his capacity to mend his own ploughs and wagons; and in the easy manner in which he adapted himself to his surroundings, whatever they were, for in all these particulars he was unlike any other man we had ever known, and different from his neighbors, who spent half a day in asking advice in a matter which could be remedied in half an hour. The people came to our house from miles around to borrow, and to ask the best time to plant and to sow, but the Rev. John Westlock asked advice of no one, and never borrowed. If he needed an extra harrow, he made one of wood to answer until such a time as he could trade to advantage for a better one; if he broke a plough, he managed somehow to mend it until a rainy day came, when he made it as good as new. Even in cases of sickness he usually had a bottle hid away that contained relief, and in all other things was equally capable and thrifty.

If it be to the credit of a man to say that he was a slave to hard work, I cheerfully add this testimony to the greatness of my father, for he went to the field at daylight only to return with the darkness, winter and summer alike; and never in my life have I seen him idle — except on the

day appointed for rest — and even then he devoured the Bible like a man reading it at so much per page. He worked hard when he preached, talking rapidly that he might accomplish as much as possible before the people became impatient, and he no sooner finished one song of warning, then he began another.

My father being large and positive, it followed naturally that my mother was small and weak, and thoroughly under his control. I don't think she was afraid of him, but he managed his own affairs so well that she was willing he should manage hers, as he had given her good reason to respect his judgment. She probably argued — if she argued the question at all — that as his ideas were good in everything else, he would of course know how to manage a boy, so my bringing up was left entirely to him.

She never corrected me except to say that father would not like what I was doing, and she might find it necessary to call his attention to it, but in the goodness of her heart she forgot it, and never told him unless the offence was a very grave one. While she frequently pleaded with me to be good, and cried in vexation if I would not, she never gave commands which were enforced with severe punishments, as he did; therefore I am afraid that I did not appreciate her kindness and favor, but rather enjoyed my freedom when under her care as a respite from restraint at other times. She was as quiet and thoughtful as her husband, but seemed sad rather than angry and discontented, as was the case with him, and it will be readily imagined that as a family we were not much given to happiness. While I never heard my father speak harshly to her, he was often impatient, as though he regretted he had not married a wife as ambitious and capable as himself; but if he thought of it, he gave it no other attention than to become more gloomy, and pacified himself by reading far into the night without speaking to any one.

I could find no fault with him except that he never spoke kindly to me, and it annoyed him if I asked him questions concerning what I read in his books. When Jo and I worked with him in the field, which we both began to do very early in life, he always did that which was

hardest and most disagreeable, and was not a tyrant in anything save the ungrumbling obedience he exacted to whatever he thought about the matter in hand, without reference to what others thought on the same subject. We had to be at something steadily, whether it helped him or not, because he believed idle boys grew up into idle men. Other boys in the neighborhood built the early fires, and did the early feeding, but he preferred to do these things himself — whether out of consideration for us, or because it was troublesome to drive us to it, I do not know. After starting the fire in the room in which he slept, he stepped to our door and told us to get up, to which command we mumblingly replied and slept on. After returning from the stables, he spoke to us again, but we still paid no attention. Ten minutes later he would start up the stairs with angry strides, but he never caught us, for we knew that was final and hurried on our clothes. Seeing that we were up and dressing when he reached the head of the stairs, he would say, "Well, you'd better," and go down again, where we speedily followed. This was his regular custom for years; we always expected it of him, and were never disappointed.

After the morning devotions, which consisted of reading a chapter from the Bible and a prayer always expressed in exactly the same words, he asked a blessing for the meal by this time ready (the blessing was as unvarying as the prayer) and we ate in silence. Then we were warmly clothed, if it was winter, and compelled to go out and work until we were hungry again. I suppose we helped him little enough, but his reasoning convinced him that, to work easily and naturally, work must become a habit, and should be taught from youth up, therefore we went out with him every day and came back only with the darkness.

I think he was kinder with us when at work than at any other time, and we admired him in spite of the hard and exacting tasks he gave us to do — he called them stints — for he was powerful and quick to aid us when we needed it, and tender as a child if we were sick. Sometimes on cold days we walked rather than rode to the timber, where

my father went to chop wood while Jo and I corded it. On one of these occasions I became ill while returning home at night — a slight difficulty, it must have been, for I was always stout and robust — and he carried me all the way in his arms. Though I insisted I could walk, and was better, he said I was not heavy, and trudged along like a great giant, holding me so tenderly that I thought for the first time that perhaps he loved me. For weeks after that I tried as hard as I could to please him, and to induce him to commend my work; but he never did, for whether I was good or bad, he was just the same, silent and grave, so that if I became indifferent in my tasks, I fear he was the cause of it.

Other families had their holidays, and owned guns and dogs, which they used in hunting the wild game then so abundant; but there was little of this at our house, and perhaps this was the reason why we prospered more than those around us. Usually Jo and I were given the Saturday afternoons to ourselves, when we roamed the country with some of the idle vagabonds who lived in rented houses, visiting turkey roosts a great distance in the woods, and only returning long after night-fall. I do not remember that we were ever idle in the middle of the week, unless we were sent on errands, as buying young stock at low prices of the less thrifty neighbors, or something else in which there was profit; so that we had little time to learn anything except hard work, and if we learned that well it was because we were excellently taught by a competent master. During those years work became such a habit with me that ever since it has clung to me, and perhaps, after all, it was an inheritance for which I have reason to be thankful. I remember my father's saying scornfully to me once, as if intimating that I ought to make up by unusual industry for the years of idleness, that I was a positive burden and expense to him until I was seven years old. So it will readily be imagined that I was put to work early, and kept steadily at it.— *The Story of a Country Town.* (Copyright 1884 by E. W. Howe.)

HOWE, HENRY, an American historian; born at New Haven, Conn., October 16, 1816; died at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1893. He entered the book publishing business in 1839, and while thus engaged began researches into the early history of New Jersey and New York. He later moved to Ohio, where he continued his historical studies, and wrote several works of great value to students of American history. His books include *Memoir of Eminent Mechanics* (1839); *The Great West* (1851); *Travels and Adventures of Celebrated Travelers* (1853); *Adventures and Achievements of Americans* (1858); *Our Whole Country* (1861); *Over the World* (1883); and his most popular, as well as his most important works, *Historical Collections of New York; Historical Collections of New Jersey;* and *Historical Collections of Ohio.*

The selection given herewith is from a paper read by Mr. Howe before the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society, in 1889.

### HENRY CLAY'S POPULARITY.

Mr. Clay was idolized by the people. When he walked through the market at Lexington, the children would run and catch the skirts of his coat and exclaim, "How do you do, Mr. Clay?" and often thrust flowers in his hands. "I am of different politics from Mr. Clay," said my landlord, MacGowen, an Irish Democrat at Lexington, "but I have been a neighbor for years and can not help loving the man." When Mr. Clay was defeated for the Presidency, multitudes wept. When the news came of his defeat, I was at a public meeting of the Whigs in my native city, who were condoling with each other, while outside

the young Democrats were marching and singing through the streets:

> "O. Cooney, Cooney Clay!
> You never can be President,
> I hear the people say."

At that meeting, Zebul Bradley, the silversmith, an old, gray-haired gentleman, arose to speak. When a man has such an old time Hebrew name as Zebul, one may be pretty sure he has been Bible bred, and where, when in distress, he will go for comfort. Raising his hands and looking aloft he exclaimed, "*The Lord reigns!*" Then Zebul the silversmith sat down. It was the shortest speech I ever heard, and in the light of succeeding events, the most pungent.

---

HOWE, JOHN, an English theologian; born at Loughborough, Leicestershire, May 17, 1630; died at London, April 2, 1705. He graduated from Christ College, became pastor of a Non-Conformist congregation, and in 1657 became domestic chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector. After the restoration of Charles II. he resided in many places, always engaged in ministerial duties. In 1687, when James II. wrote his *Declaration for Liberty of Conscience,* Howe returned to England, where the remainder of his life was passed. He was a very voluminous writer upon theological and devotional topics, and has been, not inaptly, styled "the Platonic Puritan." His complete works were reprinted, in 1724, with a Memoir by Dr. Edward Calamy in 1724, and in 1848, in three volumes, with a Life by the Rev. J. P. Hewlett. His most notable works are *The Living*

*Temple; Delighting in God; The Blessedness of the Righteous; The Vanity of Man as Mortal; On the Divine Presence,* and *The Redeemer's Presence Over the Invisible World.*

### CONTENTIOUS JANGLING.

'Tis equally matter of complaint and wonder, that men can find so much leisure, to avert from such things wherein there is so much both of delight and pleasure, unto what one would think should have little of temptation or allurement in it, contentious jangling. It might rather be thought, its visible fruits and tendencies should render it the most dreadful thing to every serious beholder. What tragedies hath it wrought in the Christian Church! Into how weak and languishing a condition hath it brought the religion of professed Christians! Hence have arisen the intemperate preternatural heats and angers that have spent its strength and spirits; and make it look with so meagre and pale a face. We have had a greater mind to dispute than live, and to contend about what we know not, than to practice the far greater things we know, and which more directly tend to nourish and maintain the divine life. The author of that ingenious sentence, *Pruritus disputandi scabies ecclesiæ,* whoever he were, hath fitly expressed what is the noisome product of the itch of disputing. It hath begot the ulcerous tumors, which besides their own offensive soreness, drain the body, and turn what should nourish that into nutriment to themselves. And its effects are not more grievous than the pleasures which it affects and pursues are uncouth and unnatural. The rough touch of an ungentle hand; that only pleases which exasperates — as Seneca, the moralist, aptly expresses some like disaffection of diseased minds; toil and vexation is their only delight; and what to a sound spirit would be a pain, is to these a pleasure.— *From The Blessedness of the Righteous.*

JULIA WARD HOWE.

HOWE, Julia Ward, an American poet and philanthropist; born at New York, May 27, 1819. At seventeen, while still a school-girl, she published a review of Lamartine's *Jocelyn* with an English metrical translation; a review of Dwight's translations from Goethe and Schiller, and a number of original poems. At the age of twenty-four she was married to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, a philanthropist, whom she assisted in editing the anti-slavery journal, the Boston *Commonwealth.* She visited Rome, Italy, where her first child was born; and returning to Boston, she published, in 1852, a collection of poems under the title *Passion Flowers;* which was followed by *Words for the Hour* (1857); a drama which was produced at Wallack's in New York in 1857; *A Trip to Cuba* (1860), which is said to have been numbered among the books prohibited in Cuba; *Later Lyrics* (1866), containing her celebrated *Battle Hymn of the Republic;* and *From the Oak to the Olive* (1868). In 1869 she took a prominent part in the woman's rights movement; she assisted in founding the New England Women's Club, and was for many years its President. In 1872 she went to London as delegate to the Prison Reform Congress; and while there she helped to establish the Woman's Peace Association. In 1874 she issued *Sex and Education,* in reply to Clarke's *Sex in Education;* and in 1876, upon her husband's death, she wrote a *Memoir* of him. Her lectures on *Modern Society* were published in 1881, and her *Life of Margaret Fuller* appeared in 1883. In 1900, she published a volume of *Reminiscences.* Mrs. Howe was indefatigable, laboring with tongue as well as with pen.

She read lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy; she often addressed the Legislature of Massachusetts on reform; and she preached in many of the Unitarian pulpits of America, as well as in the West Indies and as far as Rome. Her *Battle Hymn of the Republic* was written in 1861, while on a visit to the camps near Washington. To the tune of the "John Brown" song it quickly became, as one writer says, "the Marseillaise of the late American war."

THE LAMB WITHOUT.

Whene'er I close the door at night,
And turn the creaking key about,
A pang renewed assails my heart —
I think, my darling is shut out.

Think that beneath these starry skies,
He wanders, with his little feet;
The pines stand hushed in glad surprise,
The garden yields its tribute sweet.

Thro' every well-known path and nook
I see his angel footsteps glide,
As guileless as the Paschal Lamb
That kept the Infant Saviour's side.

His earnest eye, perhaps, can pierce
The gloom in which his parents sit;
He wonders what has changed the house,
And why the cloud hangs over it.

He passes with a pensive smile —
Why do they linger to grow old,
And what the burthen on their hearts?
On *him* shall sorrow have no hold.

Within the darkened porch I stand —
Scarce knowing why, I linger long;
Oh! could I call thee back to me,
Bright birds of heaven, with sooth or song!

But no — the wayworn wretch shall pause
To bless the shelter of this door;
Kinsman and guest shall enter in,
But my lost darling never more.

Yet, waiting on his gentle ghost,
From sorrow's void, so deep and dull,
Comes a faint breathing of delight,
A presence calm and beautiful.

I have him, not in outstretched arms,
I hold him, not with straining sight,
While in the blue depths of quietude
Drops, like a star, my still "Good-night."

Thus, nightly, do I bow my head
To the Unseen, Eternal force;
Asking sweet pardon of my child
For yielding him in Death's divorce.

He turned away from childish plays,
His baby toys he held in scorn;
He loved the forms of thought divine,
Woods, flowers, and fields of waving corn.

And then I knew, my little one
Should by no vulgar lore be taught;
But by the symbol God has given
To solemnize our common thought.

The mystic angels, three in one,
The circling serpent's faultless round,
And, in far glory dim, the Cross,
Where love o'erleaps the human bound.

### BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eye hath seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

### OUR COUNTRY.

On primal rocks she wrote her name,
Her towers were reared on holy graves,
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;

Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the 'broidered Land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee.

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel Truth be found:
Thy right hand fling with generous wont
Love's happy chain to furthest bound.

Let Justice with the faultless scales
Hold fast the worship of thy sons,
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed
And storm-sped angels hail thy cause.

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!
Be thine the blessing of the years,
The gift of faith, the crown of song.

### THE UNSPEAKABLE PANG.

Who are these that sit by the long dinner-table in the forward cabin, with a most unusual lack of interest in the bill of fare? Their eyes are closed, mostly, their cheeks are pale, their lips are quite bloodless, and to every offer of good cheer, their "No, thank you," is as faintly uttered as are marriage-vows by maiden lips.

Can they be the same that, an hour ago, were so composed, so jovial, so full of dangerous defiance to the old man of the sea? The officer who carves the roast-beef offers at the same time a slice of fat; this is too much; a panic runs through the ranks, and the rout is instantaneous and complete. . . .

To what but to Dante's Inferno can we liken this steamboat-cabin, with its double row of pits, and its dismal captives? What are those sighs, groans, and despairing noises, but the *alti guai* rehearsed by the poet? Its fiends are the stewards who rouse us from our perpetual torpor with offers of food and praises of shadowy banquets.—"Nice mutton-chop, sir? roast-turkey? plate of soup? Cries of "No, no!" resound, and the wretched turn again and groan. The Philanthropist has lost the movement of the age,— kneeled up in an upper berth, convulsively embracing a blanket — what conservative more immovable than he? The Great Man of the party refrains from his large theories, which, like the circles made by the stone thrown into the water, begin somewhere, and end nowhere. As we have said, he expounds himself no more, the significant forfinger is down, the eye no longer imprisons yours. But if you ask him how he does, he shakes himself as if, like Farinata —

"averse l' inferno in gran dispetto,"

"he had a very contemptible opinion of hell."

Let me not forget to add, that it rains every day, that it blows every night, and that it rolls through the twenty-four hours till the whole world seems as if turned bottom upward, clinging with its nails to chaos, and fearing to launch away.— *A Trip to Cuba.*

HOWELL, ELIZABETH LLOYD, an American poet; born at Philadelphia about 1828. She was the daughter of Isaac Lloyd, a member of the Society of Friends, and was married to Robert Howell, of Philadelphia. Before her marriage she wrote the poem *Milton's Prayer of Patience,* which appeared in the *Friend's Review* for January, 1848.

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme to Thee.

All-merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near;
When men pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself — Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred — here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture — waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit — strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire.
Lit by no skill of mine.

This poem, which has sometimes been attributed to Milton, and was even printed as such in an English edition of his works, is an amplification of a passage in Milton's *Defence of the People of England.*

---

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN, an American novelist, essayist and poet; born at Martinsville, Belmont County, Ohio, March 1, 1837. When he was three years old his family removed to Hamilton, Ohio, and here he learned to set type in the office of the *Intelligencer,* a weekly paper published by his father On their removal to Dayton, in 1849, young Howells assisted his father in printing the *Transcript,* and delivered the papers. He after-

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

ward worked on the *Ohio State Journal,* and the *Sentinel* of Ashtabula, which the elder Howells purchased. At the age of twenty-two he became one of the editors of the *Ohio State Journal* at Columbus. From 1861 to 1865 he was United States Consul at Venice. In 1866 he became assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and in 1872 its editor. He resigned the position in 1881. In 1886 he assumed charge of the "Editor's Study" of *Harper's Magazine.*

Howells' works include *Poems of Two Friends,* with John J. Piatt (1860); *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1860); *Venetian Life* (1866); *Italian Journeys* (1867); *Suburban Sketches* and *No Love Lost, A Poem of Travel* (1868); *Their Wedding Journey* (1871); *A Chance Acquaintance* (1873); *A Foregone Conclusion* (1874); *Out of the Question,* a novel; and a *Life of Rutherford B. Hayes* (1876); *A Counterfeit Presentment* (1877); *Choice Biographies,* edited with essays (1877–78); *The Lady of the Aroostook* (1878); *The Undiscovered Country* (1880); *A Fearful Responsibility and Other Tales* (1882); *Dr. Breen's Practice* and *A Modern Instance* (1883); *A Woman's Reason* (1884); *Three Villages; The Rise of Silas Lapham;* and *Tuscan Cities* (1885); *A Little Girl among the Old Masters; The Minister's Charge;* and *Indian Summer* (1886); *Modern Italian Poets* and *April Hopes* (1887); *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (1889); *The World of Chance* (1893); *A Traveler from Altruria* (1894); *The Day of Their Wedding* (1895); *Stops of Various Quills,* poems (1895); *Impressions and Experiences* (1896); *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* (1899); *Heroines of Fiction* (1900); *Letters Home* (1903); *The Son of Loyal Langbrith* (1904); and *Miss Bellard's Inspiration*

(1905). He has published several amusing dialogues: *The Parlor Car* (1877); *The Sleeping Car* (1883); *The Register* (1884); *The Elevator* and *The Garroters* (1885); *Five O'Clock Tea* (1887). His other books include *The Shadow of a Dream* (1890); *An Imperative Duty* (1891); *Christmas Every Day and Other Stories* (1892); *A Letter of Introduction,* a farce (1892); *A Little Swiss Sojourn* (1892); *The Quality of Mercy* (1891); *The Coast of Bohemia* (1893); *Evening Dress,* a farce (1893); *My Year in a Log Cabin* (1893); *The Unexpected Guests,* a farce (1893).

The following general criticism of Howells' writings is from the *Saturday Review:* "He has many admirable qualities, not the least of which is that he draws from models and not 'out of his own head'; the result is that his people, whether we like them or not have always the great merit of absolute reality. Next, he is true to his characters; they go whither they are bound to go, up or down, taking the natural consequences of their actions and their lives. This recognition by writers of necessity or consequence in fiction is almost as rare as its perception by ordinary people to real life. If we add that he is the possessor of a style which is always pleasing and unstudied, though certainly the result of study, we have already assigned him qualities which insure success. He has certain defects; he lacks *gaité de cœur,* the natural liveliness which goes far to redeem almost every other fault. Yet he is not cynical; if he does not laugh much, he never sneers; his stories have no plot, no situations to speak of, and not many incidents, yet they interest and are natural."

### THANKSGIVING.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

### THE MYSTERIES.

Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife —
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of Life!

### THE SONG THE ORIOLE SINGS.

There is a bird that comes and sings
In the Professor's garden-trees;
Upon the English oak he swings,
And tilts and tosses in the breeze.

I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cape is black as coal.

O Oriole, it is the song
  You sang me from the cotton-wood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
  Too glad to guess if life were good.

And while I hark, before my door,
  Adown the dusty Concord Road,
The blue Miami flows once more
  As by the cotton-wood it flowed.

And on the bank that rises steep,
  And pours a thousand tiny rills,
From death and absence laugh and leap
  My school-mates to their flutter-mills.

The blackbirds jangle in the tops
  Of hoary-antlered sycamores;
The timorous killdee starts and stops
  Among the drift-wood on the shores.

Below, the bridge — a noonday fear
  Of dust and shadow shot with sun —
Stretches its gloom from pier to pier,
  Far unto alien coasts unknown.

And on those alien coasts, above
  Where silver ripples break the streams
Long blue, from some roof-sheltering grove
  A hidden parrot scolds and screams.

Ah, nothing, nothing! Commonest things:
  A touch, a glimpse, a sound, a breath —
It is a song the Oriole sings —
  And all the rest belongs to death.

But Oriole, my Oriole,
  Were some bright seraph sent from bliss
With songs of heaven to win my soul,
  From simple memories such as this,

What could he tell to tempt my ear
From you? What high thing could there be
So tenderly and sweetly dear
As my lost boyhood is to me?

### THE ARCADIAN SHEPHERDS.

One day near the close of the seventeenth century, a number of ladies and gentlemen — mostly poets and poetesses according to their thinking — were assembled on a pleasant hill in the neighborhood of Rome. As they lounged upon the grass, in attitudes as graceful and picturesque as they could contrive, and listened to a sonnet or an ode with the sweet patience of their race — for they were all Italians — it occurred to the most conscious man among them that here was something uncommonly like the Golden Age, unless that epoch had been flattered. There had been reading and praising of odes and sonnets the whole blessed afternoon, and now he cried out to the complaisant, canorous company: "Behold Arcadia revived in us!"

This struck everybody at once by its truth. It struck, most of all, a certain Giovan Maria Crescimbeni, honored in his day and despised in ours as a poet and critic. He was of a cold, dull temperament; "a mind half lead, half wood," as one Italian writer calls him; but he was an inveterate maker of verses, and he was wise in his own generation. He straightway proposed to the tuneful *abbés cavalieri servente* and *precieuses,* who went singing and love-making up and down Italy in those times, the foundation of a new academy, to be called the Academy of the Arcadians.

Literary academies were then the fashion in Italy and every part of the peninsula abounded in them. They bore names fanciful or grotesque, such as The Ardent, The Illuminated, The Unconquered, The Intrepid, or The Dissonant, The Sterile, The Insipid, The Obtuse, The Astray, The Shunned, and they were all devoted to one purpose, namely, the production and perpetuation of twaddle. It is prodigious to think of the incessant wash of slip-slop which they poured out in

verse; of the grave disputations they held upon the most trivial questions; of the inane formalities of their sessions. At the meetings of a famous academy in Milan, they placed in the chair a child just able to talk; a question was proposed, and the answer of the child, whatever it was, was held by one side to solve the problem, and the debates, *pro* and *con,* followed upon this point. Other academies in other cities had their follies; but whatever the absurdity, it was encouraged alike by Church and State, and honored by all the great world. The governments of Italy in that day, whether lay or clerical, liked nothing so well as to have the intellectual life of the nation squandered in the trivialities of the academies — in their debates about nothing, their odes and madrigals and masks and sonnets; and the greatest politeness you could show a stranger was to invite him to a sitting of your academy; to be furnished with a letter to the academy in the next city was the highest favor you could ask for yourself.

In literature the humorous Bernesque school had passed; Tasso had long been dead; and the Neapolitan Marini — called the corruptor of Italian poetry — ruled from his grave the taste of the time. This taste was so bad as to require a very desperate remedy; and it was professedly to counteract it that the Academy of the Arcadians had arisen.

The epoch was favorable; and, as Emiliani-Giudici teaches, in his *History of Italian Literature,* the idea of Crescimbeni spread electrically throughout Italy. The gayest of the finest ladies and gentlemen the world ever saw, the *illustrissimi* of that polite age, united with monks, priests, cardinals, and scientific thinkers in establishing the Arcadia; and even popes and kings were proud to enlist in the crusade for the true poetic faith. In all the chief cities Arcadian colonies were formed, "dependent upon the Roman Arcadia, as upon the supreme Arch Flock"; and in three years the Academy numbered thirteen hundred members, every one of whom had first been obliged to give proof that he was a good poet; they prettily called themselves by the names of shepherds and shepherdesses out of Theocritus, and,

being a republic, they refused to own any earthly prince or ruler, but declared the Baby Jesus to be the Protector of Arcadia. Their code of laws was written in elegant Latin by a grave and learned man, and inscribed upon tablets of marble.

As a pattern of perfect poetizing, these artless nymphs and swains chose Constanzo, a very fair poet of the sixteenth century. They collected his verse and printed it at the expense of the Academy; and it was established without dissent that each Arcadian in turn, at the hut of some conspicuous shepherd, in the presence of the keeper (such was the jargon of those most amusing unrealities), should deliver a commentary upon some sonnet of Constanzo. As for Crescimbeni, who declared that Arcadia was instituted "strictly for the purpose of exterminating bad taste, and of guarding against its revival; pursuing it continually, wherever it should pause or lurk, even to the most remote and unconsidered villages and hamlets"— Crescimbeni could not do less than write four dialogues, as he did, in which he evolved from four of Constanzo's sonnets all that was necessary for Tuscan lyric poetry.

"Thus," says Emiliani-Giudici, referring to the crusading intent of Crescimbeni, "the Arcadians were a sect of poetical Sanfedists, who, taking for example the zeal and performance of San Domingo de Guzman, proposed to renew in literature the scenes of the Holy Office among the Albigenses. Happily the fire of Arcadian verse did not really burn! The institution was at first derided, then it triumphed and prevailed in such fame and greatness that, shining forth like a new sun it consumed the splendor of the lesser lights of heaven, eclipsing the glitter of all these academies — the Thunderstruck, the Extravagant, the Humid, the Tipsy, the Imbeciles, and the like — which had hitherto formed the glory of the Peninsula.— *Modern Italian Poets.*

### GOOD DICTION.

The very best writers are not the most correct. For instance. Thackeray's revels are very interesting, and

while they have a graceful diction, very effectual and graphic, they are not accurate; not grammatical errors, but certain forms of expression that do not justify themselves. You will find them in almost every good writer.

It seems to me that the things to be avoided by writers are expressions that are unnatural and affected. For a person who wants to cultivate good diction, I should advise reading the best authors.

Good diction is a perfectly simple thing; good diction is saying in the clearest, purest way that which is in one's mind.

One man's diction may be clear and another man's inaccurate and careless. If you have stated clearly and purely that which is in your mind, then you have expressed yourself in good diction.

The best newspaper writing is as good a writing as can be. If a man feels strongly upon some public event or public question about which he writes in a newspaper, he is very apt to write it well. Newspapers are generally written in a very clear and very good English. Often I have read good news in the way of fine expressions, and I have written to the editor commenting upon it.

What was called classical literature one hundred years ago is not so good as many of the present-day newspaper writings. In many of Scott's novels his structure is slovenly — is not so good as the majority of "newspaper English."

The differences in New York, Boston and Chicago English are mostly in pronunciation. The respective expressions that are peculiar are so slightly different that they cannot be called distinctions. I dare say that climate might affect pronunciation, and yet I do not know why it should. The English who live up in the cold climate are very nasal, but the Canadians are not nasal at all. The Southern women have a very pleasant accent.

I am asked how an untraveled man may avoid local peculiarities.

He cannot. It is not important that he should. Why should a man disown his speech — his family speech? No other people but ourselves dream of doing it. The Scotchman speaks with a strong accent; for instance,

Carlyle. The Irishman is not ashamed of his peculiarities. I think it is most important that we should preserve them and be as characteristic as possible.

When you hear a man speak — for instance, a Southerner — and he puts in something which is characteristic of his part of the country, it is rather pleasing. I am speaking of parlance. In writing, you bring in something local, something provincial of your own immediate neighborhood. You want to give the reader something of your own assurance.

Slang is the new thing; it asserts something new and is constantly getting itself adopted into the language. I should think that people who laid down those cast-iron rules about such things as slang were poor scholars and professors of English. Some slang is so practical, so graphic, that you must use it. It forces itself into the language — it becomes a part of us.

Of course it is a pity to hear a person talk slang all the time. It is used simply to spice the diction, and it sometimes accomplishes its purpose, and everybody understands just what you mean because that conveys your meaning when nothing else will.

You cannot lay down any strict rules in regard to those matters that is not at all deplorable. Great people will use common expressions because it is their nature. There is always something in our slang characteristic of our people; that is why I like it.

I should say it is the mark of a good writer to be very clear and have an unpretentious way of saying things. There is no such thing as "style." "Style" is each man's way of saying a thing. You have your way and I have mine. We should always be clear and forcible.

Those who want to cultivate good diction should read the best literature. If you like it you will in some degree form yourself upon it, or rather, you conform yourself to it, as more or less you conform yourself to the person or thing you admire — it is inevitable.— (Copyright, 1903, by LAWRENCE J. ANHALT.

HOWITT, WILLIAM, and MARY, English poets and miscellaneous writers, commonly named together; born, the former at Heanor, Derbyshire, in 1792, the latter at Uttoxeter, March 12, 1799. Both died in Rome, whither they had removed in 1872, William, March 3, 1879, and his wife January 30, 1888. William Howitt was educated in the Seminary of the Society of Friends at Ackworth, Yorkshire. He afterward studied languages and natural science. In 1821 he and Mary, daughter of Samuel Botham, were married. Their first joint publication was *The Forest Minstrel and other Poems* (1823). After making a pedestrian tour in Scotland, they settled at Nottingham, England, where Mr. Howitt began business as an apothecary. Here they published *The Desolution of Eyam and other Poems* (1827), and *The Book of the Seasons, or A Calendar of Nature* (1831). Mr. Howitt published *Pantika, or Tradition of the most Ancient Times* (1835), and *A Popular History of Priestcraft;* Mrs. Howitt, *The Seven Temptations* (1834); *Wood Leighton,* a novel; and several volumes for the young: *Tales in Prose and Verse,* and *Sketches of Natural History.* At Esher, whither they removed in 1837, Mr. Howitt produced *Colonization and Christianity,* and the first series of *Visits to Remarkable Places;* Mrs. Howitt, *Hymns and Fireside Verses* and *Birds* and *Flowers* (1839). In 1840 they went to Heidelberg, for the benefit of their children. Here they applied themselves to the study of German, Swedish, and Danish. Mr. Howitt wrote *The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany and German Experience,* and translated *Student-Life in Germany;* Mrs.

Howitt translated several of Miss Bremer's works from the Swedish, and wrote *Hope On, Hope Ever, Strive and Thrive,* and other works in the series entitled *Tales for the People and Their Children.* On their return to England she continued this series, wrote *The Children's Year* and *Ballads and Poems* (1847), and went on with her translations from the Swedish and Danish. Her husband wrote a boy's book, *Jack of the Mill,* and the second series of *Visits to Remarkable Places,* and *The Rural Life of England* (1844). From 1846 to 1848 they edited the *People's Journal* and undertook the publication of a venture of their own, *Howitt's Journal,* which did not succeed. Mr. Howitt then published *Madame Dorrington of the Dene* (1851), and *The Year Book of the Country;* his wife, *The Heir of Wast Wayland; Steadfast Gabriel,* and other juvenile works; and together they produced the *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe* (1852), a valuable work containing translations from many Scandinavian writers. In 1852 William Howitt and his sons set sail for Australia, where they remained for two years. The literary fruits of this journey were *A Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia; Land, Labor, and Gold, or Two Years in Victoria, with Visits to Sydney and Van Dieman's Land,* and *Fallengetta,* a novel. On his return from Australia they settled at Highgate, London.

Among the books published by Mr. Howitt between 1856 and 1867 are a *History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations* (1863); *A Popular History of England* (1856–62), and *Discovery in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.* Among Mrs. Howitt's publications at this time are *The Story of Little Cristal; The Poet's Children; Our Four-Footed Friends,* and a

novel; *The Cost of Caergwyn.* Mr. Howitt published in 1871 *The Mad War-Planet and Other Poems.* After his death his wife continued to write, and in 1881 she published *Tales for all Seasons.* Among her translations from the Danish are Hans Christian Andersen's works: *Only a Fiddler and O. T.; The Improvisatore; The True Story of My Life,* and *Wonderful Stories for Children.* From the German Mr. Howitt translated Chamisso's story, *Peter Schlemihl;* and Mrs. Howitt, *The Citizen of Prague.* The year previous to her death she published in a periodical a series of autobiographical papers.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

And is the swallow gone?
    Who beheld it?
    Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go;—
    But who doth hear
    Its summer cheer
As it flitted to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
    From its surrounding clay
    It steals away
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
    'Tis all unknown;
    We feel alone
That a void is left below.

—WILLIAM HOWITT.

MOUNTAIN CHILDREN.

Dwellers by the lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrained step and spirits free!

No crowd impedes your way,
No city wall impedes your further bounds;
Where the wild flock can wander ye may stray
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your father played.

The gray and ancient peaks
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
And the loud voice of water as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys! Go forth —
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
For in his spirit God hath clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirit finds;
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee,
And a pure mighty influence 'mid your mirth
Moulds your unconscious spirit silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storms and mountains have the noblest sons;
Whom the world reverences. The patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes;
For hoary legions to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth — earth and sky
To you are tributary; joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread!

— Mary Howitt.

CORNFIELDS.

When on the breath of autumn breeze
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought
The fair white thistle-down,
O then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sunlit slopes
The piled-up stacks of corn;
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore!

I feel the day — I see the field,
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child
His mother's sole delight,—
God's living gift of love unto
The kind good Shunamite,—
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see,—
And the dear Saviour take His way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream:
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there.

—Mary Howitt.

ICELAND.

In their Viking expeditions the Norwegians, driven by tempests far out into the great western ocean, came to a lonely strange island. It lay due west from Norway about five hundred and sixty miles. It was of great extent, being nearly three hundred English miles in length, and three hundred in breadth. In this isolated position, and in that high northern latitude — between 63° and 66° — it lay wild and desolate and uninhabited. Huge mountains of ice rose into the sky, some of them to the height of nearly seven thousand feet, and the fires and smoke of numerous volcanoes soared up balefully amongst them. When the Scandinavian strangers landed in this dismal region, the gloomy wonders of the place thickened around them. The coast, especially the western one, was rent and jagged and the sea ran far up into the land, in continual openings, or as they were accustomed to call such huge ocean

inlets in Norway, *Fjords*. As they advanced all was silent as the tomb, except for occasional thunderings and hollow explosions, mingled with terrific hissings and howlings of subterranean fires, and of steam that rushed and rent its way from the bowels of the earth into the air. In the sea-vales themselves there were green meadows, and pleasant slopes, covered with forests of stunted birch, but all beyond was one huge region of horror and desolation. Rapid torrents came headlong from the mountains, showing on their banks frightful evidences of their occasional violence. Chains of dreary and ice-clad hills ran from east to west across the country, and dismal morasses stretched for miles between them. Everywhere huge tracks of lava descending from the mountains to the very sea bore testimony to the horrors which had ruled there for ages. Some of this lava was still bright and glossy as glass, other expanses of it so old that it had become friable and covered with a coarse vegetation. Here and there in the vitreous mass stood huge bubbles like domes, into which when broken they could enter; and the most frightful clefts ever and anon, in whose sheer abyss no bottom could be seen, ran across the chaotic tracts, and arrested the further progress of the adventurers. In other directions they came to where the yawning craters of volcanoes hurled up vast columns of fire and stifling sulphurous smoke, with rocks glowing with intense heat, and ashes that shut out the sun, and covered the whole with a black rain. Fountains of boiling waters mingled with flashing fires amid resounding explosions soared up into the air, or wells of mud bubbled and heaved around them, emitting harsh and rending roars as of demons in torture. Strange desolate valleys whose beds were of pure and sparkling sulphur, strange torn and overhanging precipices, strange conical hills and gigantic caverns met their eyes everywhere. Everywhere fires glowed beneath their feet, and the shudders and undergroans of earthquakes made them feel that they were in a desert where oceans of concealed fires assailed by the surrounding ocean of wintry waters, were and had probably from the beginning of time been in terrific contest, and made sport of

rocks and mountains and rivers, tossing them into the most fantastic and appalling shapes. They might have discovered the Tartarus of the Greeks, or their own Nifelhem cast up to the surface of the world.

Yet such was the fondness of the Scandinavian imagination for the wild and desolate, and such their impatience of anything like despotism, that they soon flocked over the ocean in crowds to this chaotic island, which they called Iceland. . . .

There were great emigrant expeditions in those times, as in our own; some to the Hebrides, others to the Orkneys, the Shetland and the Faroe Isles, but the far greater number of people preferred the more distant, and therefore, the more secure Iceland. It was about the very same time that Rolf Ganger, or Ralph Walker, was driven by the tyranny of Harold Harfager, to seek a foreign abode, and succeeded in conquering Normandy. His brother Thorer, amongst others, went over and settled in Iceland.

Many of these chiefs, as Ingolf and Thorold, chose their localities by casting into the sea the pillars of the high seats of their banqueting halls, which, being carved with the images of the gods, were considered sacred. They believed them, therefore, guided by the gods, to the proper destination, and when they reached the land, they settled, though the spots were often inferior to others. Thorolf Mostrarskagg threw in the pillars of Thor's temple, and even carried over with him some of the earth on which the temple had stood.

Thus was Iceland peopled, and in a few years peopled to a surprising extent. Spite of a climate where corn refused to ripen, where they were often obliged to shake the snow from the frozen hay before they could carry it; spite of the scarcity of wood; of their fishing being obstructed by the ice from the polar regions often filling all their fjords and harbors, and of a country, the greater part of which presented an aspect of the most melancholy desolation, people continued to flock thither, and to become attached to the soil. For only about four months in the year could they pursue their fishing and their agricultural labors surrounded by the

dreary Yokuls, or ice-mountains, amid the glare of volcanic flames, and the roaring of geysers, or boiling fountains, and the far greater part of their island a horrible wilderness of lava-streams and morasses.

Yet still they loved this wild country, for they were free, and through the long winter of eight months, while confined to their dwellings, their very sheep and cattle housed because of the severity of the season, and the Northern Lights flickering and rushing with a crackling sound over their heads, they seemed only the more thrown upon their intellectual resources, and passed their time in reciting the songs and sagas of their ancestors.

"Frequent public assemblings together," says Geijer, "belonged especially to the life of the Icelanders." They divided the island into four quarters, established their Varthings, or local assemblies, and their Althing, or general one. They appointed their magistrates, and established a perfect republic, which lasted till 1261, or nearly four hundred years, when they acknowledged the sovereignty of Norway, but under solid guarantees for their political freedom. Christianity was not fully promulgated amongst them till about the year 1000, not seventy years before William the Conqueror, the descendant of Rolf Ganger, made the Normans masters of England. By this time, that is in less than seventy years, the island was fully populated, and to an extent which it has never since reached. Probably the opening of some genial countries northward for the Scandinavian population, and a more settled state of things at home, checked the tide of emigration to Iceland, and the inclement force of the climate gradually told on the population, till in our own time it is not calculated at more than fifty thousand souls.

But for ages it was destined to become the sanctuary and preserver of the grand old literature of the North. The people took with them their Scalds, and all their love of their fatherland, its customs, its laws, its poetry and traditions, condensed and consecrated in their souls by their absence from it and by the insulating effects of their adopted climate. They met conjointly for pleasure as well as for business, says Geijer. Sac-

rifices and banquets, the parliament and public sports assembled them. The ties of kindred, hospitality, and friendship were maintained according to the practice of antiquity; in great warmth amongst them; and spite of the obstructing difficulties of the country and the remoteness of their abodes from each other, produced a unity of feeling and a social cordiality by which a constant exchange of intelligence and of stories, both from their own, and their forefathers' recollections, was promoted.

For a full century after the peopling of the island paganism still prevailed, and little time elapsed after the introduction of Christianity before the Icelandic saga began to pass into written record. Almost every well-known family had its own traditions, which ascended to the first settlement of the island; but these memories did not confine themselves to its bounds, but like the population itself, had their root in Scandinavia. Three of the Icelandic chief families claimed their descent from the kings of the North, and they preserved with the most jealous care the evidences of their high descent, in order to show to that former mother-country, that they were no contemptible fugitives from their native land, but deriving their pedigrees from the noblest blood of the North. In song and saga were perpetuated amongst them the ancient northern memories; in songs and sagas they celebrated the Scandinavian contemporary princes.— *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe.*— WILLIAM *and* MARY HOWITT.

---

HROSVITHA, or HROTSUIT, a German poet and dramatist; born in Lower Saxony, probably between A.D. 930 and 935; and died at Gandersheim about the last year of the tenth century. Nothing is known of her childhood or early youth; but her writings suggest a knowledge of the world

and intimate acquaintance with the human heart. An old wood-cut represents her as a kneeling nun offering her poems to Otho I., to whom she is supposed to have been related. At the age of twenty-five she entered the Benedictine Abbey of Gandersheim; where, by diligent study of holy works and the masterpieces of antiquity, she became a woman of vast learning. Her works, which were written wholly in Latin, consist of early miscellaneous verses; later poems dealing with the legends of the saints; a sort of epic entitled *The Panegyric of the Line of Otho;* and six plays intended to wean the scholars of those days from the reading of Terence. These dramas, collectively known as *Comœdia Sacræ VI.,* are the most remarkable part of her productions, as being the work of "the woman playwright who caused the tragic muse to emerge once more from the midnight gloom of the Middle Ages, and to speak in tones adapted to the mystical temper of the time and the austere surroundings which this temper had created." Chastity is the theme upon which they play their variations. *Dulcitius* exhibits the ludicrous failure of a patrician to overcome the virtue of three young Christians. *Callimachus* represents the miraculous resurrection of a married woman who has prayed that she might die rather than yield to a youth with whom she is in love. In *Abraham,* a pious hermit enters disguised into a house of ill-fame for the purpose of arresting the downward career of a beloved niece. Hrosvitha's *Paphnutius,* which suggested to Anatole France the idea of his *Thaïs,* deals with the legendary endeavor of the monk to bring back to the fold of virtue that celebrated courtesan.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

WISDOM'S PRAYER.

O Earth, I confide to thy keeping these tender flowers, born of my womb. Carry them tenderly in thy bosom, framed of the self-same elements, until the resurrection day, when they shall again blossom forth, haply with greater glory. And do thou, O Christ, fill their souls the while with celestial splendor, and grant peace and rest to their mortal bodies.

THE PRAYER OF PAPHNUTIUS.

O Thou, the Uncreated, the truly Immaterial, whose very essence has framed the different parts of man therein unlike thee, the Self-Existent One, grant that the elements once united in this creature of Thy hand may without let or hindrance be again gathered to the principle from whence they came; grant that the soul, which came from heaven, may share the heavenly joys, and that the body may rest in peace in the bosom of the earth from whence it sprang, until that day when the dust shall be gathered together, and the breath of life again breathe through these limbs, and Thaïs shall arise, the same complete being as of old, to take her place amongst the white flock of the Lord, and to enter into the joys of eternal life; grant this, Thou who alone art self-existent, who reignest in the unity of the Trinity and art glorified for ever and ever.

---

HUBBARD, ELBERT, an American philosopher, essayist and editor; born at Bloomington, Ill., in 1850. He was given a common school education, worked on a farm and in a printing office, and after devoting some years to study and travel,

settled at East Aurora, N. Y. Here he established the Roycroft Press, and began the publication of a monthly magazine called *The Philistine*. In 1899 Mr. Hubbard printed in *The Philistine* a short essay, *A Message to Garcia*, which was reprinted in pamphlet form. Within two years the essay had been translated into nine languages and had reached a total circulation of 15,000,000 copies.

Mr. Hubbard's books include *No Enemy But Himself*, a novel; *Time and Chance*, a narrative life of John Brown; *A Message to Garcia and Thirteen Other Things; Old John Burroughs; Contemplations;* and a series of *Little Journeys* to the homes of *Good Men and Great; Famous Women; American Statesmen; Eminent Painters; English Authors; Great Musicians; Eminent Artists;* and *Eminent Orators.*

At the age of forty, Mr. Hubbard entered Harvard College and studied literature and language for a period of three years. He is a great admirer and follower of William Morris. He has been highly successful on the lecture platform, and is a forceful, vigorous, original thinker, orator and writer.

### THE TEACHER.

It is a great thing to teach. To give yourself in a way to inspire others to think, to do, to become — what nobler ambition! To be a good teacher demands a high degree of altruism, for one must be willing to sink self, to die, as it were, that others may live. There is something in it that is akin to motherhood — a brooding quality. Every true mother realizes that her children are only loaned to her — sent from God — and the attributes of her mind and body are being used by some Power for a Purpose. The teacher is training her children to do without her.— *The Philistine.*

DESIRE.

What is it wins? Work you say, but you are wrong. It is desire that brings every good thing. Did you ever watch a cat about to spring for a bird? The cat does not think about working to secure that bird: about how to place its body for the most graceful spring — not that. It is just filled with the desire, and it does exactly the proper thing — the single-hearted thing. Rabbits can run faster and farther than cats, but rabbits never catch birds — they do not desire to.— *The Philistine.*

ETERNITY.

We are living in eternity now, just as much as we ever shall. God is right here now, and we are as near Him now as we shall ever be. He never started this world a-going and went away and left it — He is with us yet. There is no devil but fear, and nobody and nothing can harm you but yourself. We should remember the week-day to keep it holy, live one day at a time, doing our work the best we can. There is no more sacred place than that where a man is doing good and useful work, and there is no higher wisdom than to lose yourself in useful industry, and be kind — and be kind.— *The Philistine.*

MY CREED.

I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected — ready to say, "I do not know," if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality — to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unafraid and unabashed. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear. I wish others to live their lives, too,— up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice that is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I will do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift

or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation. I desire to Radiate Life! — *The Philistine.*

### FEAR AND DOUBT.

The world accepts a man at the estimate he places upon himself. Many men are strong at times, but strong men make enemies — they have detractors — calumny calls and hate hisses. Then doubt comes creeping in, possibly the enemies are right — ah, who knows! And instantly the doubt is communicated to the public — the man's face tells his fears to all he meets. And their estimate of the man is the lowest standard he sets upon himself.

That is why we need Some One to believe in us — if we do well, we want our work commended, our faith corroborated.

So note this, when you find the strong man he is one who is well sustained.

To associate closely with those who doubt or distrust you is eventually going to make you distrust yourself. And then we get dead conformity, hopeless mediocrity, nothing more. The individual who thinks well of you, who keeps his mind on your good qualities, and does not look for flaws, is your friend. Who is my brother? I'll tell you, he is one who recognizes the good in me.— *The Philistine.*

### WALT WHITMAN

Most writers bear no message — they carry no torch. Sometimes they excite wonder, or they amuse and divert — divert us from our work. To be diverted to a certain degree may be well, but there is a point where earth ends and cloudland begins, and even great poets occasionally befog the things which they would reveal.

Homer was seemingly blind to much simple truth; Virgil carries you away from earth; Horace was undone without his Macaenas; Dante makes you an exile; Shakespeare was singularly silent concerning the doubts,

difficulties, and common lives of common people; Byron's Corsair life does not help you in your toil, and in his fight with English Bards and Scotch Reviewers we crave neutrality; to be caught in the meshes of Pope's *Dunciad* is not pleasant; and Lowell's *Fable for Critics* is only another *Dunciad.* But above all poets who have ever lived, the author of *Leaves of Grass* was the poet of humanity.

Milton knew all about Heaven, and Dante conducts us through Hell, but it was left for Whitman to show us Earth. His voice never goes so high that it breaks an impotent falsetto, neither does it growl and snarl at things it does not understand, and, not understanding, does not like. He was so great that he had no envy, and his insight was so sure that he had no prejudice. He never boasted that he was higher, nor claimed to be less than any of the other sons of men. He met all on terms of absolute equality, mixing with the poor, the lowly, the fallen, the oppressed, the cultured, the rich — simply as brother with brother. And when he said to the outcast, "Not till the sun excludes you will I exclude you," he voiced a sentiment worthy of a god.

He was brother to the elements, the mountains, the seas, the clouds, the sky. He loved them all and partook of them all in his large, free, unselfish, untrammeled nature. His heart knew no limits, and feeling his feet mortis'd in granite and his footsteps tenon'd in infinity, he knew the amplitude of time.

Only the great are generous; only the strong are forgiving. Like Lot's wife, most poets look back over their shoulders; and those who are not looking backward insist that we shall look into the future, and the vast majority of the whole scribbling rabble accept the precept, "Man never is, but always to be blest."

We grieve for childhood's happy days, and long for sweet rest in Heaven, and sigh for mansions in the skies. And the people about us seem so indifferent, and our friends so lukewarm; and really no one understands us, and our environment queers our budding spirituality and the frost of jealousy nips our aspirations: "Oh Paradise, oh Paradise, the world is growing old; who would

not be at rest and free where love is never cold." So sing the fearsome dyspeptics of the stylus. Oh enemic he, you bloodless she, nipping at crackers, sipping at tea, why not consider that although the evolutionists tell us where we came from, and the theologians inform us where we are going to, yet the only thing we are really sure of is that we are here!

The present is the perpetually moving spot where history ends and prophecy begins. It is our only possession — the past we reach through lapsing memory, halting recollection, hearsay, and belief; we pierce the future by wistful faith or anxious hope, but the present is beneath our feet.

Whitman sings the beauty and the glory of the present. He rebukes our groans and sighs — bids us look about on every side at the wonders of creation, and at the miracles within our grasp. He lifts us up, restores us to our own, introduces us to man and Nature and thus infuses into us courage, manly pride, self-reliance, and the strong faith that comes when we feel our kinship with God.

He was so mixed with the universe that his voice took on the sway of elemental integrity and candor. Absolutely honest, this man was unafraid and unashamed, for Nature has neither apprehension, shame nor vain-glory. In *Leaves of Grass* Whitman speaks as all men have ever spoken who believe in God and in themselves — oracular, without apology, without abasement — fearlessly. He tells of the powers and mysteries that pervade and guide all life, all death, all purpose. His work is masculine, as the sun is masculine; for the Prophetic voice is as surely masculine as the lullaby and lyric cry is feminine.

Whitman brings the warmth of the sun to the buds of the heart so that they open and bring forth form, color, perfume. He becomes for them aliment and dew; so these buds become blossoms, fruits, tall branches, and stately trees that cast refreshing shadows.

There are men who are to other men as the shadow of a mighty rock in a weary land — such is Walt Whitman.— *Little Journeys.*

HUBER, François, a Swiss naturalist; born at Geneva, July 2, 1750; died near there, December 31, 1831. He came of a family already distinguished in the literary and scientific world. His great-aunt, Marie Huber, was a well-known theological writer, and translated and epitomized the *Spectator*. His father was a soldier of uncommonly keen observation, who distinguished himself by the publication of a valuable series of *Observations sur le Vol des Oiseaux*. The boy's early and assiduous application to study led to the loss of his sight in his youth. Happily for his comfort and his fame he early secured the affection of Mlle. Aimée Lullin, who waited patiently till she was of age and then married him. With the assistance of his wife, of whom he said: "As long as she lived I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind," and aided by an intelligent servant, François Burnens, he studied the habits of bees, and made numerous important observations upon them. The observations conducted by this happy trio at once surprised and delighted the world, and laid the foundations for all our scientific knowledge on the subject. His first work was published in 1792 under the title *Lettres à Ch. Bonnet*. In 1814 it was reprinted, and was entitled *Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles*. He assisted Senebier in his *Memoire sur l'Influence de l'Air et des Diverses Substances Gazeuses dans la Germination des Différentes Plantes* (1801), and contributed papers on various entomological subjects to scientific periodicals.

VARIATIONS IN APIARIAN ARCHITECTURE.

Having seen bees work both up and down, it was natural to investigate whether we could compel them to construct their combs in any other direction. We tried to confound them with a line glazed above and below, so that they had no place of support but the upright sides of their dwelling. Lodging themselves in the upper angle, they built their combs perpendicular to one of these sides, and as regularly as those which they usually build under a horizontal surface. The foundations were laid on a place which does not serve naturally for the base; yet, except in the difference of direction, the first row of cells resembled those in ordinary hives. The others were no less fit for use, distributed on both faces, and the bottoms alternately corresponded with the same symmetry.

I put the bees still to a greater trial. As they now testified their inclination to carry their combs, in the shortest way, to the opposite side of the hive, for they prefer uniting them to wood, or a surface rougher than glass, I covered it with a pane. Whenever this smooth and slippery substance was interposed between them and the wood, they departed from the straight line hitherto followed, and bent the structure of their comb at a right angle to what was already made, so that the prolongation of the extremity might reach another side of the hive, which had been left free. Varying this experiment after several fashions, I saw the bees constantly change the direction of their combs, when I approximated a surface too smooth to admit of their clustering on it. They always sought the wooden sides. I thus compelled them to curve the combs in the strangest shapes, by placing a pane at a certain distance from their edges.

These results indicate a degree of instinct truly wonderful — they denote even more than instinct, for glass is not a substance against which bees can be warned by nature. In trees, their natural abode, there is nothing that resembles it, or with the same polish. The most

singular part of their proceeding is changing the direction of the work before arriving at the surface of the glass, and while yet at a distance suitable for doing so. Do they anticipate the inconvenience which would attend any other mode of building?

No less curious is the plan adopted by the bees for producing an angle in the combs — the wonted fashion of their work, and the dimensions of the cells, must be altered; therefore, the cells on the upper or convex side of the comb are enlarged — they are constructed of three or four times the width of those on the opposite surface. How can so many insects, occupied at once on the edges of the combs, concur in giving them a common curvature from one extremity to the other? How do they resolve on establishing cells so small on one side, while dimensions so enlarged are bestowed on those of the other? And is it not still more singular, that they have the art of making a correspondence between cells of such reciprocal discrepancy? The bottom being common to both, the tubes alone assume a taper form. Perhaps no other insect has afforded a more decided proof of the resources of instinct, when compelled to deviate from the ordinary course.— *New Observations on Bees.*

---

HUC, ÉVARISTE RÉGIS, a French missionary and traveler; born at Toulouse, August 1, 1813; died at Paris, March 31, 1860. He was educated in Toulouse, joined the brotherhood of Lazarists, became a priest in 1839, and the same year set out for China. After spending eighteen months in acquiring a knowledge of the Chinese customs and language, he superintended a Christian mission in the southern provinces, and then settled just within the borders of Mongolia, where there was a large but scattered Chris-

tian population. Here he devoted himself to the study of Tartar dialects. In 1844, accompanied by another priest, Joseph Gabet, and a young Tibetan convert to Christianity, he undertook an expedition into Tibet to obtain information for the guidance of a mission to be established there. After incredible hardships they entered Lhassa, the capital of Tibet, in January, 1846. Scarcely were they established there when the Chinese Ambassador at Lhassa procured their expulsion, and they were sent back to Canton. After a trial they were permitted to resume their labors at Li-Wang, whence they had set out for Lhassa. In 1850, broken in health, Huc returned to France. His *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Tibet, et la Chine Pendant les Années 1844–46,* appeared in 1852. It was followed by *L'Empire Chinois* (1854), and *Le Christianisme en Chine* (1857).

### BUDDHIST METHODS OF PRAYER.

At daybreak on the following morning, we set out again, and soon saw clearly defined against the yellow background of a sandy mountain, some large buildings surrounded by an immense number of small white houses. This was the convent, or Lamaserai of Rache Churin. The three Buddhist temples that rise in the centre are of a majestic and elegant construction. In the avenue of the principal temple we remarked a square tower of colossal proportions, and with a monstrous dragon sculptured in granite, at each of the four corners. We traversed the convent from one end to the other, following the principal streets. The most profound and religious silence reigned throughout; now and then a Lama enveloped in his red scarf passed us gravely, just wishing us a good journey, in a low voice. Toward the western extremity of the convent the mule ridden by Samdadchiemba suddenly reared, and then set off at a gallop, dragging the two laden camels after him in his disorderly

flight. The animals we rode were equally frightened, and all this disorder arose from the presence of a young Lama who was lying extended at full length on the road.

He was going through a religious exercise much practised by the Buddhists — that of going round the convent prostrating himself at every step. Sometimes an immense number of devotees will be going through their act of devotion at the same time, one after the other, and they will include all the neighboring buildings in their prostrations. It is not permitted to diverge in the smallest degree from the straight line to be followed. Should the devotee happen to do so, he loses the benefit of all the exercises he has gone through. When the buildings are of great extent, a whole day will hardly suffice to make the tour with all the necessary prostrations; and the pilgrims who have a taste for this kind of devotion must begin at day-break, and will not have done till after nightfall. The feat must be performed all at once without any interruption, even that of stopping for a few moments to take nourishment; and the prostrations must be perfect, that is to say, the body must be extended its whole length, and the forehead must touch the earth while the arms are stretched out in front, and the hands joined. Before rising, also, the pilgrim must describe a circle with two ram's horns, which he holds in his hands. It is a sorrowful spectacle, and the unfortunate people often have their faces and clothes covered with dust and sometimes with mud. The utmost severity of the weather does not present any obstacle to their courageous devotion, but they continue their prostrations through rain and snow and the most rigorous cold. Sometimes the additional penance is imposed of carrying an enormous weight of books on their backs; and you meet with men, women, and children sinking under their excessive burdens.

When they have finished their tour they are considered to have the same merit as if they had recited all the prayers contained in the books they have carried. Some content themselves with taking a walk round the convent, rolling all the while between their fingers the beads of their long chaplet, or giving a rotary move-

ment to a kind of praying-mill, which turns with incredible rapidity. This instrument is called a *Chu-Kor,* that is, "turning-prayer;" and it is common enough to see them fixed in the bed of a running stream, as they are then set in motion by the water, and go on praying night and day, to the special benefit of the person who has placed them there. The Tartars also suspend these convenient implements over their domestic hearths that they may be put in motion by the current of cool air from the opening of the tent, and so twirl for the peace and prosperity of the family.

Another machine which the Buddhists make use of to simplify their devotional activity is that of a large barrel turning on an axis. It is made of thick pasteboard, fabricated of innumerable sheets of paper pasted one on another, and upon which are written in Tibetan character the prayers most in fashion. Those who have not sufficient zeal or sufficient strength to place on their backs an immense load of books, and prostrate themselves at every step in the mud, adopt this easier method; and the devout can then eat, drink, and sleep at their ease, while the complaisant machine does all their praying for them.—*Journey Through Tartary, Tibet and China.*

---

HUDSON, Henry Norman, an American clergyman and Shakespearian scholar; born at Cornwall, Vt., January 28, 1814; died at Cambridge, Mass., January 16, 1886. He was graduated from Middlebury College in 1840. He then went South to teach. There he began his Shakespearian studies, and delivered his first *Lectures on Shakespeare* at Huntsville, Ala. The lectures were published in 1848. In 1849 he entered the ministry of the Protes-

tant Episcopal Church. He was the editor of *The Churchman* for three years, of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* for two years, and publisher for a time of the *American Church Monthly*. From 1858 to 1860 he was pastor of a church in Litchfield, Conn. During the Civil War he was chaplain in a corps of engineers. His last years were spent in Cambridge, Mass. He published an edition of *Shakespeare's Works* (1851–56); *A Chaplain's Campaigns with General Butler* (1865); a school edition of *Shakespeare* (1870); *Shakespeare, His Literary Art and Character* (1872); a volume of *Sermons* (1874); *Studies in Wordsworth* (1884).

### SHAKESPEARE'S CREATIVE POWER.

In vital powers, Shakespeare's mind seems as inexhaustible as nature is in the materials for their embodiment. For boundless variety and perfect individuality of character he is quite proverbial. From his hand the lord and the tinker, the hero and the valet, come forth equally clear and distinct; as he has no confusion about them in his own mind, so he leaves none in the minds of others. Indeed all his characters, from the least to the greatest, numerous as they are, stand out in the most intense individual life, perfectly rounded in with the distinctness of actual persons, so that we know them as well and remember them as distinctly as we do our most intimate friends; and whether the development of them be concentrated into a few lines, or extended through a whole play, it seems free alike from deficiency and from redundancy, so that nothing can be added or taken away without injuring the effect. As his persons are in nowise mere shadows or resemblances of things, but the very things themselves, so of course they cannot be repeated; no two of them can run together, nor any one of them run into another; but each has to think his own thoughts, speak his own words, use his own

limbs, and perform his own acts. So that Shakespeare never animates the same body with different souls, nor different bodies with the same souls, as so many others have done; never sends us an old acquaintance in the garb of a stranger, nor a stranger in the garb of an old acquaintance. He gives us ten characters where almost any other man gives us one; and one of his characters has as much vitality as almost any other man's ten; his poorest, as much individuality as almost any other man's best. Nor does Shakespeare ever bring in any characters as the mere shadows or instruments, or appendages of others. All the persons, great and small, contain within themselves the reason why they are there and not elsewhere, why they are so and not otherwise. None exist exclusively for others, or exclusively for themselves, but all appear, partly on their own account, with aims, and feelings, and interests of their own.—*Lectures on Shakespeare*

---

HUGHES, THOMAS, an English publicist, essayist and novelist; born near Newbury, Berkshire, October 23, 1823; died at Brighton, March 22, 1896. He was educated mainly at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, and afterward at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1845. He was called to the bar in 1848, and from 1865 to 1874 represented several boroughs in Parliament, in the Liberal interest. In 1869 he was appointed Queen's Counsel, and in the following year made a tour in the United States; and in 1882 was appointed a Judge of the County Court. His principal writings are *Tom Brown's School Days* (1857); *The Scouring of the White Horse* (1859); *Tom Brown at Oxford* (1861); *Religio Laici,* afterward reprinted as *A Layman's*

THOMAS HUGHES.

*Faith* (1861); *The Cause of Freedom* (1863); *Alfred the Great* (1869); *Memoir of a Brother* (1873); *Memoir of Charles Kingsley* (1876); *The Old Church: what shall we do with it?* (1878); *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan* (1882); *Gone to Texas* (1885). He also wrote an Introduction to *Whitman's Poems* and to Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. Mr. Hughes was a very prominent advocate of co-operation; and active in the English crusade against gambling. His later works include *Life of Bishop Fraser* (1887); *Livingstone* (1889); *The Manliness of Christ* (1895). Our extracts are from his earliest and most popular book, *Tom Brown's School Days*.

### THE BROWN FAMILY.

The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle, within the memory of men who are now matriculating at the universities. Notwithstanding the well-merited but late fame which has now fallen upon them, anyone at all acquainted with the family must feel that much has yet to be written and said before the British nation will be properly sensible of how much of its greatness it owes to the Browns. For centuries, in their quiet, dogged, home-spun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English countries, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, the stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeoman's work. Talbots and Stanleys, St. Maurs, and such-like folk, have led armies and made laws time out of mind; but those noble families would be somewhat astounded — if the accounts ever come to be fairly taken — to find how small their work for England has been by the side of that of the Browns.

These latter, indeed, have until the present generation rarely been sung by poet or chronicled by sage.

They have wanted their *Sacer Vates,* having been too solid to rise to the top by themselves, and not having been largely gifted with the talent of catching hold of, and holding on tight to, whatever good things happened to be going — the foundation of the fortunes of so many noble families. But the wheel goes on its way, and the wheel turns, and the wrongs of the Browns, like other wrongs, seem in a fair way to get righted. And this present writer, having for many years of his life been a devout Brown-worshipper, and moreover having the honor of being nearly connected with an eminently respectable branch of the great Brown family, is anxious, so far as in him lies, to help the wheel over, and throw his stone on the pile.

However, gentle reader, or simple reader, whichever you may be, lest you should waste your precious time upon these pages, I make so bold as at once to tell you the sort of folks you'll have to put up with, if you and I are to jog on comfortably together. You shall hear at once what sort of folks the Browns are — at least my branch of them; and then if you don't like the sort, why, cut the concern at once, and let you and I cry quits before either of us can grumble at the other.

In the first place, the Browns are a fighting family. One may question their wisdom or wit or beauty; but about their fight there can be no question. Wherever hard knocks of any kind, visible or invisible, are going, there the Brown who is nearest must shove in his carcass. And these carcasses for the most part answer very well to the characteristic propensity. They are a square-headed and snake-necked generation, broad in the shoulder, deep in the chest, and thin in the flank, carrying no lumber. Then for clanship, they are as bad as Highlanders. It is amazing the belief they have in one another. With them there is nothing like the Browns, to the third and fourth generation. "Blood is thicker than water," is one of their pet sayings. They can't be happy unless they are always meeting one another. Never was such a people for family gatherings, which, were you a stranger, or sensitive, you might think had better not have been gathered together. For

during the whole time of their being together, they luxuriate in telling one another their minds on whatever subject turns up; and their minds are wonderfully antagonistic, and all their opinions are absolute beliefs. Till you've been among them some time, and understood them, you can't but think that they are quarrelling. Not a bit of it; they love and respect one another ten times the more after a good set family arguing bout, and go back, one to his curacy, another to his chambers, and another to his regiment, freshened for work, and more and more convinced that the Browns are the height of company.

### TOM BROWN SENT TO RUGBY.

They stopped at the inn in London; and about nine o'clock in the evening, the Squire, remembering that the tally-ho left at three, sent the little fellow off to the chambermaid, with a shake of the hand (Tom having stipulated in the morning, before starting, that kissing should now cease between them) and a few parting words.

"And now, Tom, my boy," said the Squire, "remember that you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school — like a young bear, with all your troubles before you — earlier than we should have sent you, perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

The allusion to his mother made Tom feel rather choky, and he would have liked to have hugged his father well, if it hadn't been for the recent stipulation. As it was, he only squeezed his father's hand, and looked bravely up and said, "I'll try, father."

"I know you will, my boy. Is your money all safe?"

"Yes," said Tom, diving into one pocket to make sure.

"And your keys?" said the Squire.

"All right," said Tom, diving into the other pocket.

"Well, then, good-night. God bless you! I'll tell Boots to call you, and be up to see you off."

Tom was carried off by the chambermaid in a brown study from which he was roused in a clean little attic by that buxom person calling him a little darling, and kissing him as she left the room, which indignity he was too much surprised to resent. And still thinking of his father's last words, and the look with which they were spoken, he knelt down and prayed that, come what might, he might never bring shame or sorrow on the dear folk at home.

Indeed, the Squire's last words deserved to have their effect, for they had been the result of much anxious thought. All the way up to London he had pondered what he should say to Tom by way of parting advice; something that the boy could keep in his head ready for use. To condense the Squire's meditation, it was somewhat as follows:

"I won't tell him to read his Bible, and love and serve God; for if he don't do that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptations he'll meet with? No, I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good, ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that, at any rate, not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles or the digamma; no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted so to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman and a Christian, that's all I want."

So thought the Squire; and upon this view of the case he framed the last words of advice to Tom, which were well enough, and suited to the purpose; for they were Tom's first thoughts as he tumbled out of bed at the summons of Boots, and proceeded to dress himself. At ten minutes to three he was down in the coffee-room,

in his stockings, carrying his hat-box, coat, and comforter in his hand; and there he found his father nursing a bright fire, and a cup of hot coffee and a hard biscuit on the table.

"Now, then, Tom, give us your things here, and drink this; there's nothing like starting warm, old fellow."

Tom addressed himself to the coffee, and prattled away while he worked himself into his shoes and his great-coat. Just as he was finishing the last mouthful, winding his comforter around his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds, Boots looks in and says, "Tally-ho, sir," and they hear the ring and rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the Peacock.

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly Guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

"Young gen'l'm'n, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper o' game, Rugby," answers Hostler.

"Tell young gent to look alive," says Guard, opening the hind-boot and shooting in the parcels after examining them by the lamps. "Here, shove the portmanteau up a-top — I'll fasten him presently. Now, then, sir, jump up behind."

"Good-by, father — my love at home."

A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the Guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! The hostlers let go their heads, the four bays plunge into the collar, and away goes the tally-ho into the darkness, forty-five seconds after they pulled up. Hostler, Boots, and the Squire stand looking after them under the Peacock lamp.

### DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY.

And then came the great event in Tom's as in every Rugby boy's life of the day — the first sermon from Dr. Arnold.

More worthy pens than mine have described that scene — the oak pulpit standing out by itself above the school-

seats; the tall gaunt form, the kindling eye; the voice — now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light-infantry bugle — of him who stood there, Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of Righteousness and Love and Glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke; the long lines of young faces, rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother, to the young man's who was going out into the great world rejoicing in his strength.

It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of the year, when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit and at the seats of the præpostors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

But what was it, after all, which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes, on Sunday afternoon? True, there always were boys scattered up and down the School who, in heart and head, were worthy to hear and able to carry away the deepest and wisest words spoken. But these were a minority always — generally a very small one, often so small a one as to be counted on the fingers of your hand. What was it that moved and held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in Heaven or earth; who thought more of our "sets" in School than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby, and the public opinion of boys in our daily life, above the laws of God?

We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts, or the knowledge of one another; and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listen, as all boys in their better moods will listen — aye, and men too, for the matter of that — to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little

world. It was not the cold, clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us, and by our sides, and calling on us to help him, and ourselves, and one another.

And so, wearily, and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time in his life, the meaning of his life; that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise, into which he had wandered by chance; but a battle-field, ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death.

And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them, at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier, and the Captain of their band. The true sort of Captain, too, for a boy's army: one who had no misgivings, and who gave no uncertain word of command; and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out — so every boy felt — to the last gasp, and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there; but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage which, more than anything else, won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master.

DATE DUE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| JAN 8 1988 | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| GAYLORD | | | PRINTED IN U.S.A. |

College of St. Thomas Library
St. Paul 1, Minnesota

Ridpath, John. 101945
v.13

The Ridpath library
of universal literature.

WITHDRAWN
UST
Libraries